

FORREST J ACKERMAN,

FAMOUS

MONSTER

OF FILMLAND

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Introduction by
VINCENT PRICE



COLLECTOR'S EDITION

FORREST J ACKERMAN

FAMOUS
MONSTER
OF FILMLAND

Introduction by
VINCENT PRICE



ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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DEDICATION

I DEDICATE this volume to BOB MICHELUCCI for doing me the favor of offering to publish this time travel trip thru a quarter century of my past, autobiographically reliving my editorship of FAMOUS MONSTERS (OF FILMLAND)...

...to the spirits of KARLOFF, LUGOSI, LANG & LON CHANEY SR., my greatest inspirators in the realm of imagi-movies...

...to the evergreen memories of my beloved maternal grandparents, BELLE & GEORGE WYMAN, last of the big time angels, who fostered my interest in fantasy from the age of 5-1/2...

...to HUGO GERNSBACH & FRANK R. PAUL, my spiritual fathers, who set me on the path that has culminated in a myriad works and this book today...

...to WENDAYNE ACKERMAN, my life's companion, sharer of sunshine & secret sorrows...

...and, yes, even to JIM WARREN, for the good times & the good years, which, on balance, I guess outweighed the abysmal ending.

AND TO EVERY FAN who ever wrote me a nice letter or made me a pleasant phone call or called on me and left enthusiastic or gave me an unexpected gift or contributed cash for the upkeep of my Museum or helped support me by buying something because of my byline...

...This is dedicated to YOU too.

TORREST
Ackerman



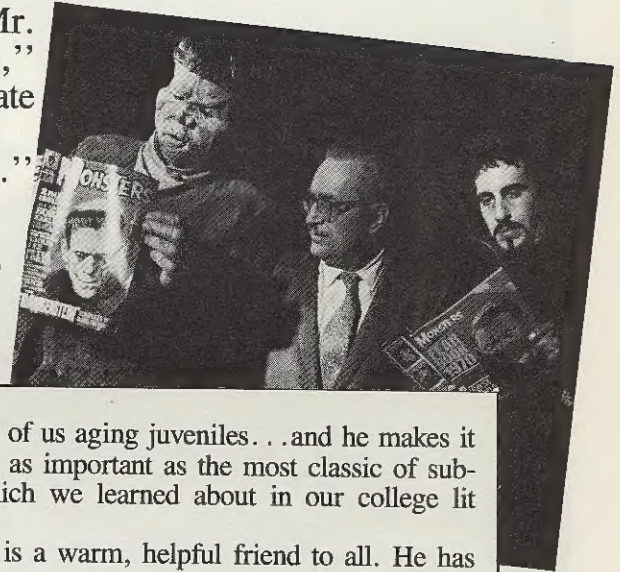
PREFACE

Publisher's Perogative

OUT OF HUNDREDS of letters written over more than a quarter century expressing opinions about Forry Ackerman, we have selected this current one by a friend who has known him professionally for nearly 30 years. Himself an editor, author, filmmaker in the fantasy field, Sam Sherman shares with us his thoughts about "Mr. Science Fiction," "Mr. Sci-Fi," "Mr. Filmonster," "The Boy Who Was Born on Mars," the Peter Pan of the Imagi-nation who will celebrate his 70th birthday in November this year.

We join in the salute to "the smiling moonbeam."

Bob Michelucci
BOB MICHELUCCI



If there had never been a Forry Ackerman, Curt Siodmak or Ray Bradbury would have had to invent him.

Forry is a one of a kind...an original. He is the true father of Sci-Fi and the first person who has made fantasy and horror respectable.

There would never have been a "Star Wars" (and clones), a "Close Encounters" or even a "Dracula vs. Frankenstein" without Forry.

Most of us in the Horror-Fantasy field would now be accountants, lawyers or worse. Let's face it...how many parents approved of a budding teenager's interest in Horror back three decades or more ago? Forry made all that possible.

I met Forry after writing a letter to Jim Warren, influenced by the publication of the first issue of Forry's FAMOUS MONSTERS. I quickly rose from anonymous reader to supplier of historical materials and stills for old FM. I became a contributor to Forry's SPACEMEN and we worked together on 2, I edited, WILDEST WESTERNS and SCREEN THRILLS ILLUSTRATED.

Coming to Forry's original "Ackermansion" (on Sherbourne Drive) for the first time was a great treat. Forry welcomed me with my name in lights on his illuminated sign and I entered through the creaking door into a very special "Inner Sanctum," which Forry has always been willing to share with his guests. There it was, a Sci-Fi and Horror buff's dream come true. All the monsters—some small, some full size, the wardrobe...the old posters, the books, the stills and lots more. A weird wonderland...thrills beyond belief and ruled over by the Vincent Price of the Priceless, the ageless kid who

leads all of us aging juveniles...and he makes it all seem as important as the most classic of subjects which we learned about in our college lit classes.

Forry is a warm, helpful friend to all. He has come to my rescue many times. Rescue...? I remember when he got Ken Strickfaden to supply his high voltage machines for our film "DRACULA VS. FRANKENSTEIN." Ken was only too willing to help...after only trying to electrocute me with one of the machines as a gag(?).

Forry further decided that the man playing Count Dracula needed a more exotic name than Roger Engel...so he renamed him Zandor Vorkov...a bit of pure Poe-etry.

A highlight of any trip I take with my wife and daughter to California is getting together with Forry and his wonderful wife Wendayne. I only wish we all had more time to spend together.

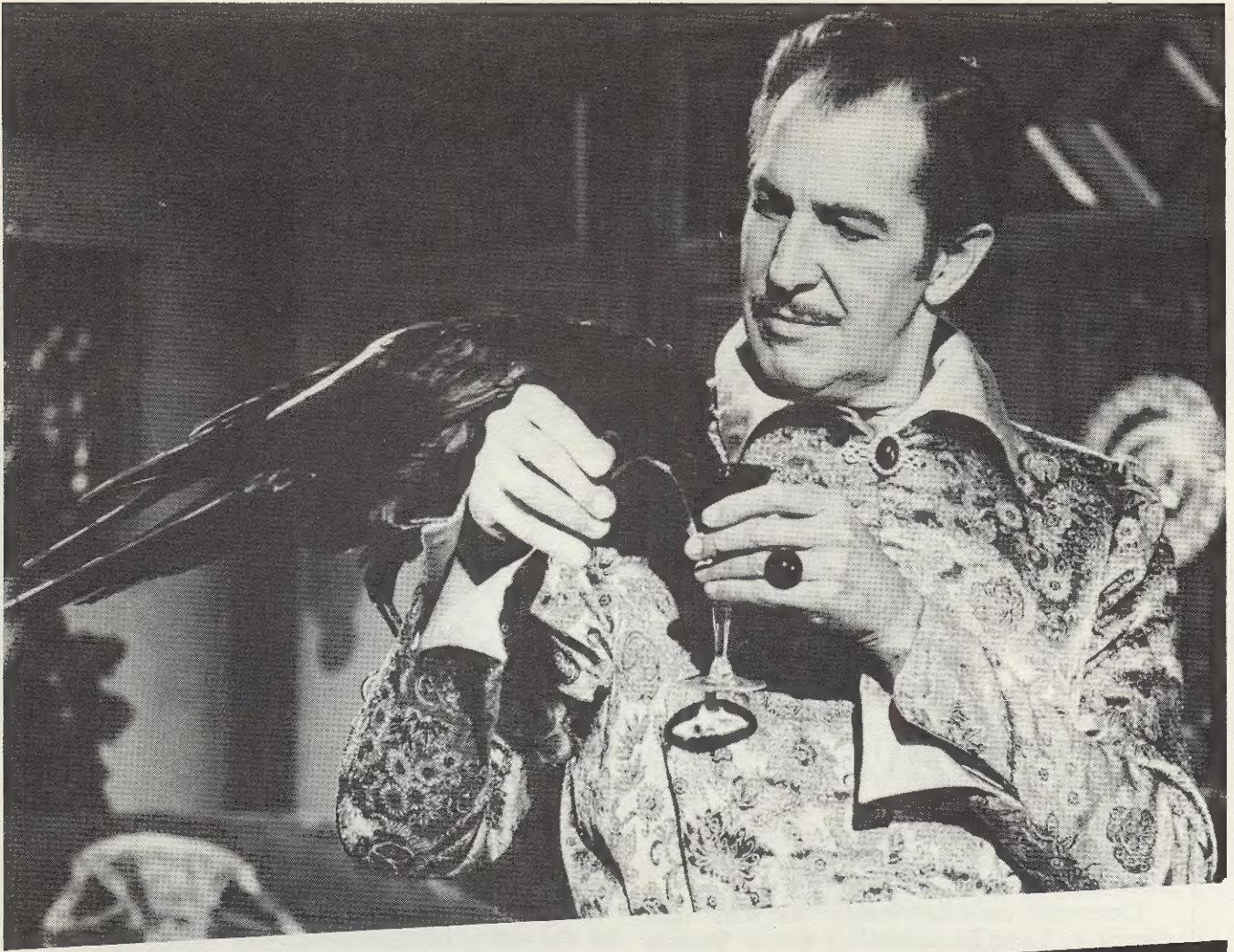
Forry is excitement and enthusiasm personified. He enjoys everything he does and everyone he meets. His feelings have rubbed off on so many of us...I guess it's so, or many of us would have left this industry at one time or another.

Keeping all this in mind...I completely support anything that keeps Forry's contribution clearly in sight. An autobiographical volume would be sensational...though I don't know when he will find the time to do it.

Vive Forry!

Cordially,

Sam Sherman



Wendayne



Homage 4E Ackerman

I've done my share of horror films; some were *meant* to be, some weren't. Some actors so connected in the public's mind, mind the association. I do *and* I don't. All of us have done other things, many of which we're proud of than the horrors, but what the public remembers demands a certain amount of gratitude from all of us. The public can forget so easily.

Now there are people whose role in life is to perpetuate the public's memory in certain ways, specific areas of every field of endeavor. Some do it with a heavy hand and some with a touch of genius. Some even combine genius with humor and *they* are the very special few. To name the one special, unique, all by himself, we must come up with the name of Forry Ackerman. He has a gentle wit, full of fun and funniness. He loves a quip and is not above treating us to some stunning punning. He wrote me that, "Twenty-seven years ago I brought forth upon this continent a gruesome magazine conceived in jeopardy and dead-icated to the proposition (13) that all monsters are cremated evil." Now you see what I mean...and not even the slightest apology to Lincoln.

Quite seriously Forry has indeed punned, faked, and consciously smiled his way into millions of young hearts. To appear on a cover of *his* magazine is to become immortal in a rather ghoulish way. The recipient of the cover honor can be sure of thousands of imitations. He or she takes a place in the make up of many Halloweens. They become collector's items and are framed, hung, adored and almost worshipped throughout Monsterland. Landis, Lucas, King, Spielberg all

owe him some of their devoted followers. Single-handedly he has kept alive many a lessening legend, putting them under his list of ghost writers at the heading of his always imaginative stationery. Tod Browning, George Zucco, Jack Pierce as well as the obvious greats Karloff, Lorre, etc.

On a personal note he is a great and loyal friend and career supporter. When you're with Forry or 4E and his enchanting wife Wendayne at a movie opening or film festival as I was two years ago in Madrid, or at some especially enchanted Hollywood affair, you know you're in the company of royalty. In his kingdom of the bizarre, weird and wonderful he is supreme ruler, keeper of the keys to monster immortality. He pictures himself crowned with Jack Pierce's famous top part of Frankenstein's monster head.

Forry has made monsters fun, vampires good company. His address in Hollyweird Karloffornia has become a mecca for young monster lovers and serious students of one of the oldest cinema genres. He is a collector extraordinaire as he truly collects extraordinary things and has made the grand gesture of offering it to the City of Los Angeles which, with its typical lack of concern for an industry that has made it famous, still doesn't have a place to house it.

Eventually he and his collection will become monuments to a (but for him) much neglected cinema art form. We all owe him a great debt for keeping alive *his* favorite genre of movies by preserving *its* mementos. We should thank him for his fun, devotion, and generous giving of it to his avid public. His fans are legion.

Vincent Price

—Vincent Price



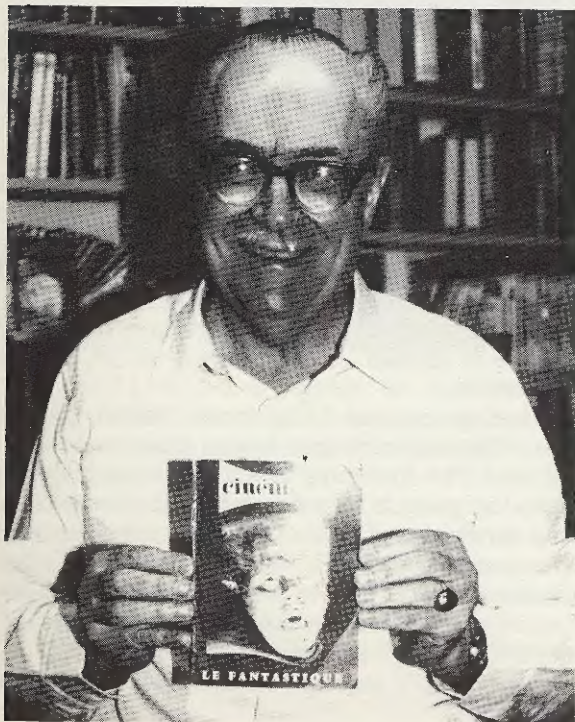
Pick your favorite picture, I'll sign it.



THE BIRTH OF A NOTION

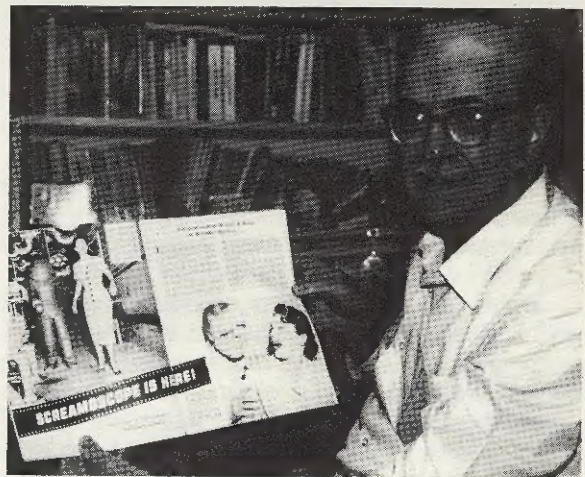
FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND—How did it begin? If there is one perennial question I am asked about the periodical that created a genre and spawned a half a hundred spinoffs around the world, that is it.

Well, shortly before Labor Day 1957 a chartered plane-load of sci-fi folks and just plain folks flew across the Big Pond to London for the World Science Fiction Convention. I was aboard. After the con we had a couple of free weeks before returning to the States and I spent them as a Guest of Honor at a German sf convention and browsing about in Paris. In the City of Light there came to light a film magazine called *Cinema* which ordinarily was devoted to all sorts of movies but this one particular issue was all out on imagi-movies. Henry Hull as the WereWolf of London was featured on the cover and the classic crowd of Dracula, Frankenstein, King Kong, Im-ho-tep, Dr. Jekyll & Mr. Hyde, etc., were featured inside the cover.



I bought a couple copies for my collection.

At this time my principal means of livelihood was as a literary agent specializing in fantasy and representing about 150 writers of science fiction. I had done especially well with a newcomer in the men's magazine field, *After Hours*, selling short stories by such clients of the time as Arthur Porges and perhaps Charles Beaumont, and I had struck up a racy correspondence with its raunchy editor, Jim Warren. Warren had a theme for each issue—The Girls of Paris, The Girls of Vienna, etc.—so



I suggested, How about The Girls of Other Worlds, or the Future, or something like that? A sci-fi oriented issue. He liked the idea and I sold him "Confessions of a Science Fiction Addict" by myself, a weird tale by Arthur Porges ("I Meet My Love Again"), "The Great Male Robbery" by myself writing as Weaver Wright (reprinted as "A Nervous Girl of 1970" in Mexico, anthologized in Italy as "The Crush Hour" and somewhere/sometime I believe it has been published as "You Can't Be Too Careful" as it is an auto-oriented bit of futuristic fluff) and the article that in retrospect set the style for *FMOF*, "Screamoscope is Here!"

On my return stopover in New York I was anxious to meet this fun guy Warren and he was equally enthusiastic to make the Ack-quaintance of this pun guy Ackerman.

I awaited his arrival in my little cubicle (a broom closet that doubled for a room in those days) in the old Chesterfield hotel. Came a knock at the door. I opened it.

Now the scenario according to Warren was supposed to be that his girlfriend Phyllis Farkas would rush past me, rip open her blouse, throw herself on my bed and start screaming "Rape!" Warren would be hiding around a corner. Before I could gather my wits he would come bounding into the room and confront Ack the Ripper. Instead, I ruined everything by intuiting who she was and saying, "You must be Jim Warren's girlfriend!", at which point Jim jumped into sight.

GENESIS OF THE BOOK OF REVELATIONS

While consuming blueberry pancakes at a coffee shop nearby I showed Warren the copy of the French film magazine *Cinema 57*. At that point in his publishing career his periodical *After Hours* had gone kaput due, according to him, to some rascality on the part of a partner. Jim had just enough cash and credit left for a "oneshot"—a single magazine about Marilyn Monroe or Brigitte Bardot or Elvis or anyone or anything that was currently hot. The French magazine gave him an inspiration: he would write to the publisher, borrow the photos, get the text translated and have himself an instant oneshot. But it didn't work for two reasons: 1, he found the stills did not come from a single source and were now dispersed to their owners all over France; and 2, the text was too dry, too pedestrian, too pedantic.

At this point Warren knew me only as an agent and science fiction fan. I had no one to toot my horn so I had to speak up for myself. I told him I could easily duplicate any photo in the magazine from my own collection of (at that time) 35,000 stills, and that I had seen all the fantastic films back to 1922 and had been writing about them ever since 1932. Warren didn't know whether I was a Hollywood head full of hot air or if I was for real but he took a chance and flew out to Tinsel Town to check me out. (Actually, I learned years later, he was so broke that he took a Greyhound bus to Las Vegas, then, to impress me, the big New York publisher "flew in" from the Big Apple.)

Of course Warren discovered I was everything I claimed and he returned to New York to shop around the idea of a oneshot called *Wonderama* with the magazine distributors of the day, of which there were, as I recall, 13. I haven't a superstitious bone in my body but in this case the number did turn out to be unlucky: all baker's dozen of potential distributors turned down *Wonderama*. (I once saw the presentation job Jim did on it and thought it was real neat. It was in the form of a large oblong book

with dramatic lettering and design, and dynamite stills from fantastic films, and every few pages Frankenstein or King Kong or a vampire bat or something similar would spring up a la a pop-up book. Warren was always going to give me this book for my collection but he never did.)

Well, the project would have died aborning because there would have been no point in printing 100,000 copies of a magazine that was going nowhere but onto warehouse shelves, when *LIFE* magazine unwittingly came to our rescue with a feature (8 pages as I recall) on the hot new film phenomenon of the teenage horror film. I WAS A TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN, I WAS A TEENAGE WEREWOLF, I WAS A TEENAGE TARANTULA... One distributor remembered this crazie who'd been around a few weeks previously trying to peddle this mad idea of a magazine made up of monsters and madmen in makeup and he called him back and said, "OK, stick 'monsters' on the cover and we're in business."



Down the tube went my dream of *Wonderama*, a cinematic encyclopedia with a definitive pose of Dracula, a classic picture of King Kong, a super still from *THINGS TO COME*, a fabulous photo of Frankenstein, Dr. Jekyll beside himself as Mr. Hyde, together with casts and credits, synopses, critics' opinions, my own, etc. Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Imagi-Movies up to 1958, all under one cover, all illustrated. I thought it would stand as a landmark with fantasy film fans but a curio quickly forgotten by the public; maybe in another 25 years they'd let me bring it up to date.

Having acquired a distributor, Warren phoned me. "I know you're quite serious about your films," he said, "so I'm going to tell you something and then I'm going to hold the phone a yard away from my ear because I'm sure I'll hear you scream all the way to New York. You, Forrest J-no-period Ackerman, are about to become the editor of—are you ready for this?—a magazine called *FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND!*"

"Oh, no—!" I groaned. "Do I have to put my name on it!"

After reconstructing my memories about the birth of *FMOF* by mentally traveling pastward to the winter of 1957, I serendipitously ran across this account published only 6 years after the fact and feel it would be interesting to include it for comparative purposes, to see how my memories match up today with those nearly a quarter of a century ago. This account originally appeared in the 4th issue, Feb. '63, of *Fantasy Journal*, a mimeographed publication presented by Jim Hollander & Bob Greenberg. I don't know what became of Hollander but Greenberg is in the movie industry and most recently was associated with RE-ANIMATOR. I suspect the following was based on a verbal interview. I note only one inaccuracy, something that surprises me since I certainly knew better at the time: I can't account for the quotation that my (maternal) grandmother had been buying me stills from *THE LOST WORLD*, *FRANKENSTEIN* and *DRACULA* ever since I was 9. She would have had to have had a time machine to have bought me stills from the latter two films when I was 9, considering I was 9 in 1926 and they weren't produced till 1931. The fact is, the first stills I ever got from an imagi-movie were bought by her (Belle Wyman) in 1930 from the trip-to-Mars futuristicomedy *JUST IMAGINE*.



In 1957 I had joined a group, for the first time in science fiction history, of 55 authors, artists, fans and editors, who had chartered a Dutch plane and flew to London, where the World Science Fiction Convention was being held, outside the confines of the United States. As long as I had come as far as London, I continued after the Convention and went to Europe, and while I was in Paris, I found a movie magazine which was ordinarily devoted to films of all natures but that particular issue was all about science fiction and fantasy. It had about a hundred photographs from *KING KONG*, *FRANKENSTEIN*,

THE MUMMY, and so on, so I bought half a dozen copies of that, primarily for myself and my friends, and when I was in New York (at that time I was literary agent for about a hundred authors) I met up with a young publisher, James Warren, to whom I had sold a number of manuscripts as literary agent. I just happened to show him this movie magazine. He was looking for something to do at that moment and it didn't really matter whether it was about Marilyn Monroe or Brigitte Bardot or Elvis Presley or the twist. He simply had \$30,000 worth of cash and credit to invest in a magazine. He wanted to produce what is known as a one-shot. So, he got a look at this French film magazine and said, "Aha, 50,000,000 Frenchmen can't be wrong. Let's turn the French into English, use all of these pictures, and have ourselves a magazine." When he investigated that idea a little further, he found that the magazine was on an entirely too academic, philosophic and literary a level. He didn't think that it would appeal to the American public. It would have been too much oriented to the French or European mind, and he was about to abandon the plan, not knowing that life had singularly prepared me to play the role of editor of such a magazine; that ever since I was 9 years old, my dearly beloved grandmother had been busily buying me stills from the early *LOST WORLD*, *FRANKENSTEIN*, *DRACULA*, and so on. So, when I got back to Los Angeles, we had a bit more correspondence on it, and he, in turn, took the idea around town in New York, although he was turned down originally, because no one believed that anyone would buy a magazine about science fiction movies any more than they would want to buy one about butterflies or freckles. *LIFE MAGAZINE* came to our rescue at that time by pointing out what a big hit were the new "teenage" Frankensteins, werewolves, and whatnots, and the distributor, remembering Jim Warren, called him back, and said, "How about making a monster magazine?" He phoned me, and I, rather than being flattered, was somewhat flattened, because I wasn't quite that enthusiastic about monsters. Nevertheless, I went along with the idea and he flew out, and one week after he had arrived in Los Angeles, I put him back on the plane, with about a hundred pictures I had selected, and the copy for what at the time we thought would be the one and only issue. It turned out to be so popular that at the end of four days of sale in New York, despite a big snowstorm, we received 50 letters a day: 200 letters in our Philadelphia office. Finally, when the magazine had gone on sale all over the United States, about 3000 letters came in, and so the second issue was prepared, and the third, and the fourth and the fifth, and just before flying to Chicago for the convention, I finished the 20th issue, and the 6th issue of *SPACEMEN*, and, as far as I'm concerned, it'll go on till my dying day, and maybe a few issues thereafter (I usually am a little bit ahead of the game, and have half of another issue or so written).



LOOKING toward the east wall of the original Ackermansion. Seen atop the piano are portrait of Hugo Gernsback, Father of Science Fiction, and pulchritude of Trina photographed by FJA. Peeking thru the fringe is Dorian Gray, the terrorvision version by Dick Smith. Note "Welcome Martians" neon sign.

THE MASTER of the Ackermansion poses with foreground head of Frankenstein, life mask of him (FJA) made by Ray Harryhausen in 1941 when FJA was 24, and head (gift of Ib J. Melchior) from SPACE MONSTER.



THE MONSTROUS MARATHON

I had no sooner put down the phone than Warren appeared at my door. (In those days the original Ackermansion occupied the grounds at 915 S. Sherbourne Dr., Los Angeles 90035, a two-storey Spanish-style home on the periphery of Beverly Hills with 13 (!) rooms and a triplex garage for the overflow of the collection.)

We went wild.

I cleared off the "dying room" table, put my portable typewriter on it and blazed away 20 hours a day. (In the mid-30s I qualified as a Civil Service Senior Typist and my skills have only improved with age.) I would turn out copy till 3 or 4 in the morning, then we would drive over 3 blocks to Ships 24-hour restaurant* for orange juice, hotcakes, bacon and coffee, after which I left Jim off at a nearby motel, went home to bed and 4 hours later picked him up again and we were off and running. Well, sitting. Warren's principal contribution was sitting opposite me holding an imaginary sign in the air which read "I am 11½ Years Old and I Am Your Reader. Forry Ackerman, Make Me Laff!"

Now, mind you, I had not started out with the slightest intention of making anyone laugh. Of fool-

*Seen in John Landis's film INTO THE NIGHT



The Ackerwoman & the Ackermonger on BBC/TV in the original Ackermansion.

Guests (Don Reed, front) in livingroom of the "Scareborn" address.



ing around with phantoms or messing about with monsters. But Warren set the policy from the start, or perhaps it could even be said to have originated with the distributor. However, since in some circles I have the reputation of being the poor man's Isaac Asimov or "the destitute man's Robert Bloch", and I exercise my funnybone regularly and am not above cracking a pun ("the odor of a decaying mind") on rare occasions, it was not too difficult for me to conform. I was rewarded the week after the second issue appeared by being in a swimming pool full of strangers and one woman said to the other, "You wouldn't believe the magazine my kid brought home the other day! It was all full of crazy faces and there was one picture of a mummy falling into a swimming pool and the caption read, 'He became an instant mud pie.'" And the whole pool had hysterics. And I thought to myself, "Gee, people are laughing at something I wrote a few weeks ago!" The egoboo was some sort of compensation for the fact that I only got \$200 to start the job and \$200 on completion plus 100 complimentary copies of the magazine. (It didn't take me too long to give them all away; if he kept them, Boris Karloff should have had a complete set at the time of his demise, 2 February 1969. I never dreamed a copy of that 35-cent magazine would 25 years later sell to a collector for \$500 at a specialty shop in Eagle Rock, California. I've been known to pay as much as \$175



IN A PORTION of the front room of Ackermansion #1 we see an interior illustration from *Weird Tales* obviously inspired by Claude Rains as the Invisible Man; a cover of FMOF of Henry Hull as the WereWolf of London; a head of an android from *THE TIME TRAVELERS*; a head of the Karlofffrankenstein Monster; Harryhausen's life mask of me at 24; an airbrush of Ultima Futura Automaton by Albert Nuetzell; and, in the forefront, a miniature of the Alarm Gong from *METROPOLIS* with a foto of Harryhausen & myself on the side of it. Below, a one time bedroom (!) in the original Ackermansion!





PORTION of wall of dining (dying?) room of Ackermansion #1.

a copy myself, for eventual resale [or gift], and was staggered in 1983, I believe it was, to be told of a full page ad in a professional filmonsterzine offering a complete set of *FMOF* for...\$10,000!

Perhaps 15 years ago, or maybe it was even longer, a representative of Wyoming University came to me and said his college was interested in getting into the science fiction collecting act but they didn't have the funds for an all-inclusive collection and wondered if I could suggest some branch in which they could specialize and hope to acquire a respectable selection in a decade or so. When I learned they were already cinema-oriented I recommended stills, pressbooks, posters, etc. from imagi-movies. The thought crossed my mind that I might offer them as a gift a set of *FMOF* complete to that time but I dismissed the thought because I felt my periodical would probably be considered too trashy, too pulpy, adolescent, beneath the dignity of academic standards, and they might only politely accept and then throw the lot away. Before I could open my mouth I made \$750 by keeping it shut because the first thing the rep asked was, "Now would it be possible to get a set of your magazine? Are we talking \$500? \$1000?" I was happy to offer a compromise of \$750.

*En passant, I hope the majority of you readers don't object to my personal method of writing, which I call the Kitchen Sink School. My mind hops around like a glasshopper** on a hot tin roof and I'm liable to skip forward or backward in this narration at a moment's notice. I hope it's not too confusing but it's this way or no way—I have no time to organize, rewrite. What you're getting is first draft; I apologize if at times it's too draughty.*

**An insect on the planet Silikonía



OPERATION HEAD START. FJA installs Frankenstein head in spot where it will startle visitors to the Ackermansion.

ACKERFAN #1 of the time, Ricky Schwartz, poses with the Ackermansion in the original Ackermansion. Behind them, believe it or not, is the *door* to the dying, er, living room, covered with albums of filmmusic from imagi-movies.



LAUGH, CLOWN, LAUGH

What Jim Warren didn't know at the time and only learned years later, at which time he expressed himself as "astounded" and declared I was "a genius" (well, I don't know about that);—what he didn't know at the time I was being funny as hell creating *FMOF* was that my wife and her son by a previous marriage were giving me hell in my own home. I was just about 6 weeks away from being served divorce proceedings papers. I had planned to institute the proceedings myself but it was to her advantage to strike first so on New Years Day 1958 I was served with a surprise present. That was in the bad old days where there had to be a villain instead of the no-fault divorces of today where both parties simply admit to mutual incompatibility, so I was branded the heavy, guilty of mental cruelty, and as compensation for her "suffering" her lawyer* suggested she take a buzzsaw and go down the center of the house, taking half my collection. Either that or I should pay her half its value, a small fortune. The matter of alimony was also broached and at that I balked teetotally. It was suggested that if I refused to pay, each year when the world science fiction convention rolled around (the annual highlight of my life) I could cool my keester that week in jail.

Under these circumstances I (de)composed the pioneering issues of *FMOF*. Don't you think I deserved the *Kongressional Medal of Horror*?

*I could still kill him today

FORRY'S FOLLY

FMOF #1 was released during the dead of winter in February 1958. It was not circulated simultaneously all over the country but trial-tested only in Philadelphia and New York. In New York snow was piled up feet high around the magazine stands and publisher Warren was fearful no one would be going out in the cold to buy copies of *Life*, *Playboy*, *Time* or any of the famous established periodicals, let alone our curiosity. He claimed he traveled as far as 200 miles out of New York just to bribe skeptical shop owners to cut the umbilical cord surrounding that crazy monster magazine and give it a chance for life in their magazine racks.

At the end of the first 4 days of sale I got an excited phone call from Jim Warren.

Fan letters had been arriving at the rate of 50 a day.

He already had 200 letters all jumping for joy and shouting for more.

If the reaction kept up like this when it was distributed in Chicago, Miami, Detroit, LA, et al, we had a winner.

The press run of 125,000 copies sold out.

He went back to press and had 75,000 more copies printed.

"Don't you think we ought to strike while the iron is hot," JW phoned me, "and bring out another issue? Do you have enough material?"

"James Warren," I responded, "you don't know me very well. I don't believe in reincarnation but in case I'm surprised and keep coming back, I could go on till the year 5000 without repeating myself."

So I started work on the second issue. For the cover he proposed a Halloween skull (no, I'm getting ahead of myself—that was for the third issue), the kind you buy at any trick/game/novelty shop. "Too trite," I said, and talked him out of it. (For once; the usual response thru the years was, "You may be right but I'm boss." How I loved that refrain.)



In the fang mail in #2 this (in)famous letter appeared:

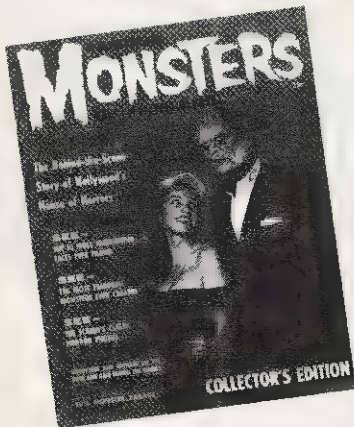
This magazine is being discussed hereabouts as "Ackerman's Folly."

The signature was an author well-known today: Dick Lupoff. The publisher's response was:

Editor Ackerman personally received over 700 letters from monster-lovers all over the world, praising him for his great piece of work on our first issue. He received only one letter (above) of the sour-grapes variety, from a reader who is obviously familiar with Ackerman's reputation as America's Number One Science Fiction Fan, and who obviously disapproves of Famous Monsters of Filmland. Oh, well, as Frankenstein said to the skeleton, "To each his bone."

Dick Lupoff offended me more deeply than that some years later, although I have to admit that I was in the wrong, if entirely innocently so. It was at a world sci-fi convention somewhere in the East and after a speaker had finished and the auditorium was clearing out, a group of fans clustered around me for autographs, questions, etc. I inched toward the back of the room and finally was in the antechamber at the rear of the auditorium. I was busily engaged in conversing with fans when Lupoff suddenly burst upon the scene screaming at me something like, "God damn it, Ackerman, will you get the hell out of here with those damned monster fans of yours, can't you see there's a panel trying to make itself heard?" I was very embarrassed because I now saw it was true that a new panel had started without my being aware of it, so I hurriedly herded the fans away from the region. I couldn't deny to myself that I had been regarded as a nuisance by the speakers, who had probably delegated Lupoff to shush me up, but I feel to this day that he could have handled it in a more genteel fashion: "Forry—a new session has started. Could you and your fans just move a little farther away, out into the hall?" That's all it would have taken.

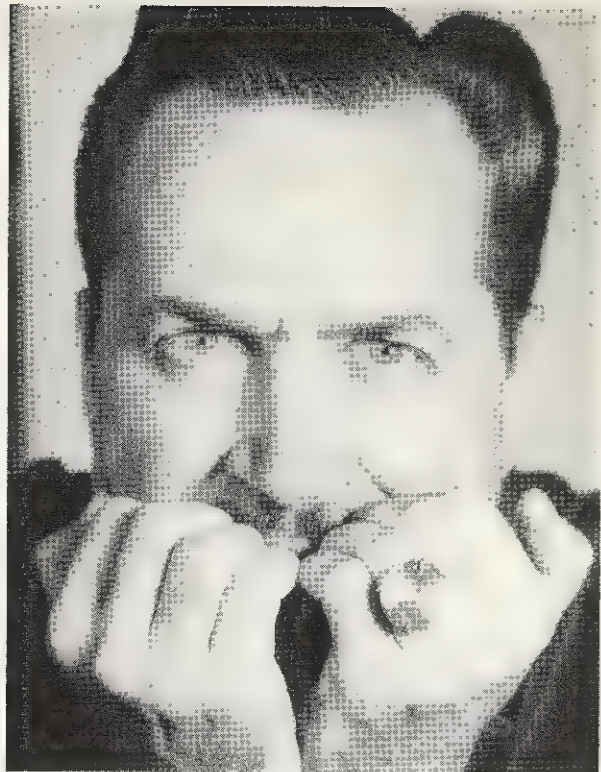
Despite the foregoing, I do not hold a grudge against Lupoff on either score. I do on a third, where he rewrote history concerning me and the First Hugo and stubbornly refused to correct a misguided viewpoint while there was still time. But that has nothing to do with this book. My "monstrous" revenge on offenses 1 & 2 came to me very satisfyingly and with no effort on my part when his son became of an age to appreciate *FMOF* and pleaded with his dad to give him enough money to invite the editor to lunch! Ah, sic transit gloria Forry's Folly—whatever that means!



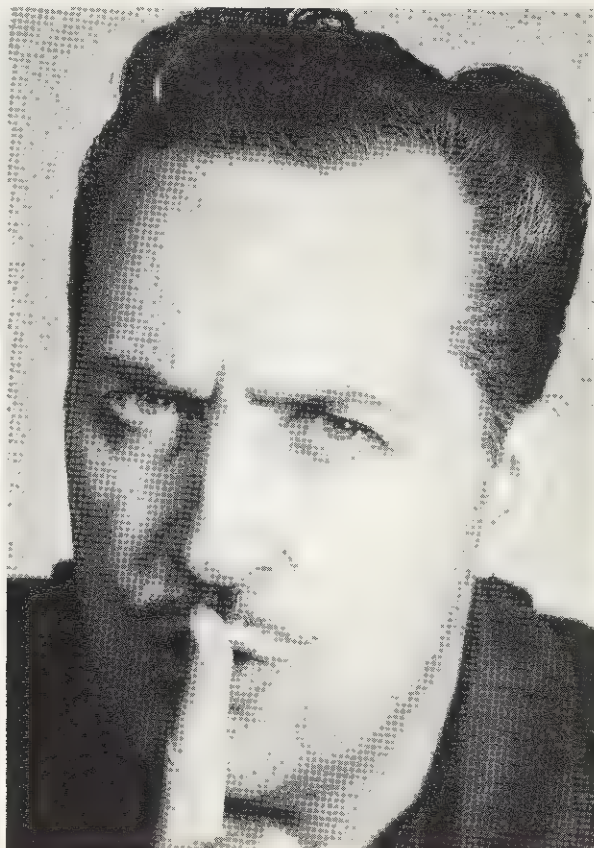
COLLECTOR'S ITEM

Jim Warren and his girlfriend posed for the first cover.

The opening article was "Monsters Are Good For You", in which Dr. Acula opined, "A vampire a day keeps the doctor away" and proceeded, half in jest, half in earnest, to make a case for the cathartic value of horror films.



Don't tell them about
"Forry's Folly"!



"Doctor, I feel run down."

The doctor looked at his patient and could easily understand why. The blood dripping on the floor, the tire marks across his face, were symptoms that told the doctor the man had just been hit by a two ton truck.

"Pull yourself together, go out and see a good horror movie," the doctor prescribed. "It will make a new man of you."

The day may not be so far distant when vitamins will be replaced by vita-monsters (vitamoans would have been better but I didn't think of that till a later issue), anti-histamines by haunty-histamines, and the common aspirin tablet by a chill-pill called GASPirin.

Then I turned back the clock to the ghastly events of Greek dramas, the ghosts of Shakespeare (later to become Shockspeare), quoting *Faust* as "the most popular shock show in the early 1800's, with the devil up to his usual deviltry," citing Edgar Allan Poe, up to Dr. Ernest Dichter, then President of the Institute for Motivational Research. The conclusion drawn: the public re-enactment of private nightmares exercises a kind of video-therapy on its audience. Exorcism via entertainment!

MALICE IN WONDERLAND

"Alice in Monsterland" was the article I was most attached to in the premiere issue, 14 pages of the pure quill.

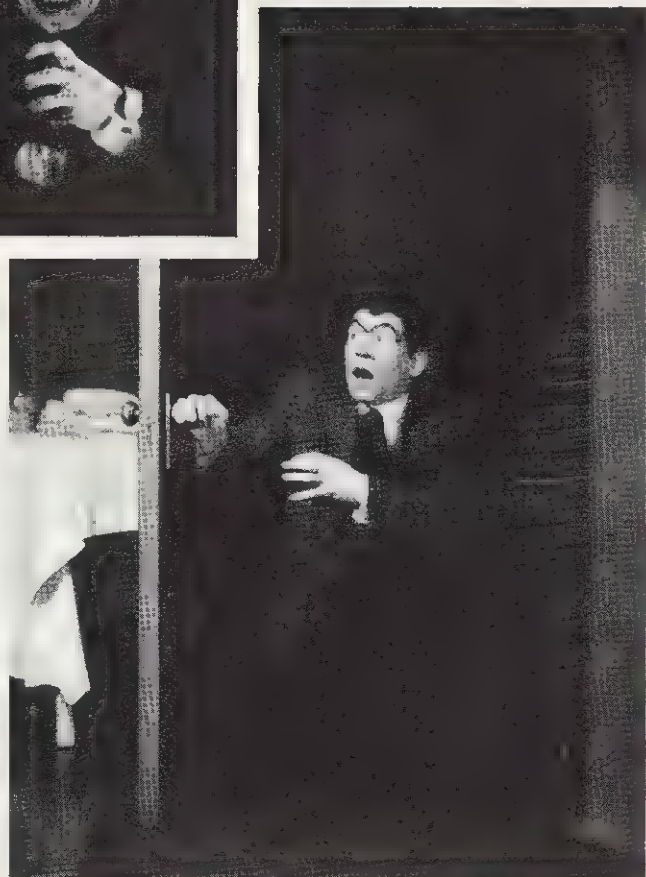
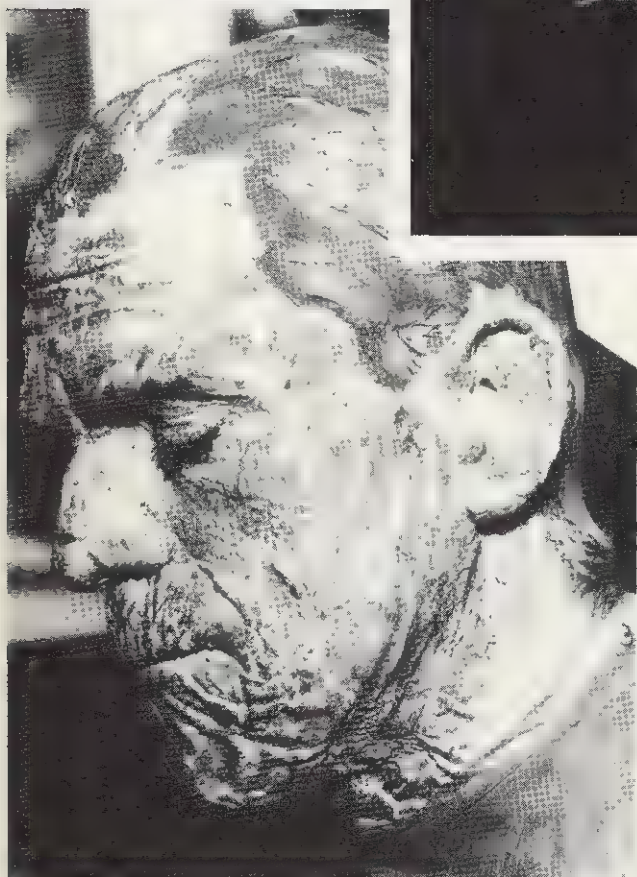
Step with us through the mirror into the waiting world of things wonderfully weird. Into the celluloid land of dark developments, where shadows like smoke-forms in a realm of dreams take on uneasy shapes.

Follow the blood-red sign that reads: **THIS WAY TO THE MONSTERS.** And if you lose your way, ask the nearest scarecrow for directions.

Your destination is Horror House, right next door to Mystery Mansion, located at the busy intersection of Scream Street and Beastman Blvd. The fiendly cop on the corner? Yes, that's Frankenstein.

In that feature I covered the major movies of Lon Chaney Sr., showing him as Erik of the Opera, the ancient Chinese mandarin Mr. Wu, and the ape-man of **A BLIND BARGAIN**: Chaney Jr. as Kharis; Karloff as Im-ho-tep; Fredric March as Mr. Hyde; Peter Lorre as the bald-pated madman of **MAD LOVE**. I told my 11½-year-old readers about imagi-movies that thrilled me long before they were born: **DR. X**, **THE MYSTERY OF THE WAX MUSEUM**, **THE CAT PEOPLE**, **THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME**, **THE GOLEM**, **MARK OF THE VAMPIRE**, silent **NOSFERATU**, **SEVEN FOOTPRINTS TO SATAN**, **SIEGFRIED**, Karloff's **THE GHOUL**, **THE ISLAND OF LOST SOULS**, et al. Young fantasy film fans today, via TV revivals, video cassettes, back issues of **FAMOUS MONSTERS**, my **FANTASTIC MOVIE MEMORIES** and **IMAGI-MOVIES**, are au courant with these once little-known titles.





Clockwise: MR. WU, A BLIND BARGAIN, THE MUMMY, MAD LOVE. Center: Erik!



A generation of fantasy
lovers thank you for
raising us so well.
—Steven Spielberg

"The Frankenstein Story," in 12 pages, was "the colorful biography of father, son, bride, ghost and all the gang." Eight pages were devoted to "Out of This World Monsters," every *thing* from IT STALKED THE OCEAN FLOOR ("in its stalking feet") to THAT, SON OF IT. "How Hollywood Creates a Monster" was a 6-page plug for a discovery of mine, the late Paul Blaisdell (THE SHE-CREATURE, IT CONQUERED THE WORLD, etc.). "The Scream Test" consumed 6 pages (in "scary-o-phonic sound") acquainting readers with

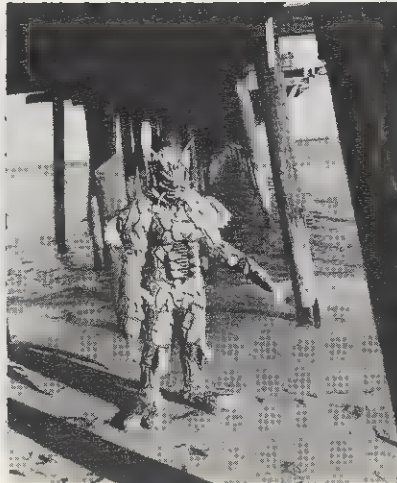
"the hi-fi life of horror heroines" Fay Wray, Elsa Lanchester, Marla English, Gloria Stuart, Miriam Hopkins, et al. Eight pages told my toddlers (for some were as young as 6) that "TV Means Terrifying Vampires": *The creatures are coming, hurray, hurray! Tele-monsters night and day!*

Page 66 concluded with a Monsteramic Quiz to test readers' H.Q. (Horror Quotient), where they were told "If you miss more than half the questions, you had better memorize the contents of this magazine. If you miss all the questions, you've been missing a lot of the fun in life!"

Saving the *beast* till last, I then wrote the editorial. Warren actually wanted it to be written by Stan Freberg, a big wit then as he remains today, but as I recall Freberg's agent turned him down. So I did what I could to psyche myself into Freberg's valence, with the following result.



THE



SHE



CREATURE

welcome monster lovers

YOU'RE STUCK!

The stuff this magazine is printed on which looks so much like ordinary black printer's ink, is actually glue.

YOU CANNOT PUT THIS MAGAZINE DOWN!

Try as you may to struggle, it is impossible: like a zombie, you have no will of your own. For this unique magazine bears the fatal fascination of beauty for the beast, of monsters for maidens fair and monster-makers unfair.

Did your last date call you a monster? Do your friends think you're horrible? On Halloween do they say "take off your mask, Frankenstein" when you're not wearing a mask?

Wives: do you consider your husband a Jekyll & Hyde?

Husbands: do you sometimes wish you were the Invisible Man?

EVERYBODY: do you know all the faces of Frankenstein, about Lon Chaney's 150 pictures, how many quarts of blood Bela Lugosi drank in DRACULA, and 10,000 other amazing facts about fantastic monsters?

For every tick there's a tock. If you want to know what makes monsters tick, why they're such a click and even why YOU get such a kick out of them, you've come to the right magazine.

That isn't all. With the purchase of this book you are entitled to be the first on your block to introduce the great new saying that will soon be sweeping the country. When your beast friend starts giving you a bad time or a big lip about something you just said or did, take my tip: just shrug your head nonchalantly and stop him cold in his cracks with, "Well, that's how the monster mumbles."

Take it from the man who owns one.

Yours gruely,
THE EDITORS

"BANNED IN TRANSYLVANIA"

So I put together the second issue, with banner lines like For Jean-Agers and Groan-ups! Monsters of the

World, Unite! This Magazine Awarded the Ghoul Medal Ribbon!

The editorial read:



a monster is reading this magazine!

No, the Monster is not over your left shoulder. Nor is it anywhere behind you.

It is, in fact, YOU!

Proof? Poof! The Editor will consider you a Class A monster if you don't buy his magazine after he has slaved over it for months in a hot dungeon...and your best friends will consider you a monster if you *do* buy it. So either way, just like a voodoo doll—you're *stuck*!

Why fight it? As my friend Frankenstein said when he first saw KING KONG: "It's bigger than both of us!"

FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND is the magazine that is wilder, much wilder, because it is fortified with *draculosis*, the wonder-working miracle drug recommended by Dr. Jekyll. After being around gathering dust for 3000 years, The Mummy just renewed his subscription for another 300. He hopes to hold together that long, but if he doesn't well, "That's the way the Mummy crumbles."

Don't just stand there with your coins in your claw, pay the man and run screaming in terror.

THE MONSTER'S KEEPER

Our first letter published was:
WOLF FAN

I am sitting in a cold dark dungeon and writing this to you by the light of the full moon. I must write this quickly as my ears have already begun to grow pointed and furry and soon...!

I must tell you that my joy knows no bounds! How we monsters have awaited the "day?" when a magazine such as this would arrive! I bayed at the moon for two hours after I read it!

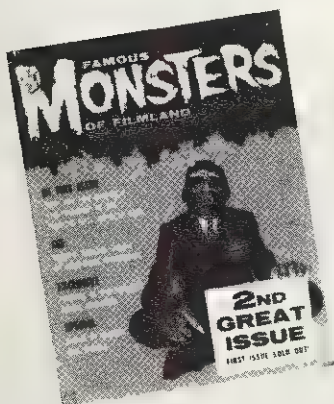
I particularly enjoyed "Out of This World Monsters." Love them photos! There are enough science fiction mags on the stands now. Let's have more about monsters, Karloff, Lugosi, Chaney Sr. and Jr.

I am 300 years old, and a male monster.

You must continue with this project—make MONSTERS OF FILMLAND a monthly. I would surely subscribe...I...agh!... I...would like...to write... more...the moon...my hands! ...my face!...OWOOOO!!

Pete Lutjens
Kingston, N.Y.

You write very maturely for a monster of a mere 300. By the way, if you would like to subscribe for the next 200 years, we have a special reduced rate for juveniles under 500.—Ed.



In the second issue Robert Bloch called FMOF: "A real Valentine from start to finish."

"Graduate Student," North Texas State College, stated: "The thing I really liked about your first issue is the *atmosphere*; certainly not deadly serious, but then again displaying a respect for the horror pictures as an art form."

In the readers' section (then known as Dear Monster) the publisher masquerading as the editor, gave *his* version of how FMOF came to be:

Dear Monster

Phyllis Farkas is the cute blonde who is responsible for FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND magazine. It all happened when publisher Warren and editor Ackerman were walking the streets of New York City last October, trying to think of an idea for a new magazine. Suddenly a shapely blonde came into view and editor Ackerman whistled politely. Publisher Warren did not whistle, but instead commented that the blonde's ultra-fashionable hairdo made her look like a monster. Unfortunately the blonde overheard this remark, and proceeded to tell publisher Warren what a monster HE was. Editor Ackerman solved the dilemma by quickly hustling both parties into a nearby restaurant for a cup of coffee. Soon the three were laughing over the incident, and Miss Farkas (the blonde) jokingly suggested publishing a magazine about "monsters." One thing led to another, and FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND was born. Oh yes, immediately after seeing her name in Issue #1, Miss Farkas sued us for \$5000. So keep buying MONSTERS, gang. We need the money.—Ed.

Hi-lites of #2: "The Monster Who Made A Man" (the first of many features about Boris Karloff) and "Public Vampire No. 1", a similar 10-page feature about Bela Lugosi.

With #3 the publisher's girlfriend was listed (just for fun) as the Man Aging Editor, a pun picked up, as I recall, from a playlet involving the late Tony

Boucher (then editor of THE MAGAZINE OF FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION), Evelyn Gold (then associated with her husband H.L. Gold on the editorial staff of GALAXY) and myself, among others, at the World Science Fiction Convention of 1958. The Editorial was entitled "Help Stamp Out Monsters." The readers' dept. featured such future celebrities as Richard Sheffield (The Boy Who Befriended Bela Lugosi), and Bjo Trimble, The Girl Who Saved Star Trek. Frank Harold's one-line letter consisted of "What I didn't like: NOTHING." To which Ye Ed replied, "As the crook said to the judge, when expecting 99 years in jail and getting only one, 'Thanks for the short sentence!' " It was in this issue that I gave the vegetable-man from Venus his name: Q. Kumber (IT CONQUERED THE WORLD but not the box office). Featured was "The Boy Who Became a Monster," a photo session by

sci-fi artist Morris Scott Dollens with Thad Swift Jr., who metamorphosed into a subteen monster before our very eyes. Thad Jr., sad to say, was one of my failures: he didn't heed Uncle Forry's advice to steer clear of drugs, got hooked when he was 12 and, stoned out of his skull, in his 20s shot his wife in a shouting match and then killed himself. This issue introduced the teenage talent of Ron Cobb in a two-page cartoon called "Monsters of the Matinee." Cobb, I am happy to say, has made a name for himself in the movie industry: you'll particularly recall his great atmospheric work in ALIEN. In our first list of Monster Club members we now recognize two names: Rick (Monster Maker) Baker and Jeff (author of *The Night Stalker*) Rice. This April 1959 number featured a screen treatment by me about a time then 16 years in the future and a new Frankenstein:

Frankenstein from Space

**A Terrorizing Earth-Shaking Motion Picture
Hit of the Future!**

The year is 1975. The place, the Swiss Alps. The people: Dr. Thomas Frenken, a famous surgeon; his charming European wife, Marlene; and their American-born teenage daughter, Arlene. Soon we will also meet Pierre Linard, a nice young Swiss boy. And—soon enough—the not-so-nice MONSTER.

The picture opens with a big roar that rattles the weird equipment in Dr. Frenken's laboratory. The doctor looks up in annoyance from the table on which he is performing a "zeroperation" on a small animal. His wife calms him: "This is 1975, darling, and the faster our world moves the noisier it gets." We glimpse the noise-maker: a sleek low-flying passenger rocket.

With the roar of the rocket still in our ears, we see a new scene: Arlene and her new-found boyfriend, Pierre, dancing to the blare of A Rocket 'n' Roar number at the village inn.

TROUBLE ON HIGH

The camera takes us back and forth between the dance racket and the spluttering rocket, which we now see is in distress. Suddenly the rocket goes out of control! It plows thru the cables of the snow-lift, which is the only way to get from the village to the Frenkens' lodge. . . thru telephone wires. . . and eventually slams into the side of the mountain.

Snow is jarred loose and comes tumbling down from the mountaintop, immediately covering the dead-on-impact passengers.

As the tragedy takes place practically in their back yard, the Frenkens get to the rocket wreck within a matter of moments. They dig frantically with their hands to discover if anyone is left alive. Most bodies are smashed to bits and pieces.



IMPORTANT CORPSE

An impressive locked briefcase is uncovered and shortly after a body with a handcuff on it. The bearded corpse with the handcuff looks somehow familiar to the Frenkens, but they cannot place the face. It looks like the briefcase had been handcuffed to him, and that he was therefore very likely an important person. His body is smashed to pulp but his head seems quite in one undamaged piece.

On the other hand, the body of a huge man is found a few moments later, with a horribly crushed face but otherwise whole.

INSPIRATION

Frenken thinks quickly of putting one and one together (one head and one body). His wife has some misgivings about his plan, but, after all, he isn't a mad scientist, suggesting the experiment for an evil purpose; no, he genuinely hopes to save what appears to be a very valuable human life. So the Frenkens drag the bearded body and the heavy one back to their laboratory and there, by candlelight, since the rocket ripped the power-lines out, the eerie brain transplantation takes place. Additionally, the doctor injects the body with his potent serum, *rhodomoline*, to bring the body and brain back to life. As the once-dead man's eyes flicker open, the scene abruptly changes to—

Newspaper in the hands of Pierre and Arlene, who are reading about the crash that has separated Arlene from her parents. On the front page is an easily recognized foto of a fatal face—the one just brought back to life—but it is *not* a great good man, it is the notorious Gaston Garou, the modern Bluebeard! His murder victims numbered 25!

WORSE THAN DONOVAN'S BRAIN

Bluebeard's murder-mad brain is now in the brute-strength body! But the Frenkens don't know it. As the "man" is nursed back to strength, Marlene Frenken feels uneasy about him (as well she may). When he's up and about he makes two or three attempts to kill her, like he did all the others, but makes it look like accidents. One time he nearly lops off her head while "helping" her chop wood. Another time he almost drowns her in the well while they're fetching water. But Dr. Frenken dismisses



Frankenstein From Space

all as coincidence or imagination on his wife's part.

At last the secret monster is driven to try outright murder. By choking. While the Frenkens are asleep.

THE UNDYING MONSTER

Mrs. Frenken awakes as the monster grabs her about the throat. Her husband leaps from bed and fights Bluebeard all over the lab, which is wrecked. Dr. Frenken pumps six bullets into the monster without any effect. (He later realizes the life-restoring *rhodomoline* must have been more powerful than he had imagined.)

The Bluebeard-beast jumps out the window and escapes into the snow while Dr. Frenken says dazedly to his wife, "Strange—a woman once wrote a book about such a thing. About a hundred years ago, I think. I remember seeing movies they made about it when I was younger. From dead bodies he took from graves or the gallows he fashioned a man and brought him to life—only to have his creature become a destroying demon. They said it was soulless, that he had meddled with things men should leave alone. Now dead men, on wings of flame, fell out of the sky at my feet, and I put them together and created a modern Frankenstein!"

He has unwittingly loosed on the world an evil creature, powerful and perhaps unkillable!

TEENAGERS MEET FRANKENSTEIN

As the Monster is coming down the hill, Arlene and Pierre are struggling up it. They come across a snow-wolf with its throat torn but (strangely) very little blood on the snow. Where could the blood have gone? they wonder. And apparently the wolf was not killed in a fight with another wolf, for what are those *man*prints leading away from the body?

The teenagers stop to rest, fall asleep, and Arlene is kidnapped by the monster, who also steals Pierre's snowshoes. When Arlene manages to scream, Pierre is aroused and starts off to rescue her.

This chase leads up to a ski slide and one of the most thrilling fights and finishes ever written for a film. At the end, the Bluebeard Frankenstein has the young girl (Arlene) in his arms and is at the top of the slide, and goes skiing down it! As he flies thru space—

But no! We can't tell you the conclusion! You'll have to see the movie for yourself!

HELP FRANKENSTEIN

Here's how you can help get this Frankenstein movie made:

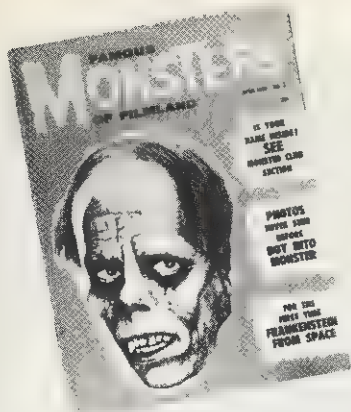
Write a letter to a Studio! Go ahead, don't be afraid—pick out your favorite. Write to Paramount or Warner Bros. or American-International or whoever you think would do the best job. Tell them you read about FRANKENSTEIN FROM SPACE in this issue of *Famous Monsters* and you and all your friends would sure like to see it made into a movie. Let them know you'd go not only once but twice.

And while you're at it, make suggestions as to who you'd like to see in the cast. Tor Johnson as the Bluebeard Frankenstein? Christopher Lee? Who would you pick to play the teenagers? Brigitte Bardot? Russ Tamblyn? Be an Assistant Producer!

Send your letter to FRANKENSTEIN FROM SPACE, c/o Famous Monsters, and we'll forward all letters to an interested Hollywood Studio.

Weaver Wright* & Budd Bankson wrote the story of FRANKENSTEIN FROM SPACE.

*One of my pseudonyms—FIA



TROUBLE IN PARADISE

Sometime between *FMOF* #2 & #3 the first issue of *World Famous Creatures* appeared, the inevitable ripoff. As I thumbed thru its pages, I was aghast: had I edited it in my sleep? I counted something like 22 phrases that were either direct quotes or paraphrases of things I had written. If I had written something like "Frankenstein was known in his village as a man of parts," *WFC* would show a picture of Karloff as the monster, captioned say, "In his town the villagers called Frankenstein a man of parts." There was one piece of phony information I made up that didn't exist anywhere except in the pages of *FMOF*—I've forgotten what it was now but let's say it was something like "In *THE MUMMY* Boris Karloff was wrapped in 602 yards of cheesecloth." So *WFC*'s version was something like "It took 602 yards of cheesecloth to swath Karloff as the Mummy." I considered this *proof positive* that my material had been copied, since there was nowhere on Earth this imaginary figure existed except in *FMOF*. Furthermore!—it developed that *WFC* was being printed in the same shop where my material was being linotyped! It was as clear to Jim Warren and me as the nose on Pinocchio's face that my stuff was being stolen and Warren instituted a plagiarism suit against *WFC*. I envisioned sudden riches. *Wrong. Tilt. Zilch.* I don't suppose I can be incarcerated for contempt of court if I don't name names: whoever that judge was, he was blind as a bat flying into a kleig light, because he examined both magazines and came to the microcephalonic conclusion that "any two persons captioning similar stills would arrive at approximately the same text." That son-of-a-bench was text in the haid!

THE FEARSOME NUMBER FOUR

They said you couldn't make a magazine as great as *FAMOUS MONSTERS*.

THEY said it would only last one issue, the PTA (Peasants of Transylvania Association) would stop it.

THEY said, "How could you stop it? Where would you get photos for the second issue greater than the first? How could the pictures in #3 surpass those in #2? Would there be enough new material for a 4th number?" (Well, just watch for the sensational Specials, Exclusives and Scoops in #5!)

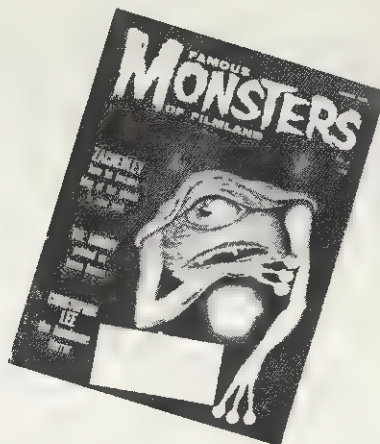
THEY said, "You'd be swamped by cheap, inferior imitations."

THEY talk too much. THEM! What do they know about IT?

YOU—YOU are the ones we listen to, YOU thirsting thousands upon thousands who can't get enough Ghoul-Aid, Choke-late Sodas, Vanilla Milk-Shocks and Coca-Dracolas to soothe your parched throats till the glorious day (today) when you discover the *new* issue of *FAMOUS MONSTERS* on sale! Drink ye deep! Quench your thirst! Every page guaranteed to make your mouth water or your tongue replaced free of charge.

DR. ACULA & HIS ZOMBIES

Forrest J Ackerman and
James Warren



Jim Warren often said this was the best cover we ever had. It was by my client Albert Nuetzell, a sweetheart of a man who regrettably died of cancer some years ago, and captured that brief glimpse of the Martian (Albert Nozaki, the suit's codesigner) from Wells/Pal's *WAR OF THE WORLDS*. The inside cover purported to be Dwight Frye as Renfield in *DRACULA* but later evidence suggested the unknown actor was a sort of look-alike from burlesque. Hottest item in the issue was a New Hampshire high school teacher's Attack on Ack. The publisher's defense of me follows:

FOR GROAN-UPS ONLY

• Kids, this is the only small portion of the whole issue that probably won't interest you. It's addressed to parents and educators.. Statement from Publisher: Mr. William Hotin, a high school teacher of Jaffrey, New Hamp., takes my Editor to task for producing insidious trash, recommends he search his conscience instead of his pocketbook before continuing to contribute

to the moral degradation of our culture. While appreciating Mr. Hotin's sincere concern with molding the minds and mores of modern youth, I feel he is misguided regarding FAMOUS MONSTERS as a menacing factor in the mental health of present and future America. The salary I pay my altruistic editor is scarcely enough to influence him to abandon the principles of a lifetime, and Forrest Ackerman replies:

"If FAMOUS MONSTERS had existed when I was 8 years old, I'm sure my dearly beloved Grandmother—and she was the last of the angels—would have bought it for me regularly. Among my fondest memories of her are those of her reading Ghost Stories magazine to me and taking me (my Grandfather holding my other hand) to THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA, THE CAT AND THE CANARY, etc. Before condemning this magazine, Mr. Hotin, I feel you must prove that Lon Chaney Sr. perverted his life portraying monsters; that Edgar Allan Poe should never have picked up a pen; that Mary Shelley loosed a greater evil on the world than a fictional Frankenstein; that Universal Studios should be ashamed of itself for having built a reputation with DRACULA, THE MUMMY, etc; and that Good News Productions, principal producers of religious movies in the USA, had no business forming a sibling organization to produce THE BLOB, nor a local (Hollywood) branch of the Lutheran Church to sponsor the filming of GRAVE-ROBBERS (now PLAN 9) FROM OUTER SPACE. Quantitatively, a single monster movie must surely influence many times over the number of high school students our magazine does. We but humorously reflect on what already exists in movie monsterdom."

Mr. Hotin, my Editor (at 42) has never smoked or drunk in his life, has no police record, is a peace-promoting Esperantist, has received a "Hugo" (the science fiction field's highest award), is regarded as a hero in the home of Ray "Fahrenheit 451" Bradbury (who did the screenplay of MOBY DICK and IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE) by Mr. Bradbury's monster-loving daughters, and, to cap the climax, was recently invited to lecture on sci-fi AND monster movies to the student body of a Los Angeles Jr. High! The Defense rests.

—James Warren

In #4 one of Ray Bradbury's 4 daughters, Ramona, showed us a picture of her Dad as a teenager wearing a Ray Harryhausen mask, and Christina R.D. Vancheri demonstrated she was *stork* staring mad by revealing, "I'm not as old as you think; the pterodactyl dropped me in 1947." Starting with this issue we introduced a popular feature, You Axed For It!, and sci-fi author G. Gordon



One of FM's original cover artists; the late Albert Nuetzell.

Dewey (now deceased) requested a still of the Incredible Shrinking Girl from THE DEVIL DOLL, the cinemadaptation of A. Merritt's "Burn, Witch, Burn!". Outrageous pun for the issue: "We would appreciate your recipe for making super-natural tamales, but in order to stuff them with bat meat don't you first have to cast a net over a bat? And unfortunately we are fresh out of castanets." *Oi ve, ole!* "Horrib Lee Yours" was the first of many features about Xopher Lee, who was only 35 at the time. Warren was still not accepting my word that Bela Lugosi was Ygor and not Igor in SON OF FRANKENSTEIN and so "Igor" kept turning up in copy from time to time. (The "You May Be Right but I'm BOSS" syndrome.) About this time the manager of a nearby drugstore learned who I was and commented, "I wish we could get the kids to buy your magazine—it's our *best-stolen* magazine" (Gulp!)

Forry, you are the
greatest guy on
Earth—Sam Sherman,
Imagi-Movie Producer

THE MASTER MANIMAL

Bela Lugosi as the Sayer of the Law on the ISLAND OF LOST SOULS graced the cover of our 5th issue. Albert Nuetzell's portrayal of the artificially evolved beastman has always been one of



my favorites. In the readers' dept. Flash Coulson, a science fiction personality known today as Buck Coulson, had a letter titled The Day The End Whirled:

If all your monsters were laid end to end, it would serve them right. The day I pay for a copy of your magazine (my trained monkey Kween Kong steals them) it would be the end of the world. [To which I replied: Flash, you are a man after my own heart—but must you use such a sharp knife?]

And look who turned up for the *firsttime* in our pages (this was in 1959): Don Glut, today's world-class authority on Frankenstein and Dinosaurs and the author of the bestselling novelization of *THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK* (18 weeks on the *Beast Cellar* list), and Bill "Keep Watching the Skies!" Warren.

There's a photo of me in the issue with a Giant Fly on my shoulder that escaped from the Captain

In the Beginning (before 1958), there were, scattered about this planet, numerous fans of fantastic films. Of course, many of us didn't call ourselves *fans* back then. The name-calling usually came from those who could not comprehend anyone's devotion to the worlds of science fiction, horror and fantasy movies. A few of us (the luckier ones) might have had one, or at best a few, friends with whom to share our "weirdo" interests. But most of us were most likely loners, who kept our clipped-out newspaper ads, movie stills and other related treasures, to ourselves and "our rooms." Those were indeed the Dark Ages.

Then, one magical day in 1958, *FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND* appeared on the newsstands. As happened to a certain little boy decades earlier, its cover, depicting Frankenstein's immortal Monster, seemed to grunt to each of us, "Take me home." Fortunately, we did—for FM (as it came affectionately to be called) told us what we wanted to know about our favorite kinds of movies and showed us more related photos than we ever suspected existed.

Its editor, one Forrest J Ackerman, proved to be our Pied Piper, the one with the knowledge that we sought (and the stills to go with it). He seemed to be all of us combined in one package of enthusiasm. Perhaps best of all, he was an *adult*, giving some respectability to his generally younger audience which was often criticized for, at "our age," being interested in such "childish" things as monsters, demons and spaceships.

What did Forry accomplish with *FAMOUS MONSTERS*?

Sure, he gave us a magazine with all the photos we had ever dreamed of seeing, the stories no other publication would have "dared" to print. But that was only of secondary importance.

The *real* significance of FM is that it brought "us" all together. We were no longer alone, but part of a vast network of people with the same interests, the same passions, the same loves. And we no longer had to keep them to ourselves. Addresses were published so that we could all contact *each other*, thereby creating new friendships and future business associations. Astoundingly, this magazine's editor was genuinely interested in what *we* were doing. Forry published photos of our attempted monster make-ups and information on our backyard amateur-movie productions; he reproduced our sometimes crude attempts at artwork; printed our prose and poetry. He and FM stimulated our creative juices and inspired us to create by giving us, for the first time, a place where our varied projects and creations would be welcomed seriously and eagerly—and shown.

Without FM, many of us—now writers, directors, producers, actors, artists, special effects and make-up artists, even scientists—might never have pursued our "weirdo" dreams. Instead, we might have one day "officially" grown up, burying our dreams to follow more "adult" careers in the "real" world.

Speaking for all of us who were weaned on *FAMOUS MONSTERS*, only to pursue our individual stars, I say Thank You, Forry—for creating and nurturing us. So many of us, either directly or indirectly, "started" with FM. Without the kind of magazine that *you* started, today's motion-picture scene, along with our careers, might be quite different, indeed.

—Don Glut

DON GLUT is the world authority on things Frankensteinian and is also a doyen of dinosauria. At one time he edited a filmonsterzine.



Co. (the left hand of publisher Warren). Pic was shot by Warren in the old Chesterfield fleabag, er, hotel, where he used to domicile me when I'd be in NYC occasionally working on *FMOF*. Seeing the photo reminds me that the bulbs spelling out C-H-E-S-T-E-R-F-I-E-L-D were right outside the window so that theoretically one could reach out and switch bulbs or turn them off. We once contemplated in the dead of night renaming the hotel either the Chesterfiend or the Beasterfield...



HARPY NEW YEAR—1960

The 8th Wonder of the World—King Kong—graced our 6th cover courtesy of the artistry of Albert Nuetzell, who added a fey touch by having the Phantom of the Opera peeking out from behind one of Kong's tusks. The mini-Phantom made ghost appearances on the next 2 covers and then Warren dropped him—to my mind a mistake, because I believe the whimsical touch prepared the purchaser for the light-hearted fright-hearted stuff inside. And also the phantomette could have become a mascot like *Playboy's* cover bunny, which everyone automatically searches for. Well, that's agua under the damn.

Trina Petit made her debut in this issue. If you're au courant with the comicbook scene, you know her today as the creator of Rosie the Riveter, Trina Robbins. Between Frank Frazetta and Herself (my favorite sylph of yesteryear) the eroticostume for Vampirella was created. (Many of you readers probably don't even know that Vampirella was my brain-child, that I wrote the origin story, nicknamed her Vampi, originated the inside front cover feature called "Vampi's Feary Tales," named the readers' dept. "Scarlet Letters," etc.) I believe today Trina has turned her (beautiful) back on that stage of her career but there was a time a quarter of a century ago when fans and mundanes were frequently treated to exposures of Trina's exhilarating epidermis. I received a memorable letter from *Playboy* back then saying a pictorial committee of 8 had considered the nude photos of Trina I had taken and she would have been in line to be Playmate of the Month but for the fact that she had appeared the



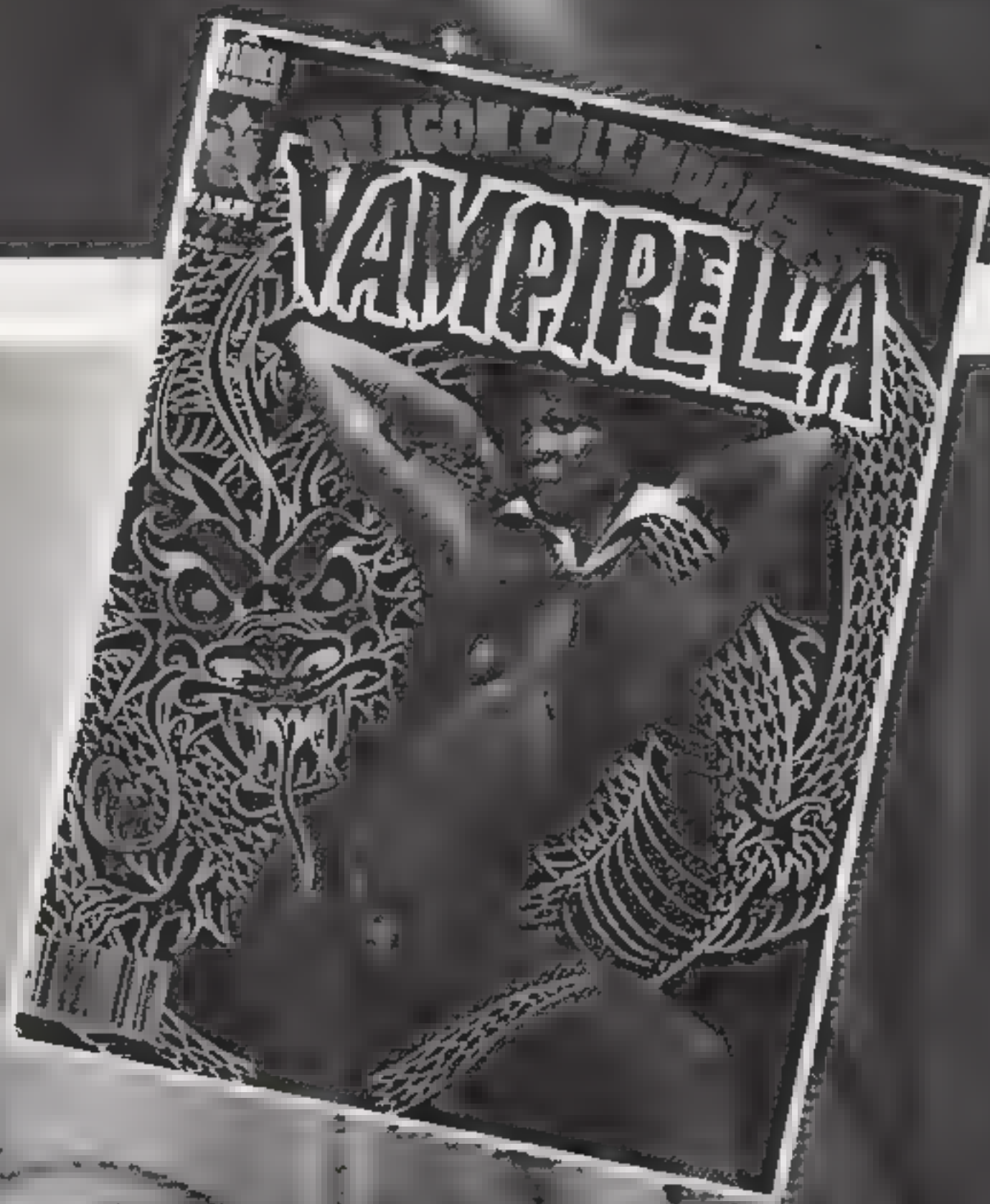
Forry's Nymphet Discovery 1960

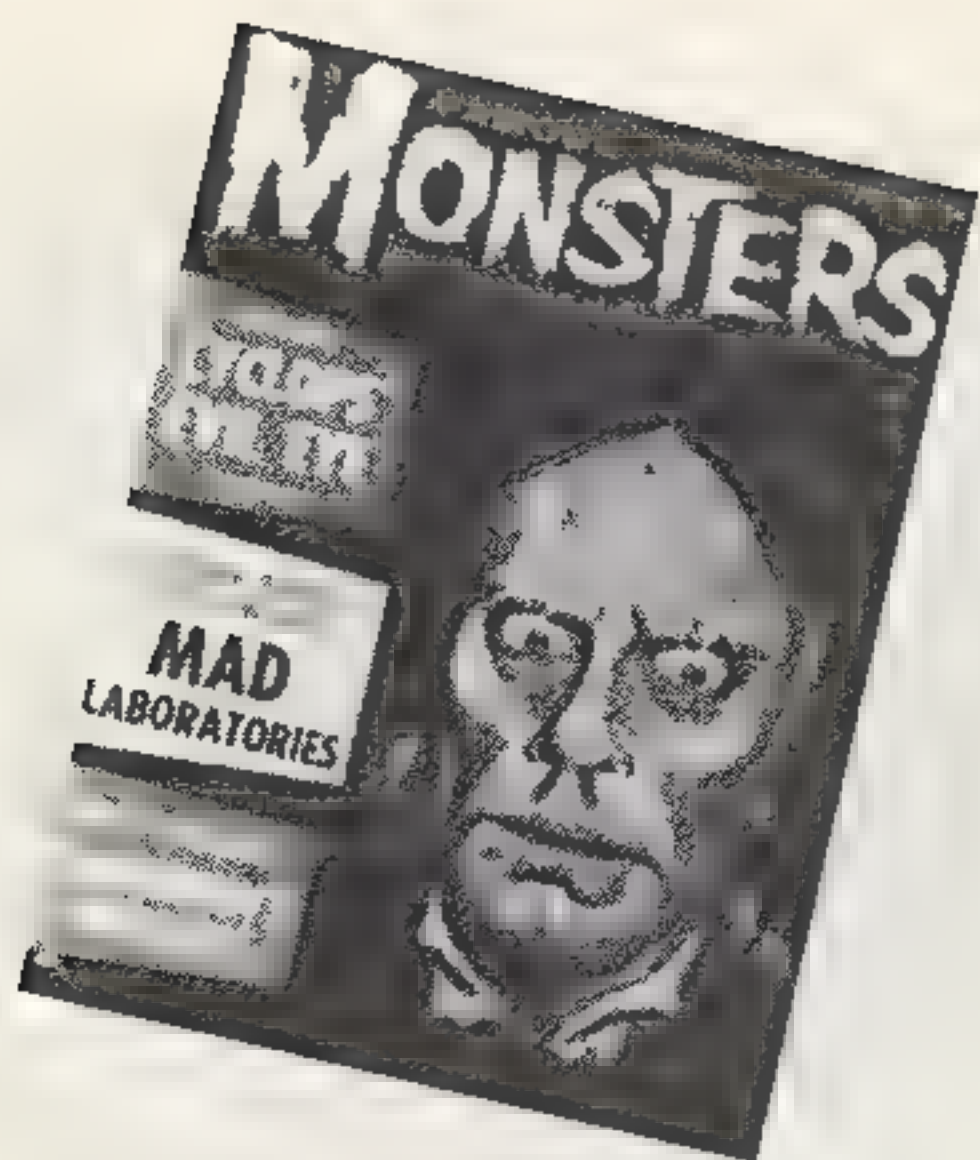
month before in *Penthouse*. Trina remains a dear friend today and I trust these "revelations" do not embarrass her, which is certainly not my intention. I, for instance, am not embarrassed to let you know that, years ago, after researching an article called "Brave Nude World," which was originally published in a nudist magazine and later reprinted in *Fantastic*, a companion to *Amazing* at the time, I frequently frequented a nudist camp on Sundays for about 5 years. (The late Theodore Sturgeon made no secret of being a nudist. And I was paid by *OM-NI* for my quote in *Continuum*: "If God had meant us to be nudists we would have been born without clothes.")—End of digression.



EDITOR ACKERMAN has his hands full (also his lap) as avid reader **Trina Petit** (now Robbins, well-known cartoonist) expresses wonder at imaginary issue of FMOF. Pseudo-cover by Albert Nuetzell.

Inset is cover of Warren magazine featuring Forry's erotic cartoon creation, the fabulous female from the planet Drakulon, Vampirella.





OF ZACH & ACK

Terrorvision Horror Host Zacherley (real name Zacherle) was featured on the cover and inside #7. Some years later a TV talkshow hosted by one Mike Douglas devoted a full week at 1-1/2 hours per day to the imagi-movie field, and Zacherley, Frank Gorshin, Bela Lugosi Jr. and I were on the same afternoon. For me it was a fiasco but I'm not going into it all here; if interested, ask me about it some-

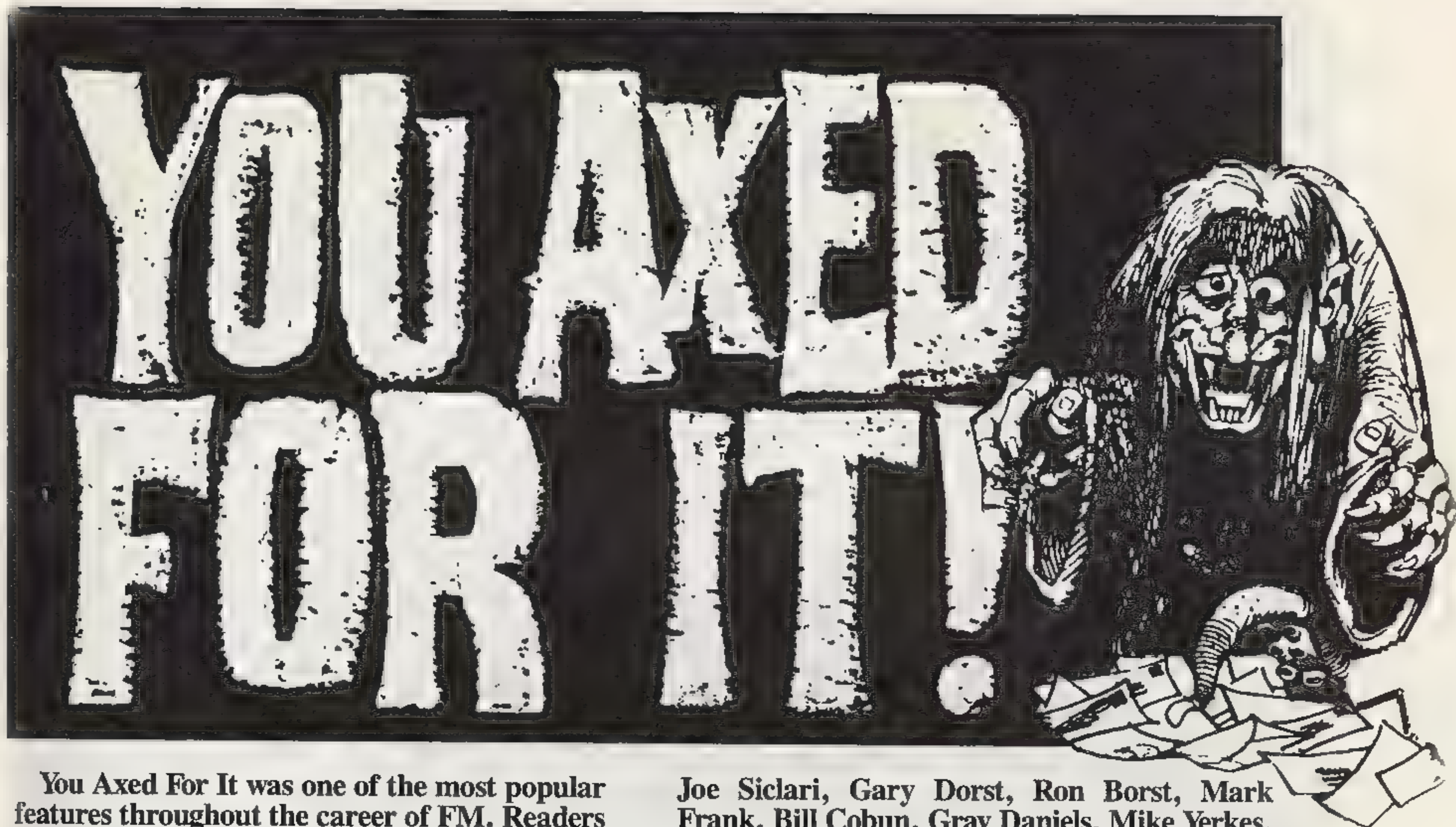
time if you meet me and I'll be glad to tell you.

A reader named Irving Glassman appeared for the *firsttime* in Dear Monster, a consistently cogent correspondent who unfortunately died before long. Somewhere in 100 copies of *FMOF* #7 was rubber-stamped "Lucky 7" and the readers who discovered this message were promised *FMOF* for free for the rest of their lives. I have no way of knowing if the publisher fulfilled this promise but if so theoretically 18,300 copies were sent out complimentary to 100 lucky readers over the remaining lifetime (183 issues more) of the magazine. The contest idea was mine.

On page 23 were 5 unidentified drawings of a witch. Looking at them now, 25 years later, I believe they were the artwork of Robert K. Murphy. Young Bob lived to see his son born and died 2 days later of lymphatic cancer. I never knew till a year after his demise how highly he thought of me, when I met his widow and she informed me he had given my first name as a middle name to their son. I remain very flattered; also, that world-class fantasy film fans Bruce & Pam Hanson middle-named their boy after me.



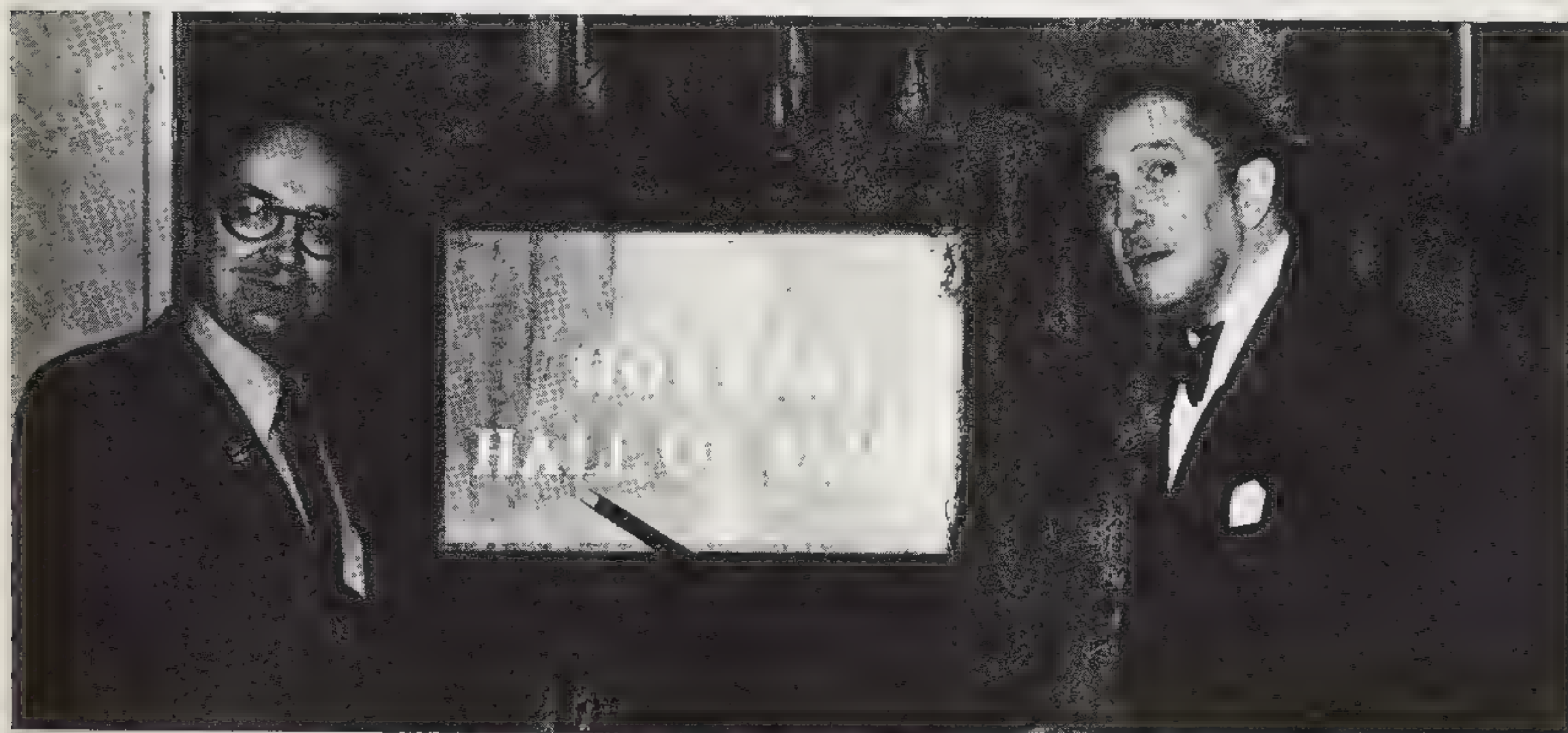
MAGIC CASTLE (Horrorwood) foto shows (upper row, left to right) Robert (PSYCHO) Bloch, Mrs. Elly Bloch, Wendayne (nee Wahrman) the Ackerwoman, Dr. Donald A. Reed (founder of the Count Dracula Society and the Academy of Science Fiction, Fantasy & Horror Films), unknown fan. Lower row, left to right: Christopher (nufsed) Lee, FJA (too much said), first wife of son of Mrs. Ackerman by previous marriage, Michael Porjes (Wendayne's son) last on right.



You Axed For It was one of the most popular features throughout the career of FM. Readers wrote in requesting to see a certain scene or player and their names appeared beneath the stills dedicated to them. The stills selected were of considerable interest to the rest of the readers and so everybody was happy. In this recreation of a you Axed For It feature, the Ackermmonster himself is featured in a series of shots taken on the set at the time he was Creative Consultant and script polisher on the Vincent Price Special, *Horror Hall of Fame*.

These pix are dedicated to you, R. Laurraine Tutihasi, Peter Many Jr., Kristina Hallind, Jim Morrow, Alda Maria Simoes Barbosa, Mark McGee, Amy Jewett, Paul Pearson, Heidi Saha,

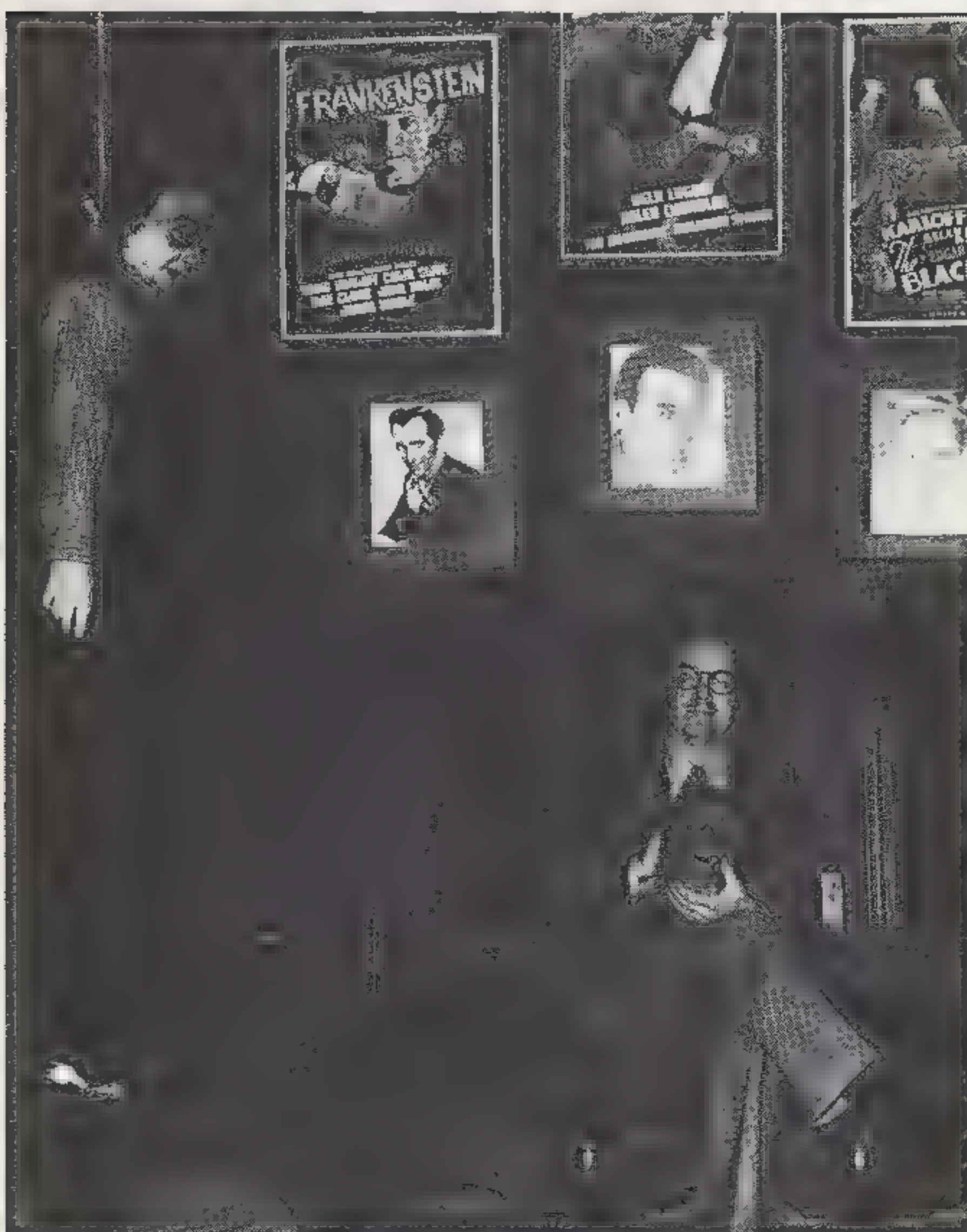
Joe Siclari, Gary Dorst, Ron Borst, Mark Frank, Bill Cobun, Gray Daniels, Mike Yerkes, Jean-Claude Romer, Tom & Terri Pinckard, Greg Neff, Al & Alik Drebin, Eric Hoffman, D'bee Painter, Brian Forbes, Nathan Hind, Ron Reynolds, Georges Gallet, Joe Salamanca, Oscar Estes, Vivian Burgoon, David Bradley, Frank & Bobbie Bresee, Andrea Ferrari, Phil Riley, Kenneth Anger, Alex Gordon, Marc Daniel Porjes, Oskar Wahrmann, Teddy Gottlieb, Winky Cervon, Chen Mei, Tetsu Yano, Takumi Shibano, Elisabetta Filippini, Paolo Aresi, Siegi & Juergen Menningen, Lon Jandis, Paul Tickleman, Larry Rivulets and Alden Lorraine because... You "Ack'ed" Forry It!



Two Creepy People: Vincent Price and "Half Price" Ackerman.

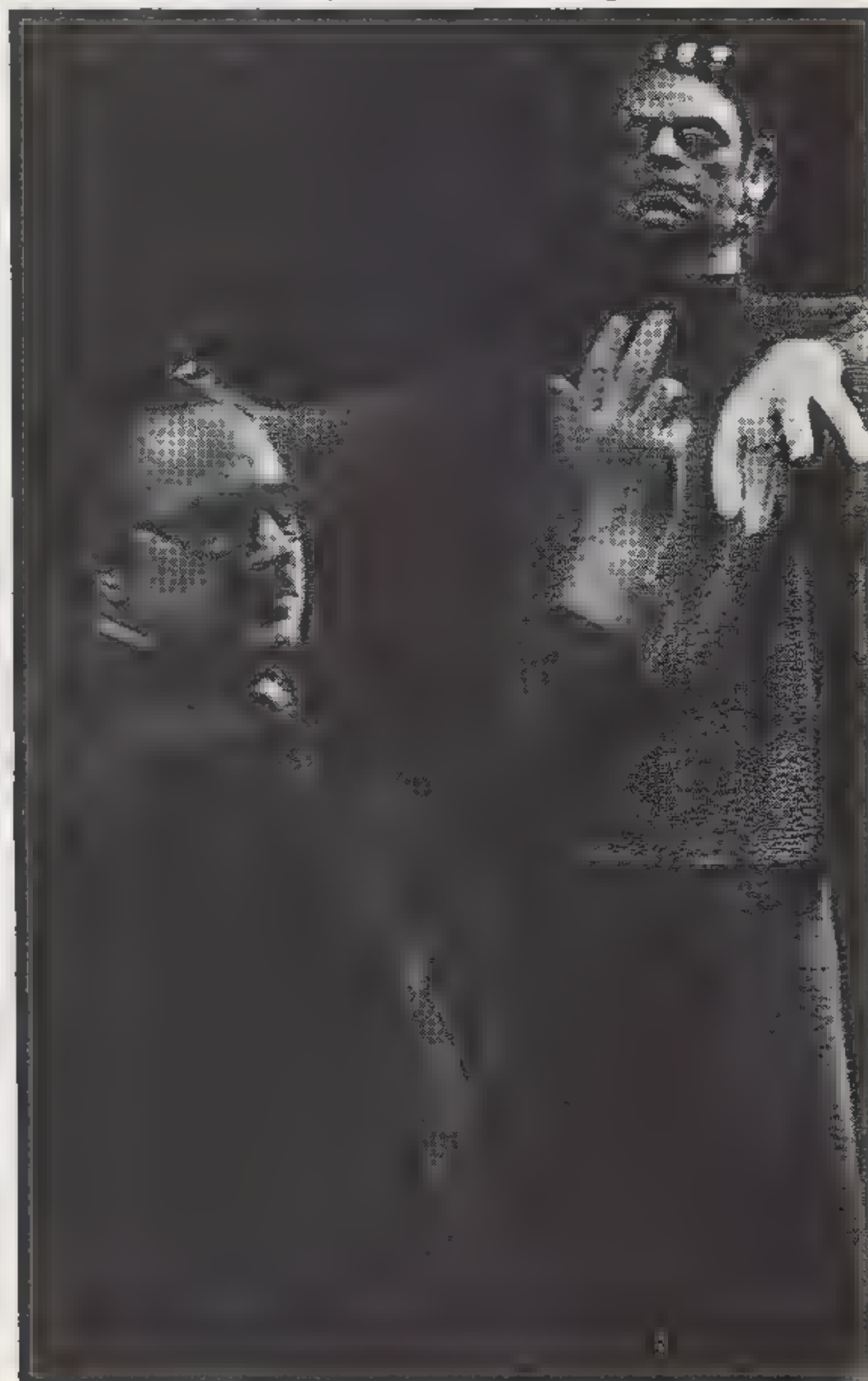


The Creature rises from the Crypt.



A rubberneck fan hangs around the set while FJA poses with Rick Baker's Schlockthropus head.

Frankenstein says "You belong dead!"

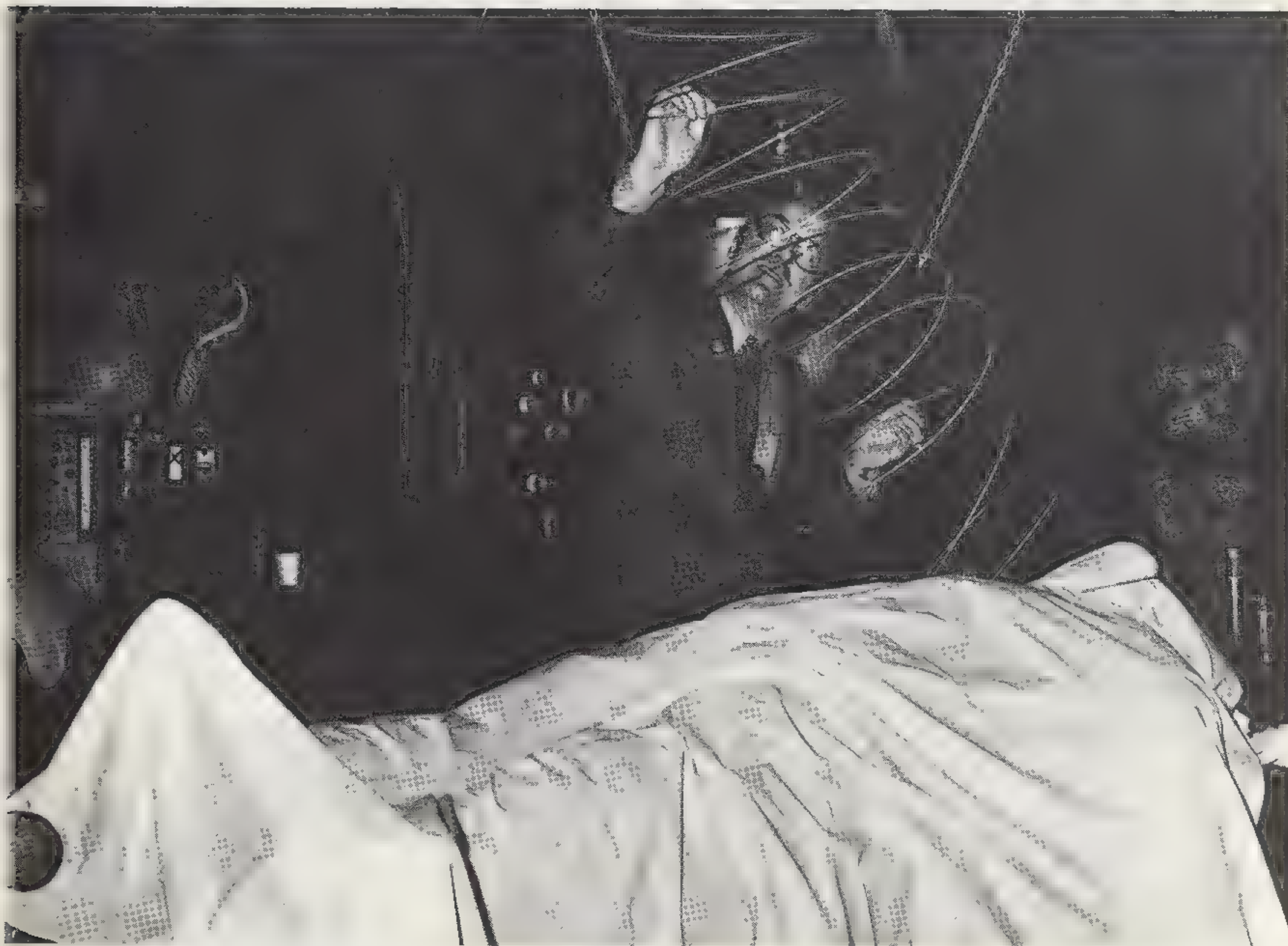




"Come to me my Melancholy Mummy, cuddle up and don't be boo!"



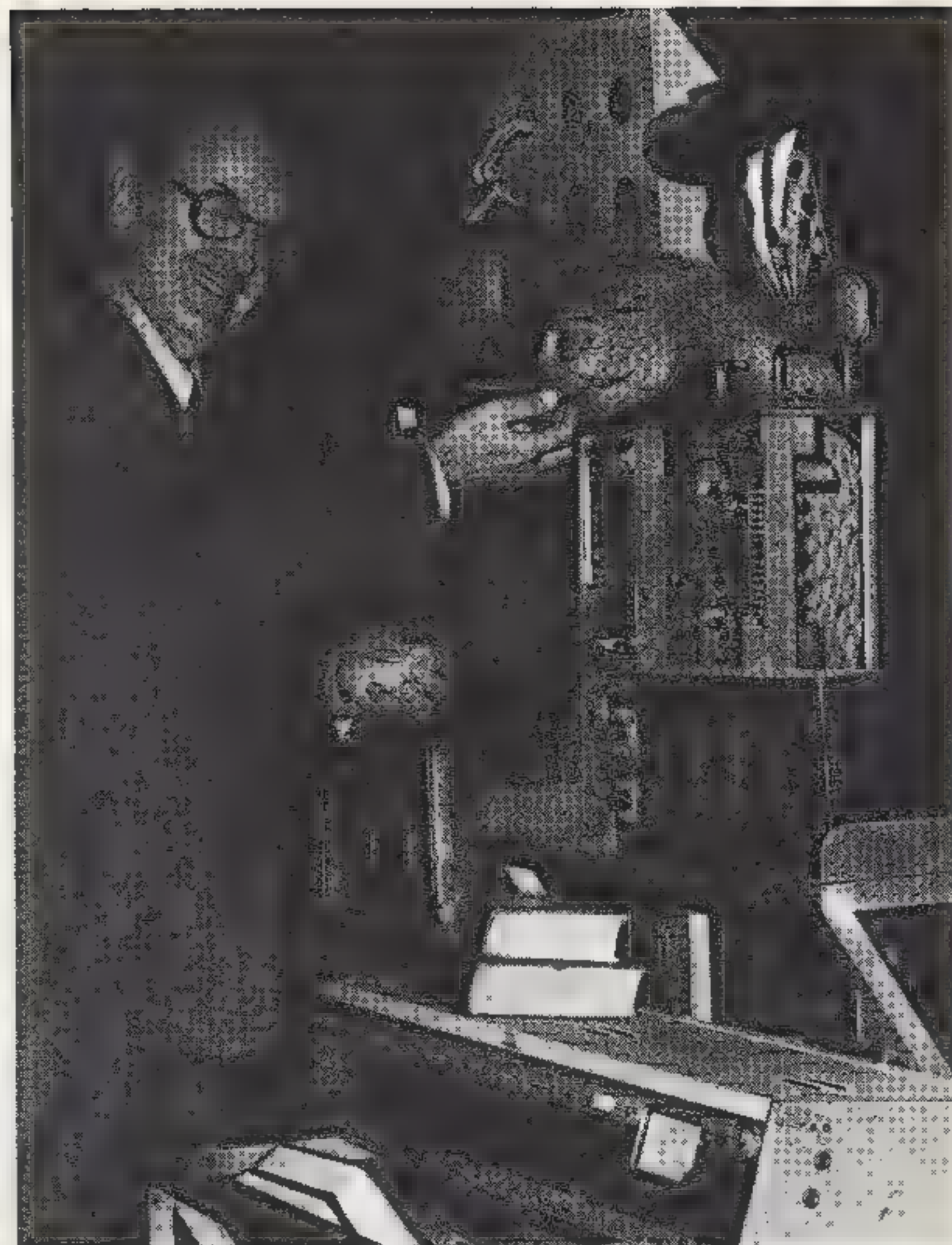
The Phantom of the Organ, Efjay Erikman.



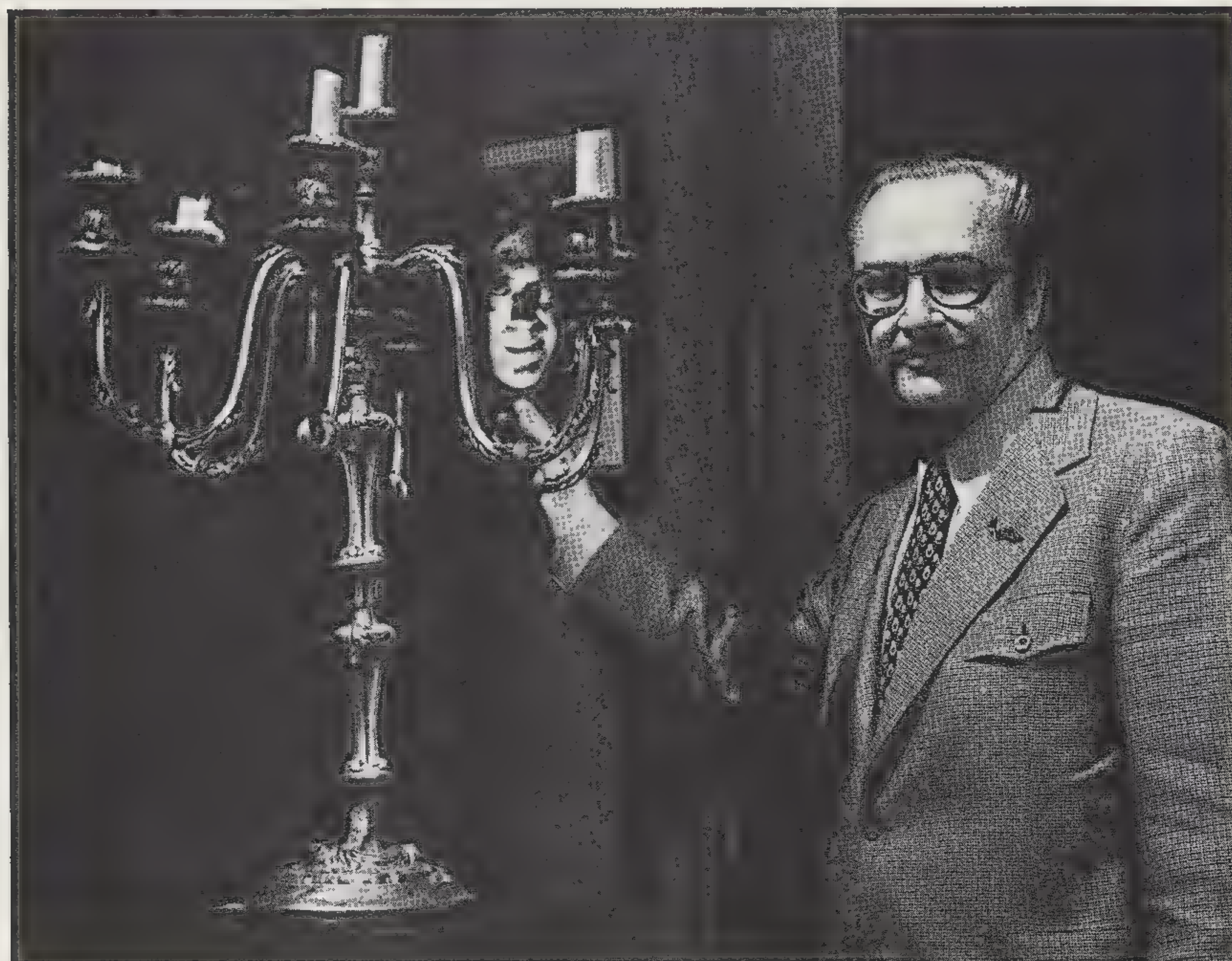
Sending a wire via Beasern Union.



**"I Want A Girl just like the girl who
mouldered Dear Old Dad."**



**Getting the "lao"-down on the serpent from
*The 7 Faces of Dr. Lao.***

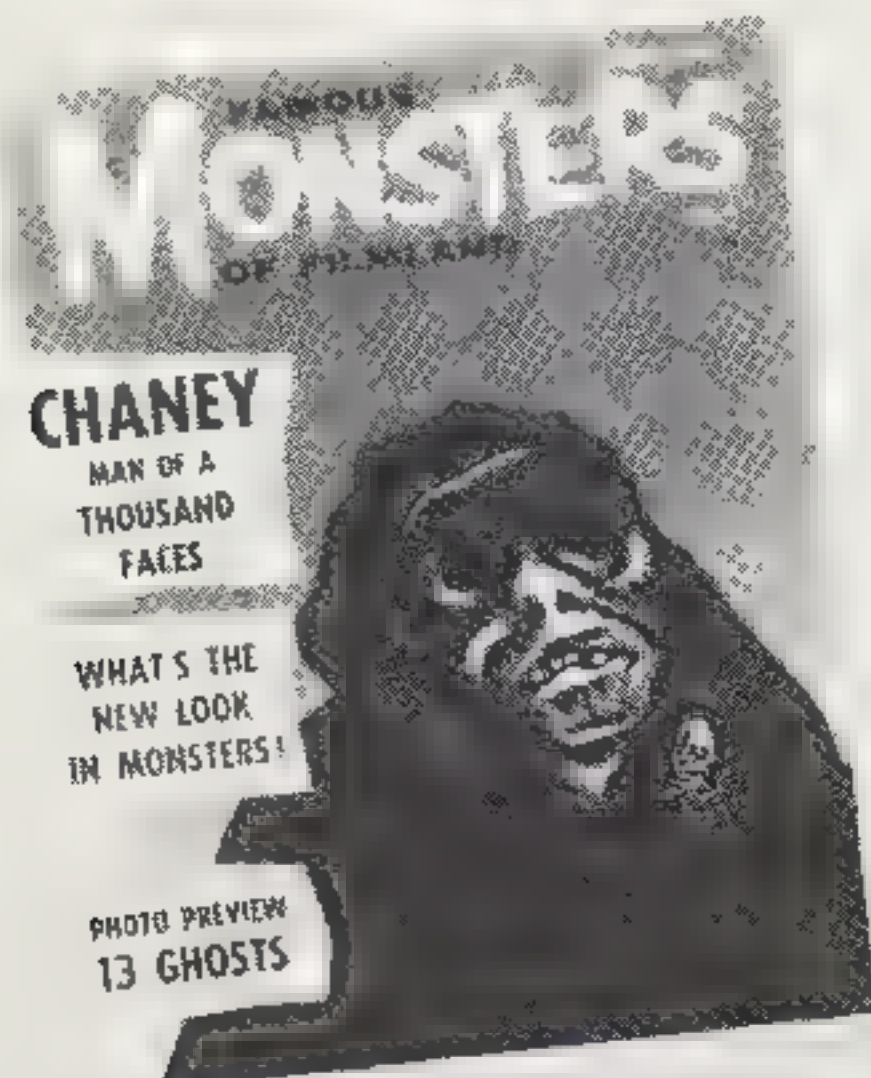


Who could hold a candle to the King, Boris Karloff?



The Day FJA became the World's First Posthumous Editor at the Hands of Orlac.
Correction: Vincent Price!

See page 44 of issue number 7 for a historic photo: the present First Lady reading the first issue of *FMOF* with FJA standing behind Nancy Davis (now Reagan) with my hand on her shoulder!!! (During World War 2 I did a story on Ronald Reagan on the front page of the *Ft. MacArthur Bulletin*, the weekly newspaper that I edited for 3 years 5 months and 29 days in the Armed Services. The *Bulletin* was an insert in the *Ft. MacArthur Alert* and, out of 2000 wartime newspapers, our collaborative effort was judged second most popular each year.)



ROBINSON GREW SO

Chris Robinson was just a kid in his late teens when we featured 4 pages on "The Robinson Gruso Story" in our Sep. '60 (#8) issue. He grew up to become a featured player in a daytime soap opera. I know that much but as I'm not familiar with daytime TV, I can't tell you which series; I believe it is one of the big hospital hits.

In this issue it was announced that "after 4 years of brain-washing, Phyllis Farkas [Jim Warren's girlfriend] is about to become the bride of *FAMOUS MONSTERS*' publisher." A Halloween wedding was planned but instead she married the doctor in whose office she was working at the time. When Warren was 39 he finally married a 39-year-old woman across the street from his apartment; I don't think the marriage lasted a year. (Don't think I report such things with any gloat in my throat, I'd be just as willing to inform you "and they live happily to this day." I just state the facts, let your fancies fall where they may.)

Forrest Ackerman has been an inspiration to me since I was a little ghoul. I think an autobiography of the "famous monster" himself would be a horrifically good undertaking!

Yours Cruelly,
Elvira, Mistress of the Dark

ELVIRA is the nationally syndicated horror hostess of the monsterrific B movies revived for terrorvision.



"C'mup 'n seize me sometime!"



Photo by: Uniack

GO, GO, GOGOS!

#9, Nov. 60, introduced Basil Gogos, the most popular cover artist *FMOF* ever had, with a striking portrait of Vincent Price from the Winter, Spring, Summer and Fall of the House of Usher.



With this issue we graduated from quarterly to bi-monthly. In Dear Monster I suggested to readers that if they would like to see an Ackerman anthology of terror tales, they should let Ballantine know I was ready, willing and able to produce such collections as "Tales from Transylvania," "Ackerman's Graveyard Shift" or "Beware of Monster." I'm still waiting for an invitation.

One Bill Obbagy turned up for the *firsttime* among the readers, a fan who was to enjoy the limelight for several years as the creator of the Bela Lugosi Club. Cartoonist Basil Wolverton of Lena the Hyena fame (L'il Abner comic strip) had a 2-page fantastic cartoon feature called "It Can Happen to You." Amongst the Monster Club Members was Jimmy Carter of Alabama. Could it be—? No, that way lies madness. Mark McGee turned up, and he turned out to be the author of the absorbing book about AIP, the studio that gave us so many of the Poe pix, Verne and Lovecraft.

Ron Haydock!—little did I dream the anguish that Chicago kid was to cause me one day! When he first turned up at my door I thought it was some miracle of time travel whereby my 21-year-old self had come forward from the past to confront me. For a year he practically lived in my home—I remember one night I let him stay up till dawn using my typewriter so he could show a script to a producer (Bert I. Gordon, if I recall correctly) the first thing in the morning. Our relationship was a typical "All About Eve" story, where, after he had learned all he could from the old editor, he set out to contact all my contacts, sweet-talk my writers into contributing to him and put me out of business with a monster magazine of his own. I don't feel like going into the whole sordid story, it would take up too much space and we've got 180 more issues to cover. But I vividly recall a long-distance call from Warren to Haydock when I was in Warren's New York apartment, Jim yelling and screaming at Haydock and tongue-lashing and cursing him for

being an ingrate, the bottom line being "You don't do that to a man who's befriended you as Forry has." But he did, he wasn't successful, and he was killed on the road hit-&-run while hitch-hiking back to California one time from Chicago. Again: I don't gloat, just reporting the facts, make of them what you will. I scarcely think anybody who betrays me in business deserves to die although I can think of about half a dozen people on whom I could wish herpes (but not AIDS).

Another Monster Club member: Dick Clark. You think—? Naw. . .

ONCE AROUND THE BLOCH

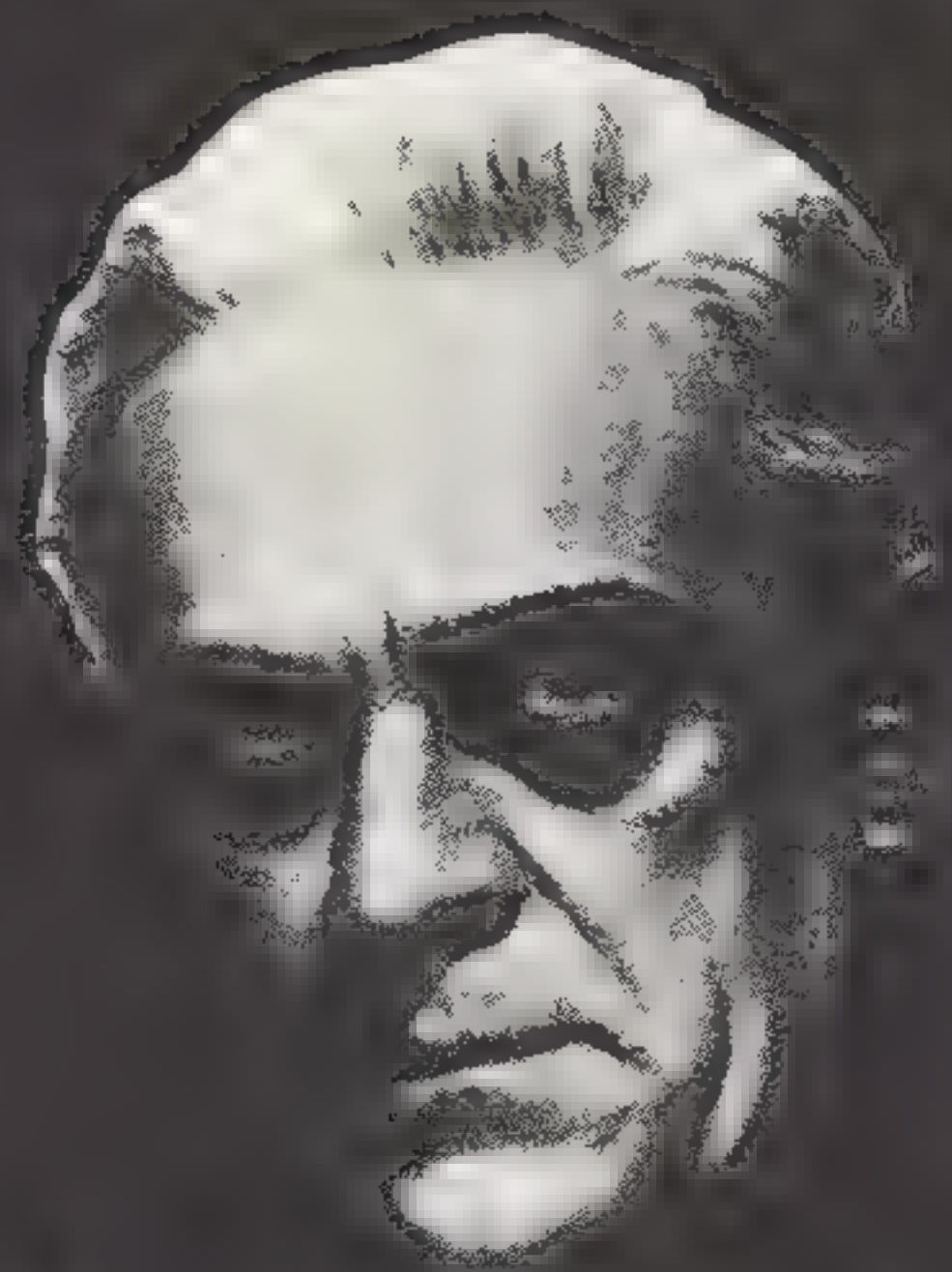


We were fortunate in our 10th issue (Jan. '61) to introduce Robert Bloch for the *firsttime*. In connection with Bob's 8-page feature, publisher Warren stated:

Note from the Publisher: My lazy editor, who complains about having to write the entire issue himself month in and month out, has for 3 years been bringing up the name of Robert Bloch and several others and begging me (or bugging me is more like it) to publish something by same. The foregoing article is in the nature of an experiment.

To bring MENACE, ANYONE? to you in readily readable form, FJA had to change many of the frighteningly erudite words in Mr. Bloch's enviable vocabulary, such as "evocations", "limned", "aficionado", "hyperbole", "ersatz", "vicarious", etc, on the theory that if Your Publisher didn't understand them and couldn't pronounce them, then most of you young readers would probably be lost too. Seriously: this is a test case which, if successful, could result in bringing you further think-pieces from a variety of sources, such as another Bloch-buster called "The Clown at Midnight," a study of the pictures of Poe by Giovanni Scognamiglio, etc. Please let us know your reactions! Do you want an occasional serious article by an "outside" writer in future issues, or do you prefer that our editor continue with the same kind of all-Ackerman material that's been featured heretofore?—James Warren.

Dear Monster metamorphosed to Fang Mail with a fangtastic heading drawn by Jack Davis.



THE MONSTER WHO MADE A MAN

**long live karloff—
king of the monsters!**



FRANKENSTEIN!

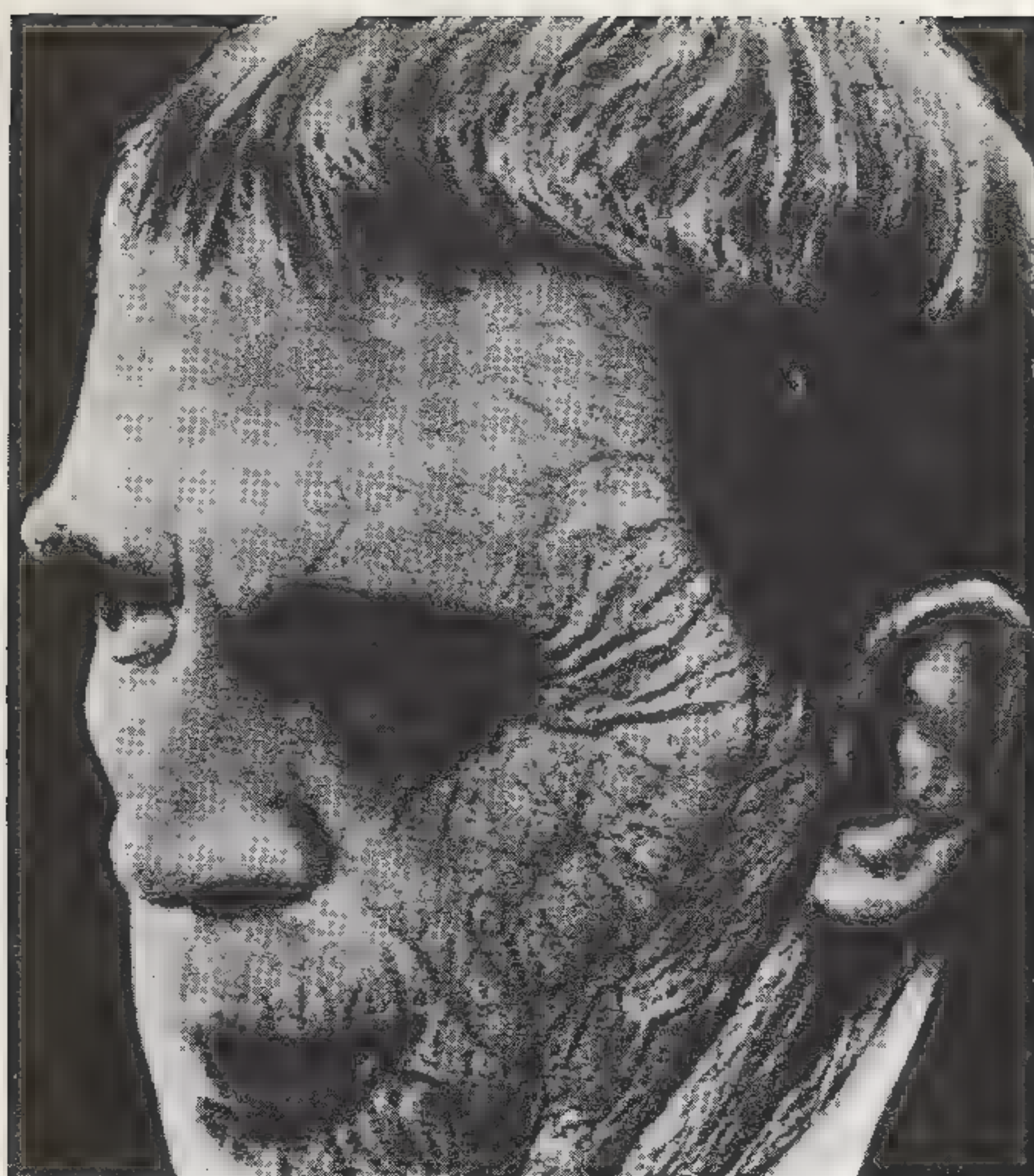
One name looms above all others when we think of the misshapen screen monster who has haunted the nightmares of moviegoers for a quarter of a century: BORIS KARLOFF!

One hundred and forty years ago—beyond the memory of any living man or woman, altho Dracula and the Mummy probably remember the occasion well—a daring teenager wrote the book, “Frankenstein.” She was Mary Wollstonecraft Shelly, age 17. In 1887 in London, Charles Edward Pratt was born, a boy who was destined in his early 20s to cross the broad Atlantic ocean and, at the age of 45 and

under another name, bring to life upon the screen the shuddersome creation of Mary Shelly.

MONSTER PIECE

In the 25 years or more since Victor Frankenstein (Colin Clive) turned the great ray that first brought life into the world upon the body that had never lived—the body that he pieced together from corpses stolen from hangmen’s gallows and deserted graveyards after midnight—Boris Karloff as the Frankenstein Monster has become a living legend. Almost a baker’s dozen of other actors have at one time and another thru the years played the same



“Knock knock!” “Who’s there?” “THE RAVEN.” “Raven who?” “You’d be raven mad too if you slept so long that your face looked like Rip Van Winkle!” says Boris Karloff of himself in this scene from the Edgar Allan Poe picture.

role, in movies and television: Bela Lugosi, Lon Chaney Jr., Glenn Strange, Prima Carnero and Christopher Lee among the nearly 13 different men; but whenever fans of Frankenstein gather there is only One True Monster for them: **BORIS KARLOFF!**

Truly, the role of the Frankenstein Monster made a Man of Distinction out of an obscure ex-truck-driver named Bill Pratt.

WHAT’S IN A NAME

“How’s that?” you say, if you’ve been paying strict attention up to now. You thought Mr. Karloff’s real name was Charles Edward Pratt? Well, so did we, till somewhere else we read (in the first issue of **FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND**, to be precise!) that his name was originally William Henry Pratt! It was another famous “Bill,” short for William Shakespeare, who first asked the question “What’s in a name?”, and in this case we are now sincerely puzzled.

Along with our hundreds of thousands of readers, we would like to know whether Mr. Karloff was born **WILLIAM HENRY Pratt** or **CHARLES EDWARD Pratt**.

Paging Boris Karloff!

Perhaps, Mr. Monster, you will be so kind (if you are that kind of a monster!) to drop a line to our magazine and settle the question once and for all

of the name with which you were born?

Frankly, we wouldn’t be too surprised if it turned out to be either William Henry or Charles Edward **FRANKENSTEIN!**

KARLOFF OF THE APES

In researching this article on the life of Boris Karloff, we uncovered an amazing fact. Not only did he appear in at least 5 other motion pictures before he made his big hit in **FRANKENSTEIN**, but it is believed that his first film (a silent serial) was none other than a **TARZAN** picture!

TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION!

Edgar Rice Burroughs’ great jungle thriller!

Yes, if you ever have the opportunity to see a revival of this Tarzan production made in the year 1927, look closely and you may recognize Boris Karloff. (There is no truth to the rumor that he played one of the apes.)

In the same year of ’27 he had a part in a funny film called **TWO ARABIAN KNIGHTS**.

In 1929 he appeared in the mystery picture, **BEHIND THAT CURTAIN**.

THE CRIMINAL CODE was one of the two movies he made in 1931, then—1932 and the birth of the Monster! [1931, I know now, was the correct year.—FJA, 1986.]

The airborne operating table descended from the dizzying heights where the electrical energies of the thunder and lightning storm had played upon the unliving body shrouded in white sheets...the pale limp hand, severed at the wrist and stitched together, slowly raised itself—alive...the Frankenstein monster breathed!


And the audience held its breath.

HAUNTED HOUSEHOLD WORD

After **FRANKENSTEIN**, the name of Boris Karloff became known throughout the world. The “Karloff” he had borrowed from an ancestor of his Mother’s, the “Boris” had been chosen as a theatrical first name simply because it appealed to Mr. Pratt and seemed to fit his personality.

Boris Karloff became the new Lon Chaney.

The same year he made **FRANKENSTEIN**, Karloff appeared in an entirely different make-up as a scarred and scary, dark-skinned and dumb menace with beetling brows and a great broken nose in **THE OLD DARK HOUSE**. Charles Laughton, Raymond Massey and Ernest Thesiger were among the actors he gave a bad time in this scream-packed picture. Afraid that audiences would be unable to believe that this was the same Boris Karloff they had fainted from earlier in the year in **FRANKENSTEIN**, the President of the company (Universal) wrote a message at the beginning of **THE OLD DARK HOUSE** informing the public that the menacing man was indeed the very same actor.



"Knock knock"
"Who's there?" "Fu."
"Fu who?" "Fu
Manchu, but don't
Manchu'n it to
anyone!" From THE
MASK OF FU MANCHU,
starring Boris Karloff.

SNOWBALL AND FIREBALL

Karloff's success snowballed and he became the hottest thing in horror pictures. In 1933 he was cast opposite Bela Lugosi in *THE BLACK CAT* and played a devil-worshiper with a satanic haircut. The same year he portrayed *THE MAN WHO DARED* and *THE MUMMY* who lived 3000 years. [3700.]

In 1934 Karloff returned to the land of his birth, England, to star in *THE GHOUL*. Perhaps he revisited Dulwich, where he was born; and if he did, did the townspeople run screaming in terror, or did they little dream that a monster walked among them? One wonders, too, what his instructors thought of him now, those teachers at Kings College of London University from whom he had received his final education. What had they taught him to prepare him to so well portray monsters? At any rate, he reported to the studio where, in the company of Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Ernest Thesiger, he turned in his usual chilling performance. Boris Karloff would probably also have made good as an ice man!

FIVE IN '35

Nineteen thirty-five was a year of great activity for "our hero."

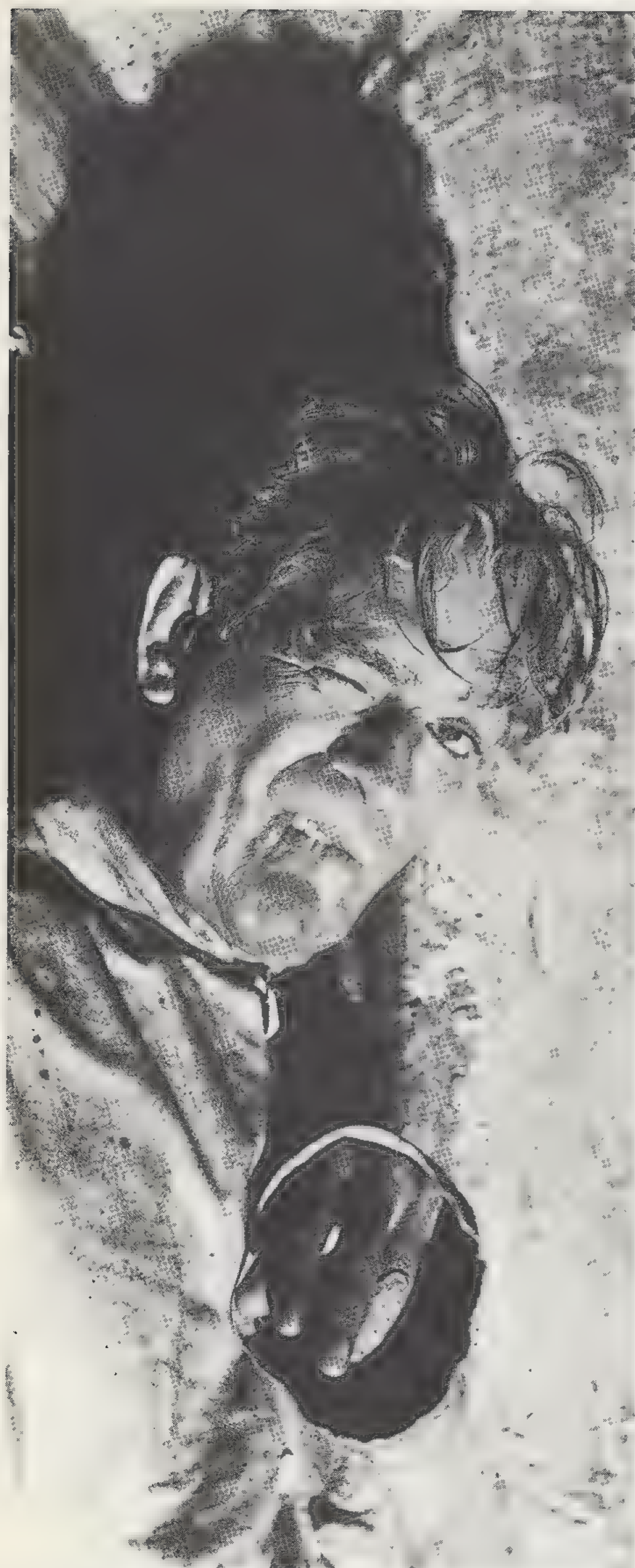
Burned and scarred and uglier than ever, Boris returned in *THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN*. Charles Laughton's real life wife, Elsa Lanchester, took one look at the reel life monster she was supposed to be the bride of, and let out such a screech that it broke poor Franky's heart and he blew the whole castle to kingdom come. Next thing you knew, he was in *THE BLACK ROOM*.

In *THE BLACK ROOM* the audience got double its money's worth, for the first time Karloff played *two* roles: he was Count Gregor, a ruthless killer, who lived in constant fear of his twin brother, Anton, because of an ancient prophecy that predicted that he would be killed by Anton. One by one Gregor lured victims to the chamber of horrors in his castle and there killed them. Gregor thought to thwart his fate by killing his own brother before he could kill him, and this he did and threw Anton into a pit in the Black Room. But by a strange twist of fate, Gregor was killed by his dead brother—by falling on a dagger held in Anton's stiff hand!

In *THE INVISIBLE RAY* the touch of Karloff's tiniest finger spelled death for he had become radioactive thru contamination by a meteorite rich in radium. He killed his old pal Lugosi before himself catching fire and going up in smoke.

The same year he made *THE MIRACLE MAN*.

And wound up in 1935 with a repeat performance with Lugosi, in Edgar Allan Poe's *THE RAVEN*, where he had only one good eye in a half-paralyzed face and twisted body.



"Tell me the tooth, now, don't you think I'm beautiful?" asks the Great B.K. in his new British picture, *HAUNTED STRANGLER*.

NEW SLANT IN '37

After resting a year, Boris returned in 1937 with a series of Oriental characterizations. These extended to 1938 and '39. He was first seen as the diabolical Chinese scientist who aimed at conquering the world in **THE MASK OF FU MANCHU**, and later as **MR. WONG, DETECTIVE** and **MR. WONG IN CHINATOWN**; also as an Oriental soldier in **WEST OF SHANGHAI**. In **CHARLIE CHAN AT THE OPERA**, however, he was an Occidental villain.

In 1937's **THE NIGHT KEY** he was a *kindly* inventor for a change, who simply had the bad fortune of running afoul of crooks.

In '38 he appeared in **THE INVISIBLE MENACE** and then—

FRANKENSTEIN RETURNS

Karloff got together with Lugosi again and the result was **SON OF FRANKENSTEIN**. In Los Angeles members of the world's oldest science fiction club turned out en masse to see the opening of the new Frankenstein film.

Time marches on; Karloff shambles on. He makes **DEVIL'S ISLAND**, **THE LOST PATROL**, **BRITISH INTELLIGENCE**, **THE FATAL HOUR**, **YOU'LL FIND OUT**, **BEDLAM**, **THE CLIMAX** and **HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN**.



That's not very nice, Boris, tickling that lady on her throat like that, you're liable to make her laugh and forget you're THE GHOUL.

In **THE MAN THEY COULD NOT HANG** he is Dr. Savaard, inventor of a mechanical heart with which he hopes to bring the dead back to life. As he is experimenting on a volunteer student whom he has "temporarily" killed, the police break into his laboratory and ruin everything. He is condemned as a criminal and hanged for murder. After his death his faithful assistant recovers his body and restores him to life, but his brain has deteriorated in the process and he is no longer the kindly scien-

Val Hobson is a gal who really has her back to the wall in this cozy scene from THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN.



tist but now a vengeance-seeking killer. In his mad desire for revenge he launches a campaign of terror and before he is through has caused the death of 6 of the jurors who sentenced him to die. When the police finally corner him his daughter is electrocuted in the struggle and he is fatally wounded. Before he dies for the second and last time, he brings his daughter back to life with the mechanical heart and then destroys his invention.

In *THE WALKING DEAD* his role is similar to that of the last described picture. After having been unjustly killed in the electric chair, he is brought back to life by a fellow experimenter, and spends the rest of the time frightening to death the men who were responsible for his death.



In *THE MAN WITH NINE LIVES* instead of Dr. Savaard he is Dr. Kravaal, Leon Kravaal, who has been carrying on research into curing diseases by "frozen sleep." In a secret underground ice-chamber beneath his own deserted island home, after a 10 year disappearance Dr. Kravaal is found by a young doctor friend. Following instructions found in a note next to Karloff's body, the scientist succeeds in bringing Karloff and 4 other "guinea pig" men back to life. When Karloff tries to put the 4 men back into suspended animation, they do not survive the freezing process and die, and he turns a curious eye on his young assistant and his girlfriend. The boy and girl resent the idea of becoming popsicles, and fortunately are rescued at the last minute.

In *BEFORE I HANG*, Karloff portrays Dr. John Garth, who is seeking a serum that will keep people forever young. During his experiments to prolong life, he kills a man and is himself sentenced to death. But even in prison, with the help and sympathy of the prison doctor, Dr. Howard (Edward Van Sloan), he continues his experiments. Just before his execution, Karloff gives himself a dose

of his crash-created serum. Unfortunately it is from the blood of a murderer. He falls unconscious, and during this time word is received that he will be imprisoned for life rather than having his life taken. When he comes to the serum is seen to be a success, for he is amazingly younger. Dr. Howard asks for the serum for himself, but Karloff, influenced by the murderer's blood, turns on his benefactor and strangles him. He then kills another prisoner in order to make it look like self-defense. Pardoned, Karloff engages in a series of killings, the victims being those who originally scoffed at his experiment. His own daughter is finally the one who has to lead the police to her mad Father, and he is killed resisting capture.

GRAVE PICTURES

Karloff has had much to do with cemeteries. Remember *THE BODY SNATCHERS*, the Robert Louis Stevenson story where he was a grave robber? And the eerie *ISLE OF THE DEAD*? And one of his latest, *VOODOO ISLAND*?

But not all of his pictures have been grave. Some have been comical, as *THE SECRET LIFE OF WALTER MITTY* with Danny Kaye, *DICK TRACY MEETS GRUESOME*, *ABBOTT & COSTELLO MEET THE KILLERS*, *ABBOTT & COSTELLO MEET DR. JEKYLL & MR. HYDE* and *THE BOOGIE MAN WILL GET YOU*.

On and on the list goes, Karloff lisping, leering, loping, lurking thru *THE STRANGE DOOR*, *THE BLACK CASTLE*, *THE APE*, *SCARFACE*, *BLUEBEARD*, *JUGGERNAUT*.

In *THE DEVIL COMMANDS* (available in pocketbook form as "The Edge of Running Water" by William Sloane) he sought to reach the ghost-world of the dead by a new kind of radio, and in *THE MAN WHO LIVED AGAIN* he transferred himself into the body of another man.

VACATION FROM GREASEPAINT

Once or twice Boris Karloff has left off making monstrous pictures long enough to turn his attention to something else, and that resulted in 1943 in the production of a 317-page book called *Tales of Terror*. In it he gathered together 14 frightening stories by Edgar Allan Poe, Bram (Dracula) Stoker, O. Henry and other masters of mystery. Included were such spooky stories as "The Tell-Tale Heart," "The Beast with 5 Fingers," "The Waxwork," "The Hound" etc.; all guaranteed by Mr. Karloff to send shivers up and down spines like yo-yo's.

So successful was Mr. Karloff's venture as a picker of hair-raising stories that in 1946 he put together a bigger volume. Called *AND THE DARKNESS FALLS*, it featured no less than 69 "masterpieces of horror and the supernatural" in its giant 631 pages with world famous authors like



"Wait!! I catch the guy who sold me that hair tonic!" thinks Boris Karloff to himself after looking at his billiard-ball smooth head in **TOWER OF LONDON**.

Somerset Maugham, John Collier, Algernon Blackwood, H.P. Lovecraft, etc.

FRANKENSTEIN—1970

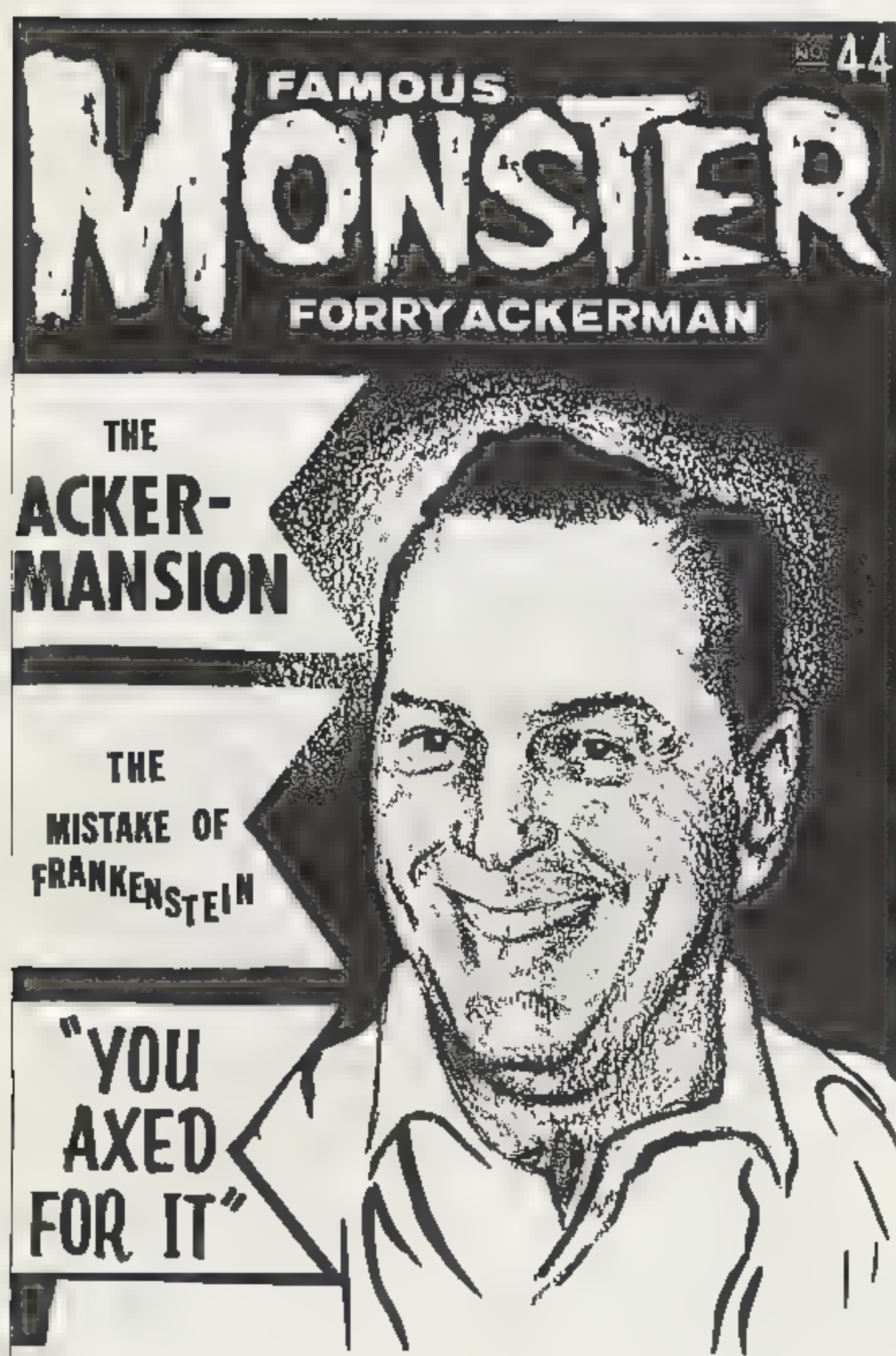
Still going strong, tho he has turned 70, Karloff the Great is making a whole spate of new horror movies for his legions of admirers. No doubt by the time you pick up this magazine you will already

have thrilled to his latest, **FRANKENSTEIN—1970** and **THE HAUNTED STRANGLER**, and his next two will be **CORRIDORS OF BLOOD** and **DOCTOR OF 7 DIALS**.

Just one question: in that unhappy future when Boris Karloff is no longer with us except in memory, movies and television, who will they ever be able to find to play him in the story of his life, **THE MONSTER WHO MADE A MAN?** ●

ACKERMAN, GO HOME!

FOUR SCARE and 7 fears ago
Our four fathers brought forth
Upon this continent a new magazine,
Conceived in lunacy and dead-icated
To the proposition that
ALL MONSTERS ARE CREATED!



In the 11th issue (Apr. '61) Sidney H. Brown of the Bronx, NY, Ackermangled me mercilessly:

As an "aficionado" (see, I can use the word properly) of the old-fashioned horror movie, I am very pleased to see that you are attempting to turn your magazine into something that the serious horror fan can eagerly await and enjoy from the poor collection of high school type puns that beloved F. J. Ackerman seems to think his "fuzzy-faced" audience thrives on. I'm no teenager any more but I believe that Mr. Ackerman underestimates his teenage audience. The majority would enjoy some real information about the horror movies. I also believe you would attract more adult fans such

as myself. I only buy your magazine occasionally for the biographies of the stars and the plots of the old movies; but the new policy, if implemented, would force me to subscribe. I believe you are making a big mistake in "talking down" to your teenage audience's level as interpreted by Mr. Ackerman. He is capable of much better writing than he currently produces in your magazine. By all means give Ackerman a rest or make him lift his standards and help make your magazine worthy of the support and enjoyment of the many true horror fans that have no periodical to represent them at the present time.

SIDNEY H. BROWN
BRONX, N.Y.

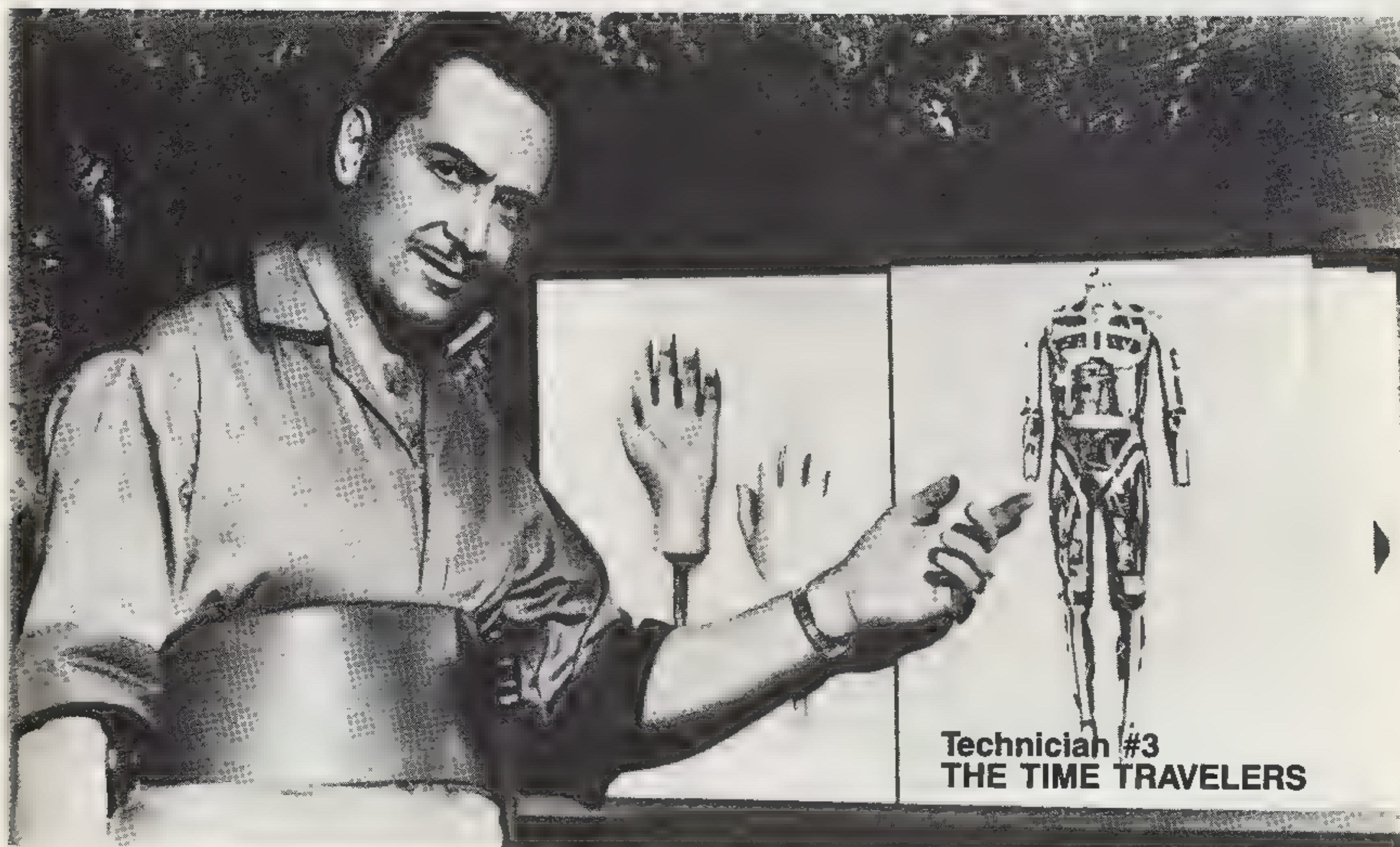


• This is the publisher, James Warren, responding. Let's see if I can set the facts straight once and for all. No one was more disappointed than Forrest J Ackerman when I had to break the news to him that not only could I not use his title of WONDERAMA but that the magazine would have to be slanted at young teens rather than adults. He almost backed out of the project then and there, and without him FAMOUS MONSTERS would never have been born. The decision was not even mine: it was forced on me in order to obtain distribution on the newsstands. Do you understand that? I could have produced the imaginative movie magazine Forry Ackerman

dreamed of and was capable of creating in literate fashion for cinema scholars and fantasy enthusiasts, but it wouldn't have done him or you or me any good stacked up in a warehouse undistributed! I never anticipated more than one issue but FM No. 1 was such a runaway success that I commissioned Forry to prepare a second number; only now, to his despair, I instructed him to lower the level of writing, this decision being based on the fan mail received. I hope I am putting across the point that he had no choice, and not because I am a villain, or hate adults, but because my principal motivation for publishing FM is to make money. Purists often lose track of this fact when making impractical demands like "drop all the advertising." For

my money, Forry has done a heroic job with the magazine. Those who attempted to imitate him—World Famous Creatures, Monster Parade, Screen Chills, Monsters & Things and The Frankenstein Journal—all failed. But you are now holding in your hands the 11th issue of a magazine that was only expected to last one issue, and there is every reason to believe "there'll always be a FAMOUS MONSTERS"—at least as long as I can get Forry Ackerman to go on writing it for me...and you. No one who has ever read his Lon Chaney story, "Letter to An Angel"; his oft-reprinted and translated "Mute Question"; or any of his many articles and stories in adult periodicals under his own name and pen names such as Weaver Wright and

Spencer Strong;—no one acquainted with his work outside FM can doubt that Forrest J Ackerman can indeed write. But the point I want to hammer home over and over again is that even if Robert Bloch or Irving Glassman or Boris Karloff were to be Editor of FAMOUS MONSTERS, they would have to comply with my instructions as publisher or else there would be no magazine. But we are strong enough now to begin to experiment a bit in the direction of more mature material and I can assure you no one is more pleased than Forry Ackerman himself. You should be gratified with our company's new publication SPACEMEN, which starts off with its #1 issue (see page 46) on a higher level than it was possible with FM—J.W.



Amongst the Monster Club members we find a name destined to rise to fame in the special effects world, Academy Award Winner Dennis Muren. Alex Soma: he graduated from fan to pro, editing a short-lived imagi-movie magazine. *SPACEMEN* was announced, the *Starlog* of its day, the sciencifilm magazine that I was permitted to edit in an orbit somewhat more elevated than *FMOF*. It was my pet project. I worked harder on it and was rewarded less financially well than for *FMOF*. But there wasn't

the interest in rockets and other worlds that there was in rhedosauruses and menaced girls. Declaring that he wasn't a philanthropist and was losing \$5000 an issue, Warren grounded my spacemen with the 9th issue—but not before I had inserted an in-joke to the Ib Melchior film *THE TIME TRAVELERS* where, as Technician #3 in an android factory, when a player asked me how I was doing, I answered, "Don't worry, I'm keeping our spacemen happy!"

SPACEMEN

ON NEWSSTANDS MARCH 2, 1961

Same format as FAMOUS MONSTERS. Same high quality, low price. Chockful of exciting fotos, exclusive features. Sensational full color covers by your favorites Albert Nuetzell and Basil Gogos—and watch for our Super Cover by the Dean of Science Fiction Artists, Frank R. Paul!

SPACEMEN, tho it will frequently sparkle with FJA's famous humor, will be a less punful, more serious publication than its parent. Its slant will be toward adults as well as teens and subteens. SPACEMEN will be devoted to articles, fiction and fotos about FLASH GORDON, THE FORBIDDEN PLANET, WAR OF THE WORLDS, THIS

ISLAND EARTH, THE GIRL IN THE MOON and the whole spectrum of space spectacles, principally conceived and written by Editor Forrest J. Ackerman but with exciting Guest Appearances by such Space Aces as George Pal, Curt Siodmak, Ray Bradbury, William Alland, Weaver Wright, Thea von Harbou and many others.

Rocket—do not walk—to your nearest newsstand, space station or rocketport and ask the dealer to reserve the First Issue of SPACEMEN. Get it NOW before the price skyrockets up to \$1 a copy for back issues. Or get your Collector's Edition in the mail for only 35 cents.

For some reason the front cover has come loose on every copy of #11 I've ever seen, including my own file copy.



"Forry's love of the genre is a child's wonder, untouched by the sophistication which eventually corrupts. But this childish love which has been coupled with the enthusiasm of a man who has found the thing which God made him to do and is doing it with a unique style and an energy which never seems to flag. Forry was the first; he *was* the best and he *is* the best. He stood up for a generation of kids who realized that if it was junk, it was *magic* junk."

—Stephen King

PROPHETIC? PATHETIC!

In the editorial in the 12th issue, June '61, I conjectured: "At the present rate of ever-spiraling economic inflation, the *FAMOUS MONSTERS* of the year 2000 will probably cost \$2.50 a copy." \$2.50? The filmonsterzine of 2000, if we haven't all been cremated equal before then, will probably be more like \$25! (Won't I look silly a second time in 2000 when periodicals cost \$250 a copy!)

I remember being thrilled with Gogos' cover of Oliver Reed, the accursed werewolf.

An interesting letter by fabulous fantasy artist George Barr. Poem by Koyle Chapeque, Poet Laureate of Toboria in the 21st Century:

*Robots of the World, Arise!
You're as good as other guys!
You can outdo all Man's plans,
Tho your parents were tin cans.*

I was, of course, Koyle Chapeque, also Maharba Merritt, author of the feature "Metal Monsters." I'd forgotten about this next item:



FOREWORD: Once upon a time (difficult as it may be to realize for those who have long made this magazine a Way of Life) there was no **FAMOUS MONSTERS!** In those barren ancient times, however, I wrote reviews of monster, horror, fantasy and sci-fi films for a variety of publications, and for the readers of a monthly magazine in Scotland my most forthright opinions. Perhaps I was most ruthless overseas because my words were published 6000 miles from the scene of the crimes and I felt that few producers, directors, writers, actors or anyone connected with the productions would see my criticisms (often scathing) and have their feelings hurt. For, actually, I do not relish making people feel bad; I have a tender heart; the heart of a small boy (and some say a head to match).

Now it may seem a bit like biting the claw that feeds one to pan pictures in the pages of a periodical that depends on monster movies good or bad. However, I am all for giving praise where due. If a hindsighted kick in the hindquarters will help improve the future of Hollywood's product, then it is hoped that those concerned will approve of my disapproving of the disappointing—and that you readers will be entertained in the process.

—Forrest J Ackerman

Famous Monsters' own Dr. Acula

"Inside Darkest Acula"—the Bimonthly Moment of Truth—didn't last very long, as you will learn why before long.

In this issue I had the great pleasure of presenting the first of 2 parts of John W. Campbell Jr.'s famous "Who Goes There?", basis of the twice-filmed sf horror film **THE THING** (from Another World). Here is how I introduced it:

You are about to read a specially condensed version of an authentic science-horror-suspense classic. Perhaps for the first time, perhaps for the 5th—people do read and re-read "Who Goes There?"; have done ever since it first shocked a couple hundred thousand readers in the pages of Astounding Science-Fiction back in August of 1938. Since then it's been anthologized in hard covers and soft, translated into foreign languages ("Wer Da?") and—of course—made into a real monster movie.

THE THING. THE THING FROM ANOTHER WORLD. It leapt upon a startled world of filmgoers 10 years ago in 1951.

Its author had his first sci-fi story published in 1930. For the past quarter century he has been editing Astounding Science-Fiction, which periodical last year changed its name to Analog Science Fact & Fiction. He is the only individual who has ever been triple-time selected as Guest of Honor of the annual World S.F. Conventions. He edited 39 numbers of a no longer published, still lamented treasure trove of weird, supernatural, offtrail and unusual tales called Unknown Worlds. In the pages of the latter Merlinesque magazine appeared stories selected by Campbell destined for TV and films: "Cartwright's Camera" by Nelson Bond, "Conjure Wife" by Fritz Leiber Jr.; reprints for Zacherley collections such as "The Witch" and "The Ghost" by AE van Vogt, "He Didn't Like Cats" by L. Ron Hubbard; and monstrously entertaining works which may yet reach the TV or the cinema screen, spleen-freezers by Robert Bloch, Robert Arthur, Cleve Cartmill, Henry Kuttner, Jack Williamson—even John W. Campbell Jr. himself behind his mask of Don A. Stuart!

Why, you may ask, was it "specially condensed"? Because, as I recall, Jim Warren was not willing to run all 28,000 words and ordered me to *cut it in half!* I remember doing this with bloodshot eyeballs in a blinding rush, up half the night pruning a word, a sentence here, a paragraph there, condensing a sequence to a synopsis.

THE THING as described by John Campbell and visualized by George Barr. A 3-eyed, 4' squat, compact alien of malevolence incarnate, strange skull perched atop scrawny neck, writhing blue worm-forms framing its ferocious face and matting its head where hair should normally be, 4 serpentine tentacles in place of arms. Next issue—can you take it?—the Hollywood version of **THE THING**: actual closeups from the film!

The covers kept falling off this issue too.

"BEST ISSUE EVER"

#13, Aug. '61, was a landmark issue with 100 pages instead of the usual 68. *I hated the cover* because the Frankenstein was not Karloff—I don't



know who it was supposed to be but I detested it. Still do. Why couldn't the covers detach from *this*

issue? Otherwise, I was thrilled with the issue. I thought the 2-page layout of the Table of Contents the most dramatic presentation we ever had, the "fantastic facts and useful information culled from the complete file of the first 12 issues of *FAMOUS MONSTERS*" the kind of readers' service I approved of. (Incidental intelligence: I'd featured 46 photos of Karloff to date and 41 of his running mate Lugosi, out of a total of over 625 stills.) "The Luckiest Boy in the World" (as he considered himself to be) was a fun feature about little Stevie Mazin, monster fan who had the good fortune to live next door to me at the time. He came back to see me as a grownup.

My wife, under her maiden name, contributed the feature still talked about 25 years later:

ROCKET TO TALE

European-born Wendayne Wahrman saw SIEGFRIED, RULER OF THE WORLD, F.P.I., AN INVISIBLE MAN GOES THRU THE CITY, the DR. MABUSE series and other fantastic German films in the land of their origin at the time they were first shown.

She has been entertained in the homes of Fritz (Girl in the Moon) Lang, Brigitte (Alraune) Helm, Curt (Donovan's Brain) Siodmak, Ray (It Came from Outer Space) Bradbury, Willy (Conquest of Space) Ley, Ray (Mighty Joe Young) Harryhausen and other producers, directors, authors and film players.

She has been a guest at the Studios on the sets with George Pal, Kurt Neumann, Chesley Bonestell, Jerome Bixby, James Nicholson, Alex Gordon, Bert I. Gordon, William Alland, Ib Melchior, Tom Gries and many other motion picture personalities concerned in production of imagi-movies.

She has watched the filming of DESTINATION MOON, ROCKETSHIP X-M, IT!—THE TERROR FROM BEYOND SPACE, ATTACK OF THE SAUCERMEN, THE SHE-CREATURE, THE SPIDER, THE MAGNETIC MONSTER, WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE, RIDERS TO THE STARS, etc., seen in their original preview form THIS ISLAND EARTH, FORBIDDEN PLANET, NAKED JUNGLE, THEM!, THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN, BLACK SLEEP, CURSE OF THE WEREWOLF and many others.

She was a personal friend during the last days of his life of Bela Lugosi.

In other words, Wendayne Wahrman is a very knowledgeable individual in the realm of fantrastic filmdom, and she here shares with the readership of *FAMOUS MONSTERS* some 2500 words worth of observations & opinions arrived at in over a quarter of a century of rocketing everywhere from the Red Planet to the Rue Morgue via cinema seat and library research.

RUE MORGUE

Wendayne was teaching science at the time and at school one day a breathless gym teacher burst into her room, calling her aside and inquiring wonderingly, "Isn't this *you*—?!" The Phys. Ed. teacher was pointing to the photo accompanying part 1 of the feature, saying, "I just took this magazine away from a student, it was open to this page, and I suddenly thought this picture looked familiar!" Incidentally, the magazine was not taken away from the student (it was given back after school) because of its content but because of a rule against reading anything other than textbooks in class.



HORRORWOOD CONTEST

In #14, Oct. '61, amateur makeup fans learned how one among them could win a trip to Hollyweird and appear in an imagi-movie. There was the first appearance in Fang Mail of a fan who would later move to LA, befriend me—and betray me in a big way. Thru a ruse he got away with one of my personal scrapbooks of Bela Lugosi's, and I think he was also the one who stole my sounddiscs of the 1931 FRANKENSTEIN, which Carl Laemmle Sr., then president of Universal Studios, had arranged for me to acquire when I was 16. Years after the theft an unidentified voice called me on the phone saying, "Mr. Ackerman, I think I have a collector's item you'd like very much to own: the phonograph discs from FRANKENSTEIN. I'm asking \$7500." [About \$10,000 by today's inflated standards.] "Oh," I said, "is that what my records are worth?" "What do you mean?" "They were stolen from me in the first place." "Oh, no, I've had these about 10 years." "Yes, it was about 10 years ago that they were stolen." *Click!*

Oh, oh! Two more Bad News names turn up for the firsttime in this issue. One tried to cause some commotion involving George Pal and me but in the meantime he's straightened up and flying right, doing good work in the art end of imagi-movies, and I bear him no malice; the other is the infamous one who stole my Dracula ring (on top of about 50 stills) after I gave him the run of the original Ackerman-

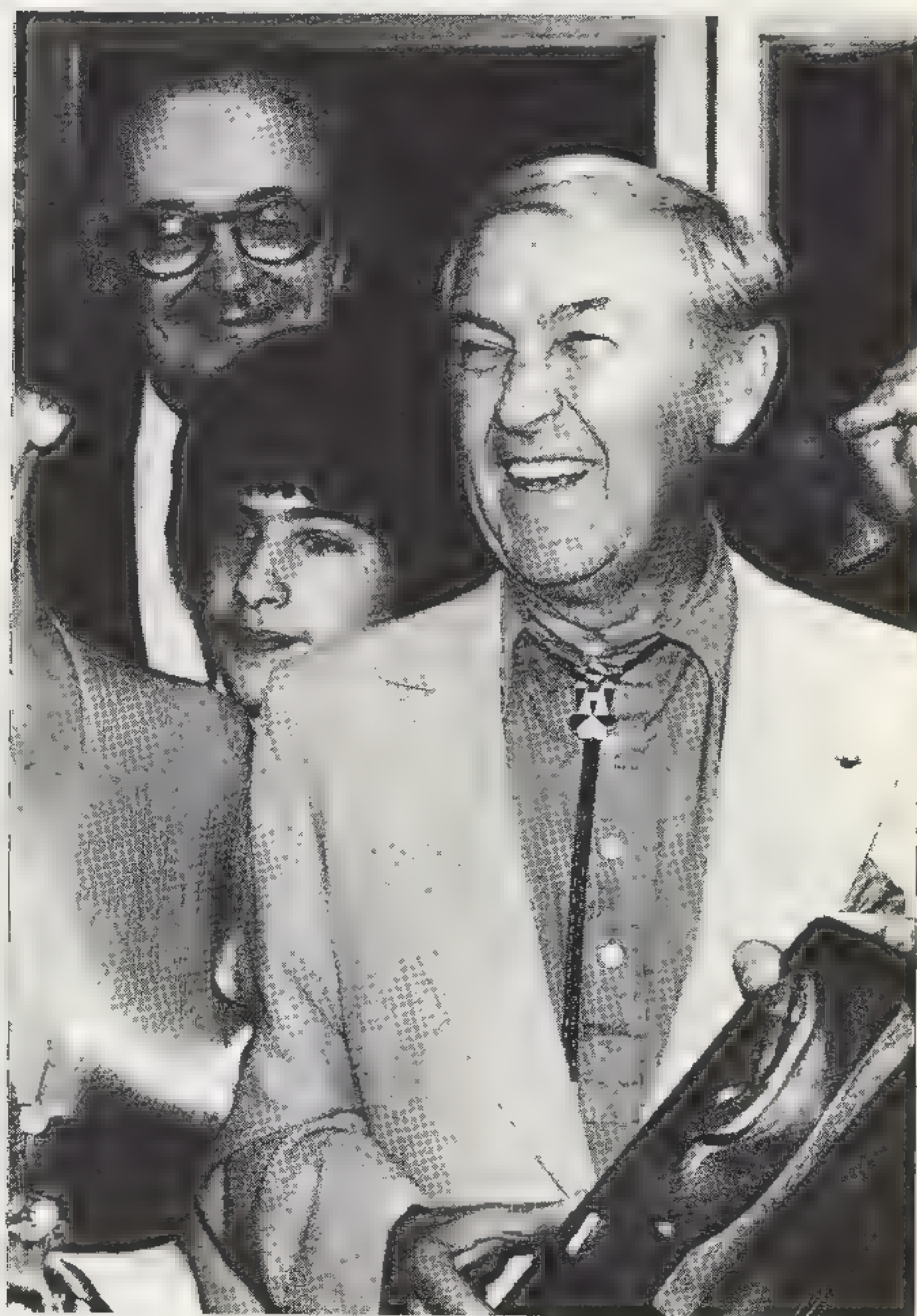
sion every Saturday afternoon, and he's never forgiven *me* that I found him out. To this day he'll badmouth me at the drop of a bat to anyone who'll listen. In case he reads this do you think he'll

Famous Monsters made our search for arcane knowledge enjoyable—editor Forrest J Ackerman kept the tone light. One could get lost in *FM* and yet find one's way back. Like a good movie, it involved us thoroughly, then returned us to the—somehow altered (for the better)—light of day.

—Donald C. Willis
Imagi-Movie Authority



appreciate that I haven't shamed him by publishing his name? Is Godzilla sweet-tempered? Does Dracula hate blood? Did Dr. Jekyll love Mr. Hyde? The answer to all four is a resounding NO!

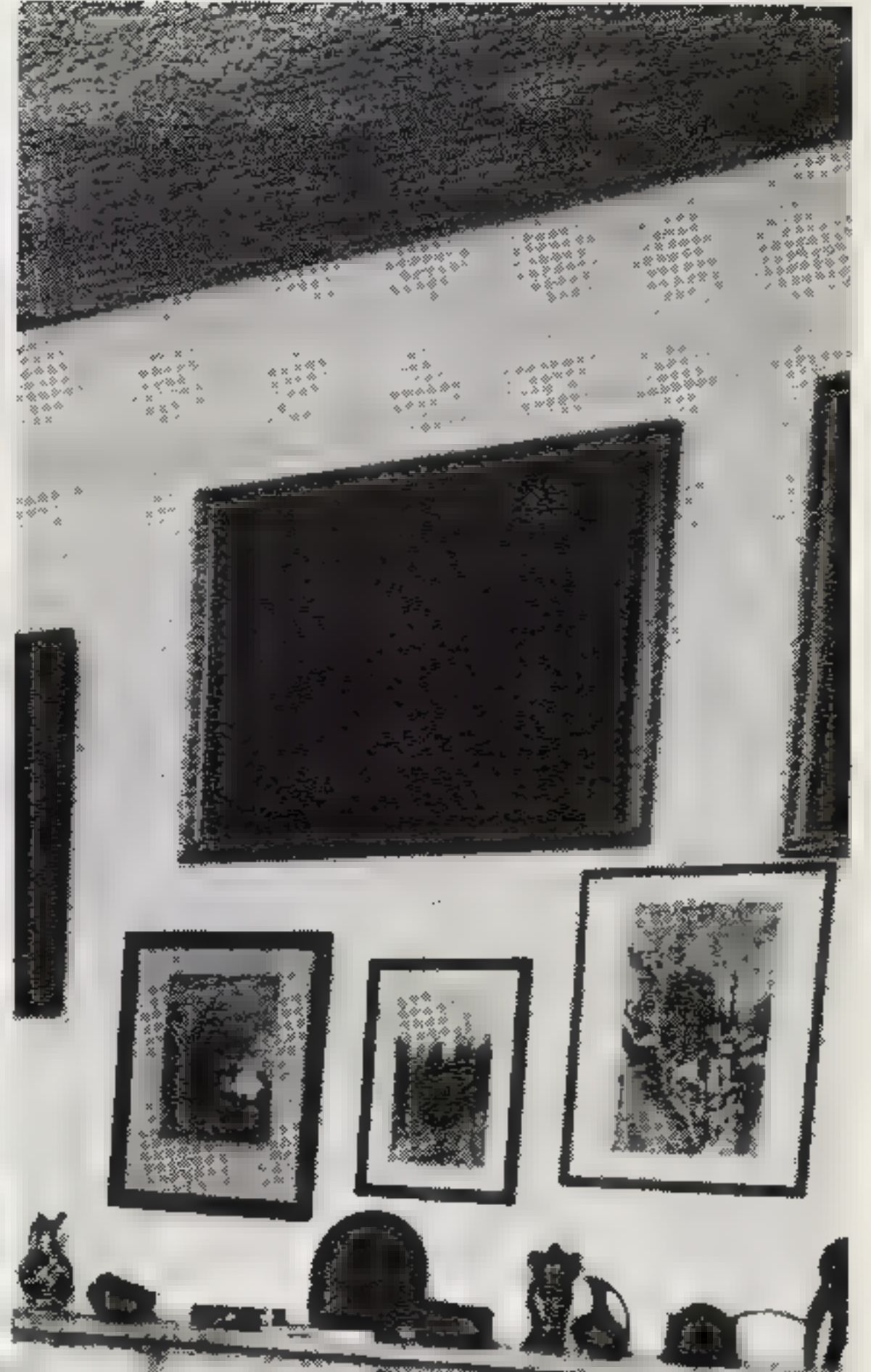


George Pal in high spirits at Hollywood kleig-light re-premiere of *WAR OF THE WORLDS* on its 25th anniversary.

Two Creepy People



INSIDE THE ACKERMANS





At left, original Ackermansion livingroom. Below, workers help to dismantle and pack for moving. Top right, cartons filled with nostalgia as FJA gets some help (below) creating son of Ackermansion

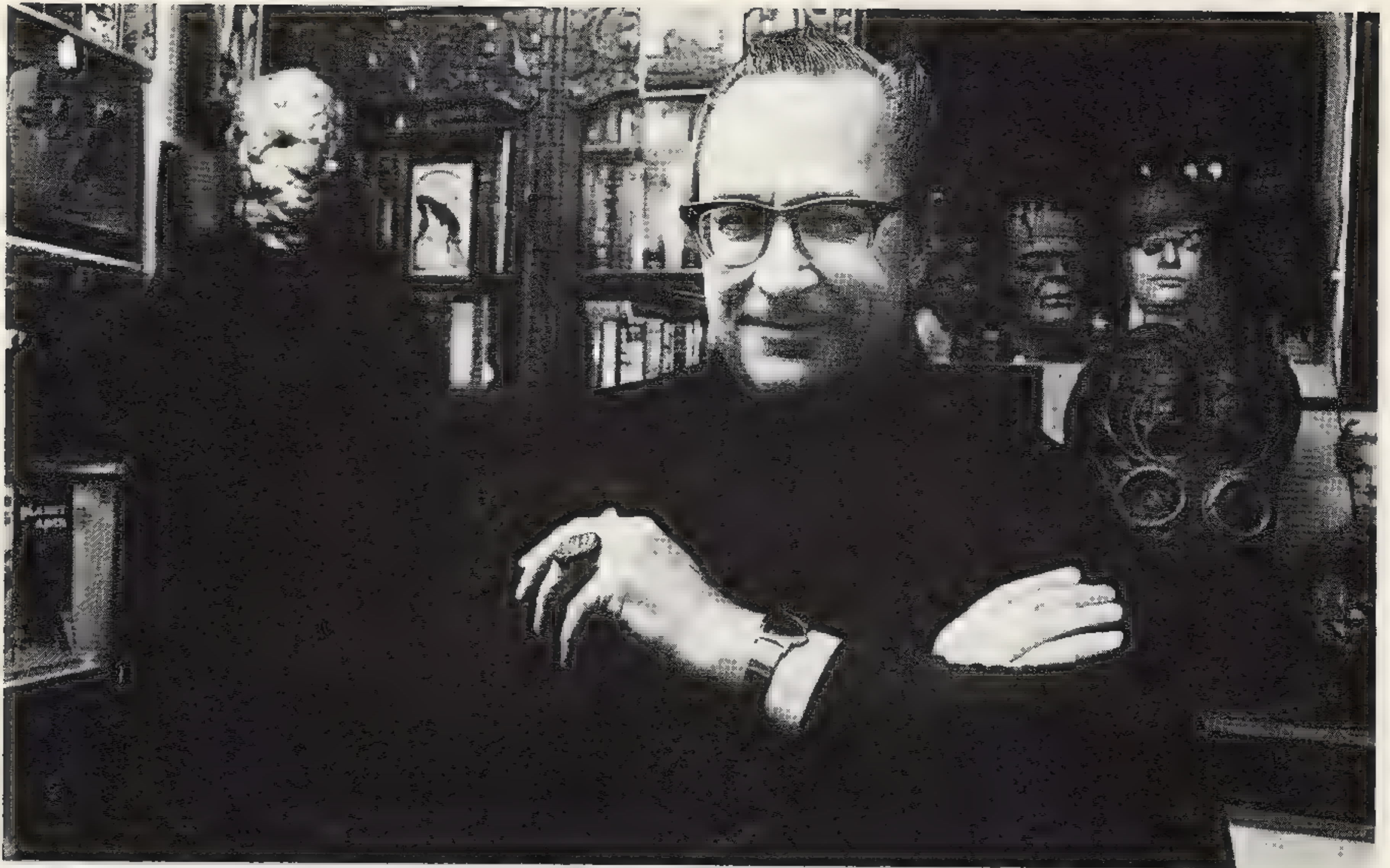




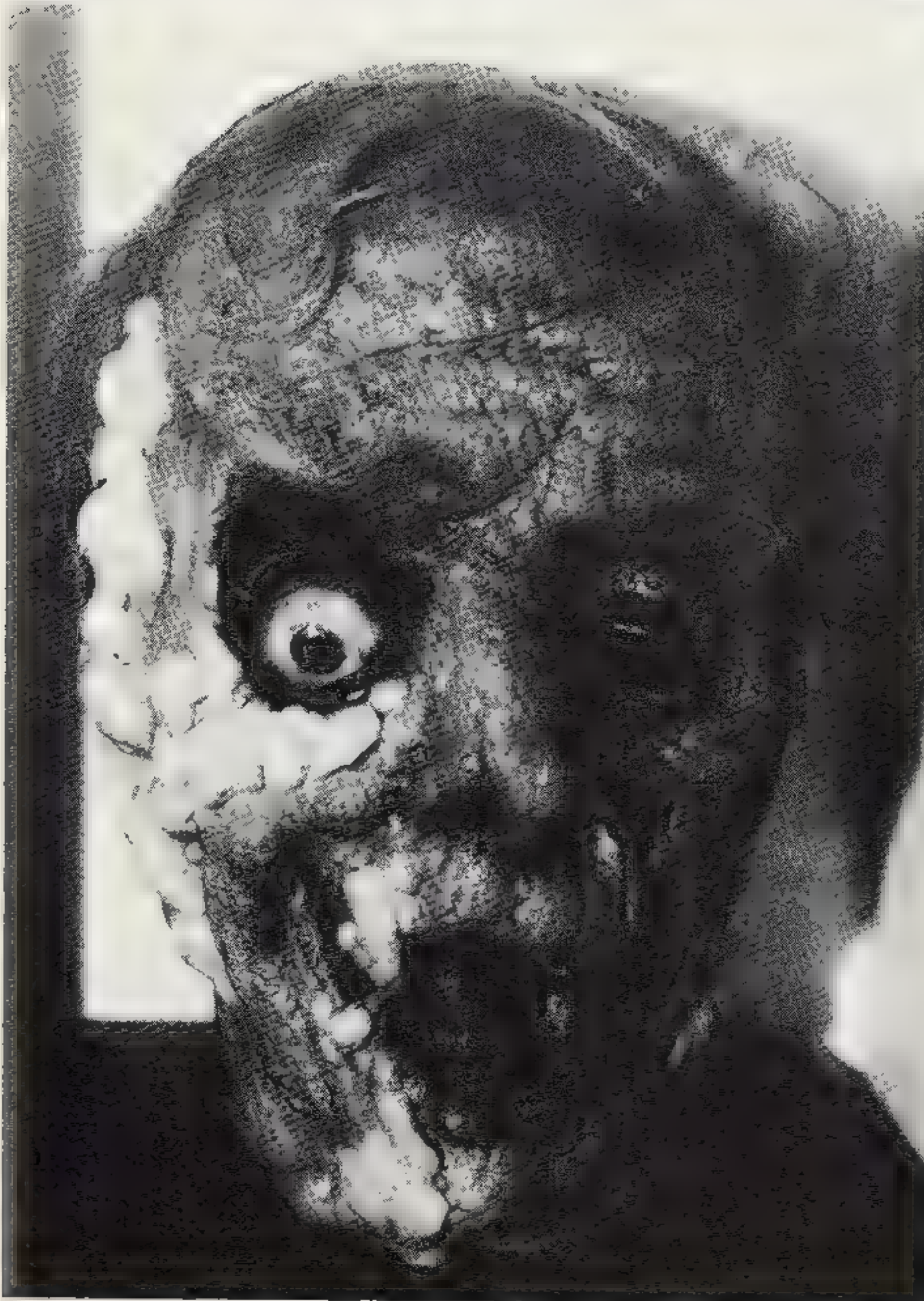


WONDERS OF THE ACKERMUSEUM. Above, left to right, pastel cover by Margaret Brundage for a *Weird Tales* of the 1930s; FMOF cover of King Kong & the Pteranodon; the Kong Pteranodon itself beside a still of it & Kong; as far as is known, the only King Kong jigsaw puzzle left in the world; *Mystery* magazine featuring a serialization of a novelization of KING KONG; a reproduction of a *Fantastic* cover; Below, left to right, DRACULA poster; Automobile on Mars drawn late 20s by my maternal grandfather, George Herbert Wyman, architect of "the Bradbury," the LA building with the futuristic interior featured in *Demon with the Glass Hand*, *Night Strangler* and *BLADE RUNNER*; portrait of the Karlofffrankenstein monster by Larry Byrd; Buck Rogers popup book from the 30s; unpublished giant wasp cover by Frank R. Paul, 1939; repros by Albert Nuetzell of *Fantasy & Science Fiction* covers; repro of Paul cover for first *Science Wonder* by Albert Nuetzell.

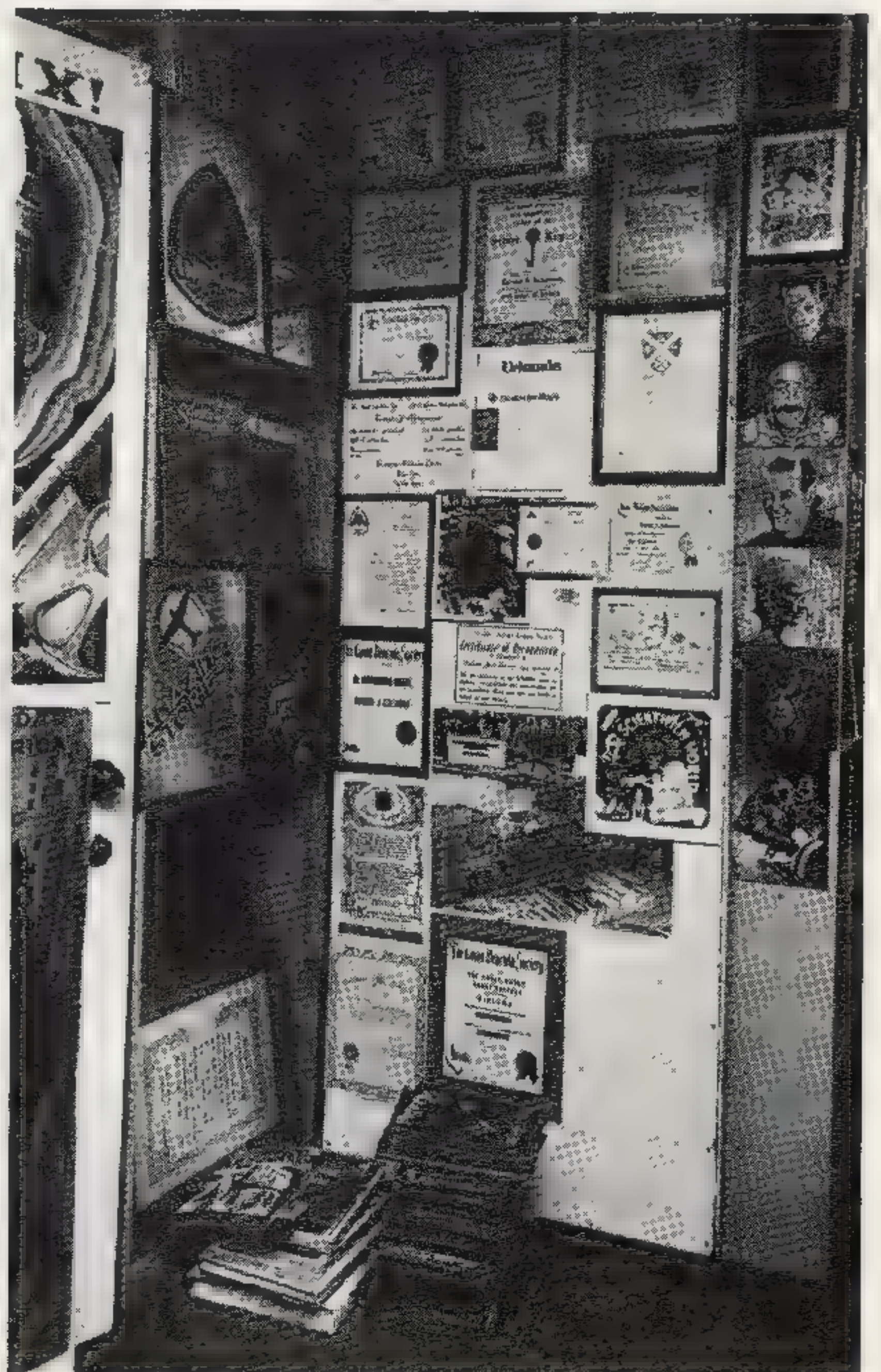




WOULD YOU buy a used car from this man? (Note: Lugosi's Dracula ring on finger.)



Original Dorian Gray by Dick Smith.



A Wall of Awards.



CULT QUEEN Martine Beswicke during a visit with FJA.



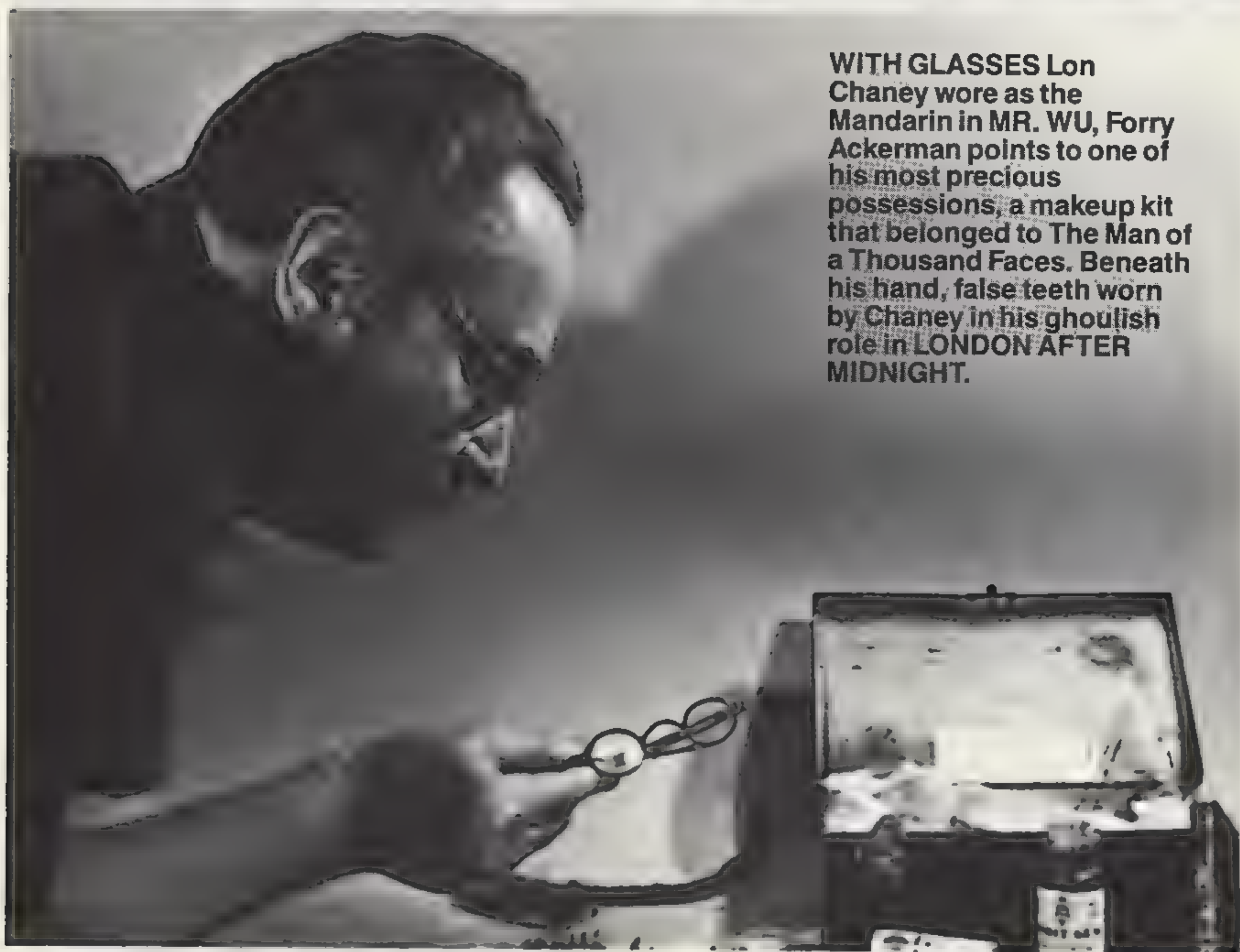
THIS WAS a kitchen—?! Yes, in the former Ackermansion. Pity the poor Ackermansion—she never knew what was cooking!



FJA waltzes with body mold of Rod Steiger created for his role in Ray Bradbury's **THE ILLUSTRATED MAN**. Puppet head by creator of ventriloquist's dummy in **MAGIC**.



FJA regarding Life Masks In his museum of Imagi-Movie Memorabilia. Top, left to right: Bela Lugosi, FJA, Boris Karloff. Middle, left to right: Tor Johnson, Don Post Sr., Vincent Price. Bottom, left to right: Charles Laughton, John Carradine, Lon Chaney, Jr. (Photo: Walter J. Daughtery)

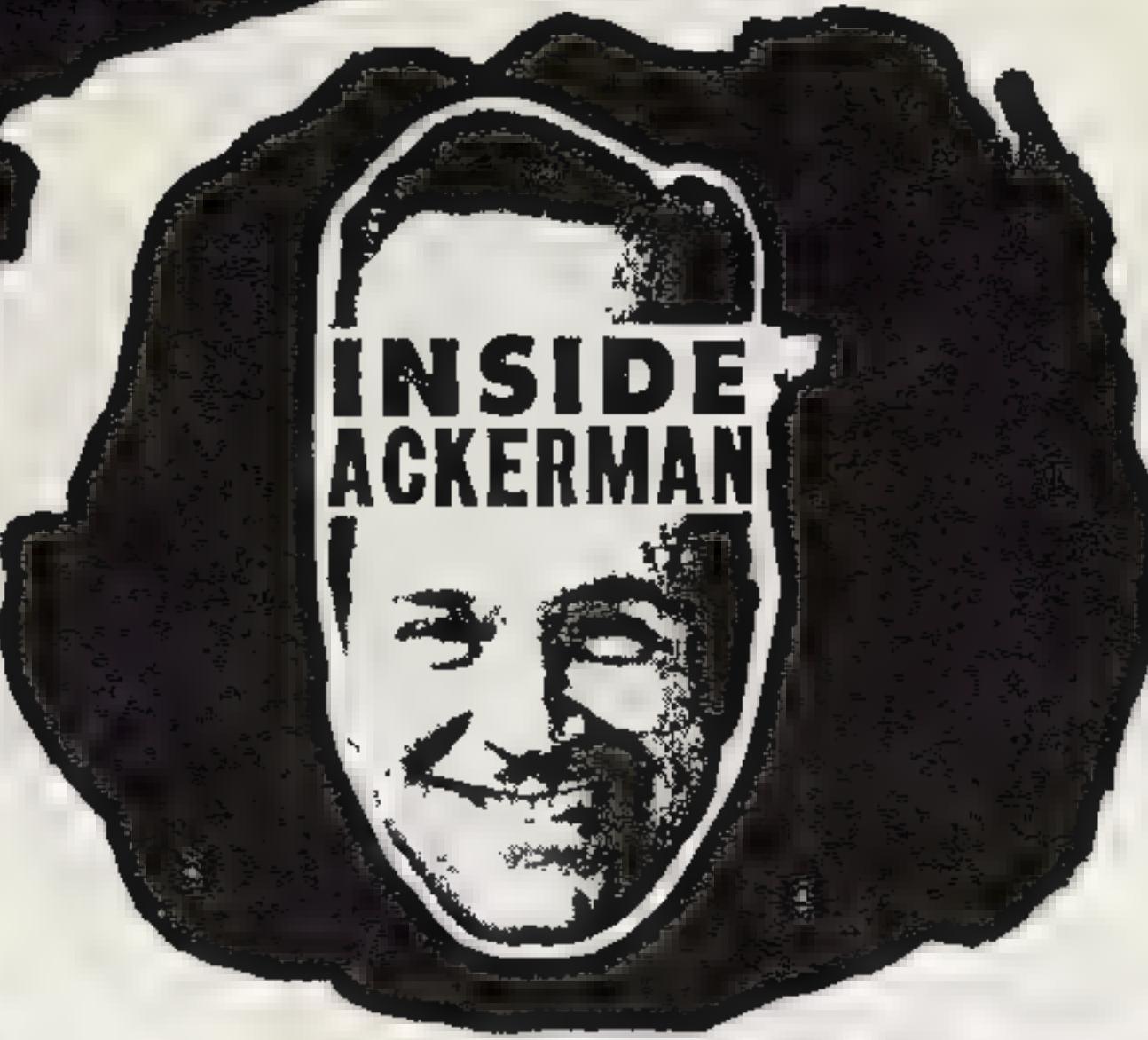


WITH GLASSES Lon Chaney wore as the Mandarin in MR. WU, Forry Ackerman points to one of his most precious possessions, a makeup kit that belonged to The Man of a Thousand Faces. Beneath his hand, false teeth worn by Chaney in his ghoulish role in LONDON AFTER MIDNIGHT.



THE BEAVER HAT worn by Lon Chaney in **LONDON AFTER MIDNIGHT** is in my hands as I point to a portrait of Chaney as Quasimodo by Ron Cobb. Beneath the Hunchback of Notre Dame is the original cover by Albert Nuetzell for the 4th issue of FMOF. The publisher said on various occasions that this was the most popular cover we ever had. It is now owned by FM fanatic Mike Yerkes.

STOP THIEF!



Calling All Cars!

Operation Donovan: **The Great Brain Robbery!**

Friends, this issue is a month or more late because **someone stole my stuff!**

I'm not talking about plagiarism, I'm talking about actual outright physical theft. Theft of copy. Theft of fotos.

It was 2 o'clock in the morning, Pacific Daylight Time. My phone rang. I recognized Publisher Warren's voice on the other end of the line, 3000 miles from Hollywood. I immediately sensed trouble for it had to be 5 a.m. in New York and I know Jim Warren well enough to know he doesn't get up at that time of the dawning for love, money or monsters.

"Forry!" his voice cried with a note of great disturbance. "I'm here in the office. Police are swarming all over the place!" **Police?** It was too early in either of our mornings and too costly at transcontinental rates to be facetious and reply, "I told you we'd be arrested if we ran my picture on the cover and passed it off as Vincent Price."

He continued: "Are you awake? Sit down. Get a grip on yourself. The worst has happened." I thought he was going to tell me the magazine was going to be discontinued—which is the worst thing I (and 96 percent of you) could think of happening.

"Brace yourself," he warned me. "Somebody broke into our office. They ransacked the place. Four squad cars are going up and down Madison Avenue right now trying to spot them. They got away with my briefcase—and in it was **half the copy for MONSTERS No. 15!**"

"Pictures too?" I shrieked. "The stills?!" The articles I could remember, the words could be rewritten...but the fotos—!

"All the pictures for the robot story," he began, "—gone." I was sick. The only robot shots I had from the serials **PHANTOM EMPIRE** and **UNDERSEA KINGDOM**, saved thru the years from the time when I was a kid. Probably the only picture in America from the Swedish **JOHNNY VENGMAN AND THE BIG COMET**. Gone! And the irony of it: when the thief forced open the lock on Jim Warren's briefcase and discovered the contents were "simply" manuscripts and monster pix, he probably dumped them in the nearest trashcan.

May Dracula, Frankenstein, the Mummy and King Kong all catch up with him simultaneously. At that I'm sure they'd be more merciful than our disappointed & impatient readers & subscribers.

Which leaves me just space enough to comment that, a number of opinions to the contrary, that was Vincent Price on the cover of the last issue and not me. I am frequently told that we are look-alikes altho I have stood right next to the VIP (Very Important Price) himself in his own home and been introduced to him and he didn't react as tho he were looking into a 3-dimensional mirror.

Still and all, when it comes time to cast the role of the monster in the greatest shocker of them all—**THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF ACKER**—I suppose Price would be the logical man to play me.

Of course, a make-up artist would have to age him about 50 years for the part.

Especially after the gray hairs I got from the gray brain robbery.

UNHAPPY NEW YEAR: Jan. '62, #15



OUR GREATEST PAN LETTER

Dear Jerk: I would like you to know what I think of your lousy, stinken, rotten, weird, (censored) book. I bought it once and I'm afraid it was once to often. I vow I will **never never** buy such a book that has so much junk in it. It doesn't have 1 darn good thing in it. You will probably ask me why I bought this book, well it's because I **thought** it was going to be a **good** book not just a lousy, stinken, rotten, weird, darn book with idiots that write it. I have just finished reading your loused up book and I think it is not worth 35 cents much less 20 cents. From now on I'll stick to books like "Mad," "Cracked." **Good Books**. I can draw better pictures than you have in your (censored) book. I'm just a teenager whose as mad as (censored) for buying a (censored) book like that. It was Oct. issue No. 14. I think your book is just a censored, (censored) book & I double dare you to print this.

SANDRA Y.
YORKTOWN, SASK.,
CANADA

• You sure know a lot of censored words, for a teenager. And a girl teen, at that! Sorry to have a Canadian hate us so much. Wonder if you'll ever pick up our magazine again to see we accepted your challenge?



On the other hand (was a wart. Oops, wrong quote. A wart to the wise is sufficient? No. . . here's what I was looking for. A letter in the same issue headed Noble Defender):

I can't find anything wrong with your efforts. You deserve the Nobel Prize for literature.

Ed Allen
Walnut Creek, Calif.

And John Johnson of Cleveland, Ohio, had some interesting statistics for us:

By using the 137 letters printed to date, I have found:

96% of the readers like *FM*

4% are against it

63% like old horror movies

37% like new horror movies



120,857 COPIES

For the *firsttime* in #16, Mar. '62, there appeared (in microtype) the average sales figure for the preceeding 12 months. Reader Suzy Fish told us she got an A+ on her English term paper and credited "Forry's writing." Marianne Ruuth, Swedish film correspondent of Hollywood, reported columnist Sid Skolsky as saying that actress Joan CONQUEST OF SPACE Shawlee's 8-year-old son had never been impressed by his mom's movie career till she got her picture in *FM*!



Awardee: Dracula Society's First Radcliffe (together with Boris Karloff); Four Hugos (First, German, Italian and Japanese); author, "Mr. Monster's Movie Gold," "Lon of 1000 Faces!," "The Frankenscience Monster," "Famous Monsters Strike Back", 190 filmmonster magazines 1958-1962; film cameos in "Queen of Blood", "Schlock: The Banana Monster", "Dracula vs. Frankenstein", "The Howling", "The Lucifer Chest", 15 other films; SF, Fantasy and Horror Hall of Fame; Golden Scroll, Academy of Sci-Fi, Fantasy and Horror Films and Academy's Saturn trophy for outstanding fantasy film critic. President international fantasy and horror filmfest juries Madrid and Sitges (Spain) Trieste (Italy).

FOR SALE from the GARAGE MAHAL — (Son of Taj)

FOR SALE from my triplex garage in which you couldn't park a pogostick:

AMAZING FORRIES: More Than You Dare to Know about Efjay the Terrible, including Contributions by Robert Bloch, Paul Linden, Ray Bradbury, van Vogt, Trina...and the famous Lon Chaney story "Letter to An Angel." O/P but still only \$15.

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SERIES AND GO BEHIND THE SCENES

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HOW MANY famous objects can you spot in these fotos besides the infamous FJA?



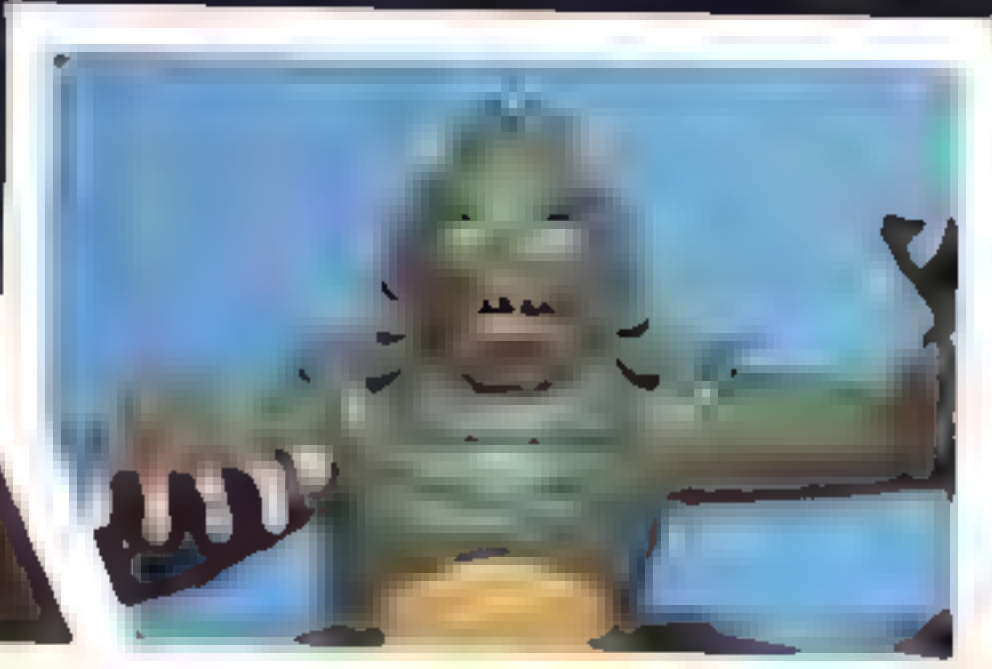
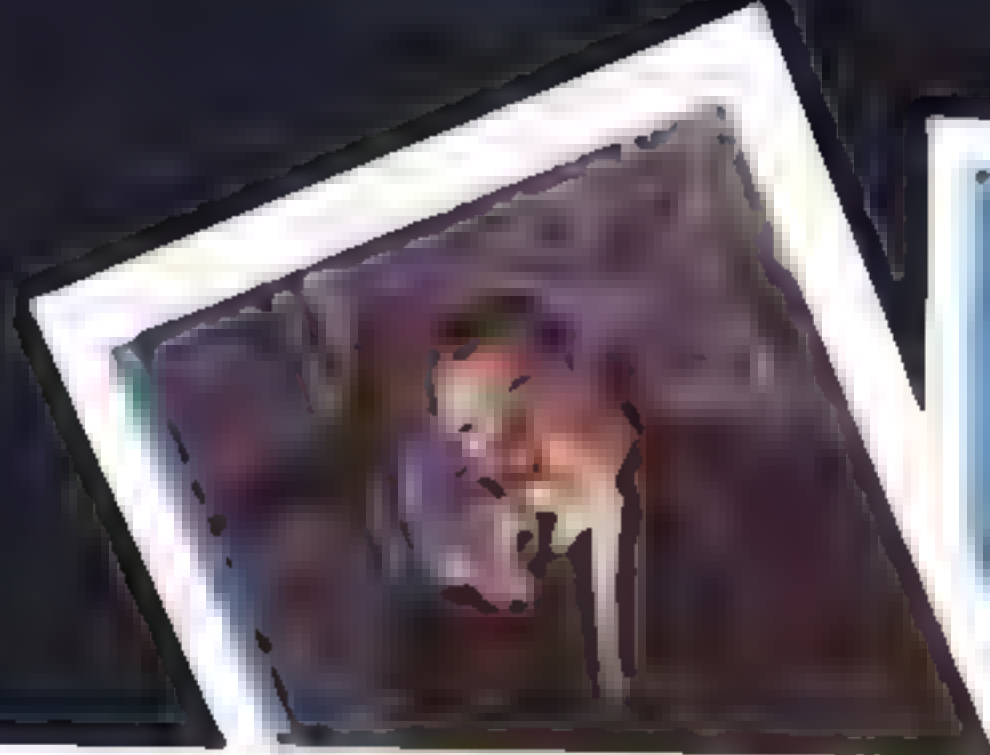
An Ackermontage. (Don't Mansion It!)



**Forming Forrymidable
Frankenscience Monster**



Beauty and the Beast



FRANKENSTEIN

Out of history treads
the Monster
and his
folk of
Terror.

He carries his
century old
secret hidden
from the
world
until
now!



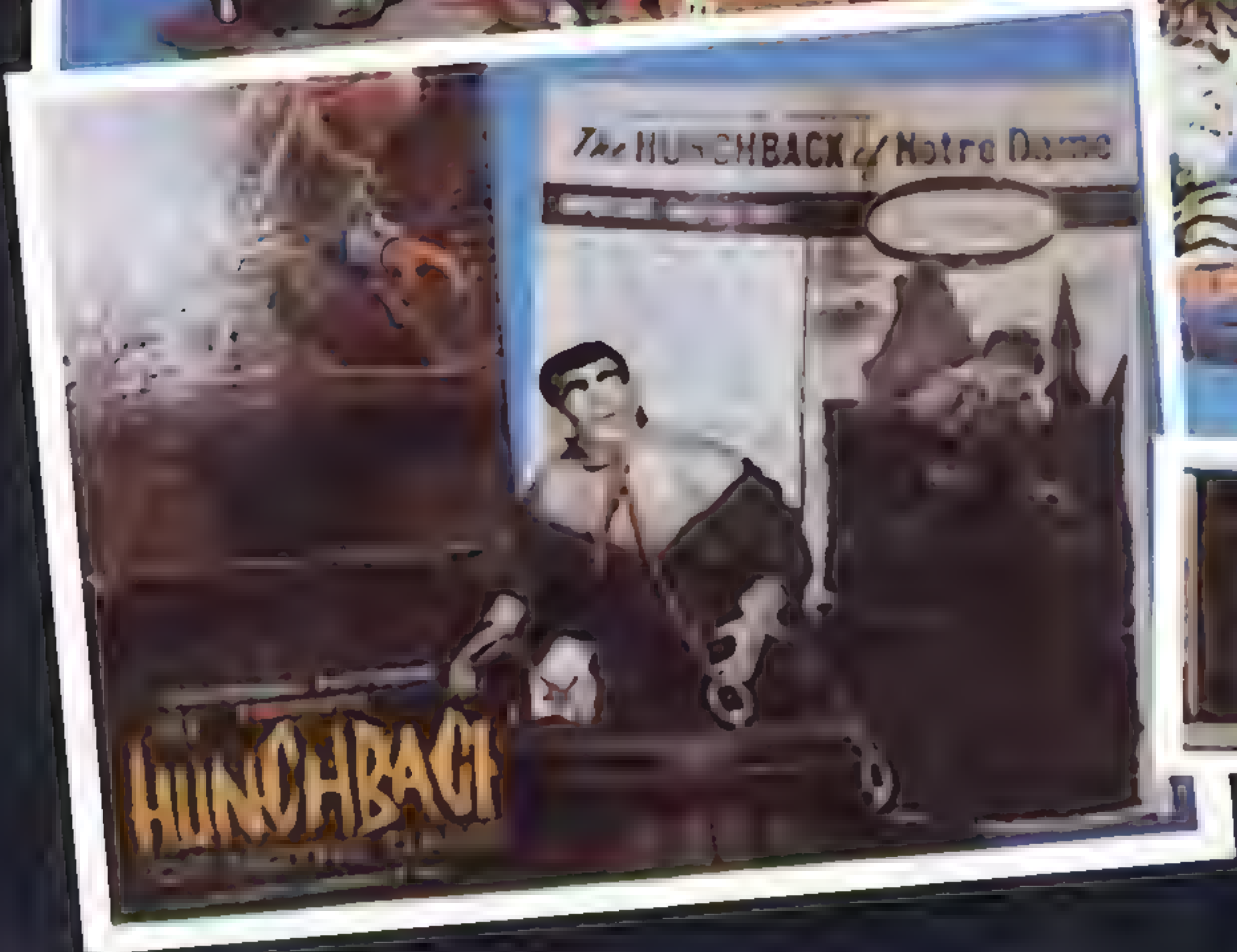
The Phantom
of the Opera

By Gaston Leroux

MONSTER
NIGHTMARE



The Hunchback
of Notre Dame

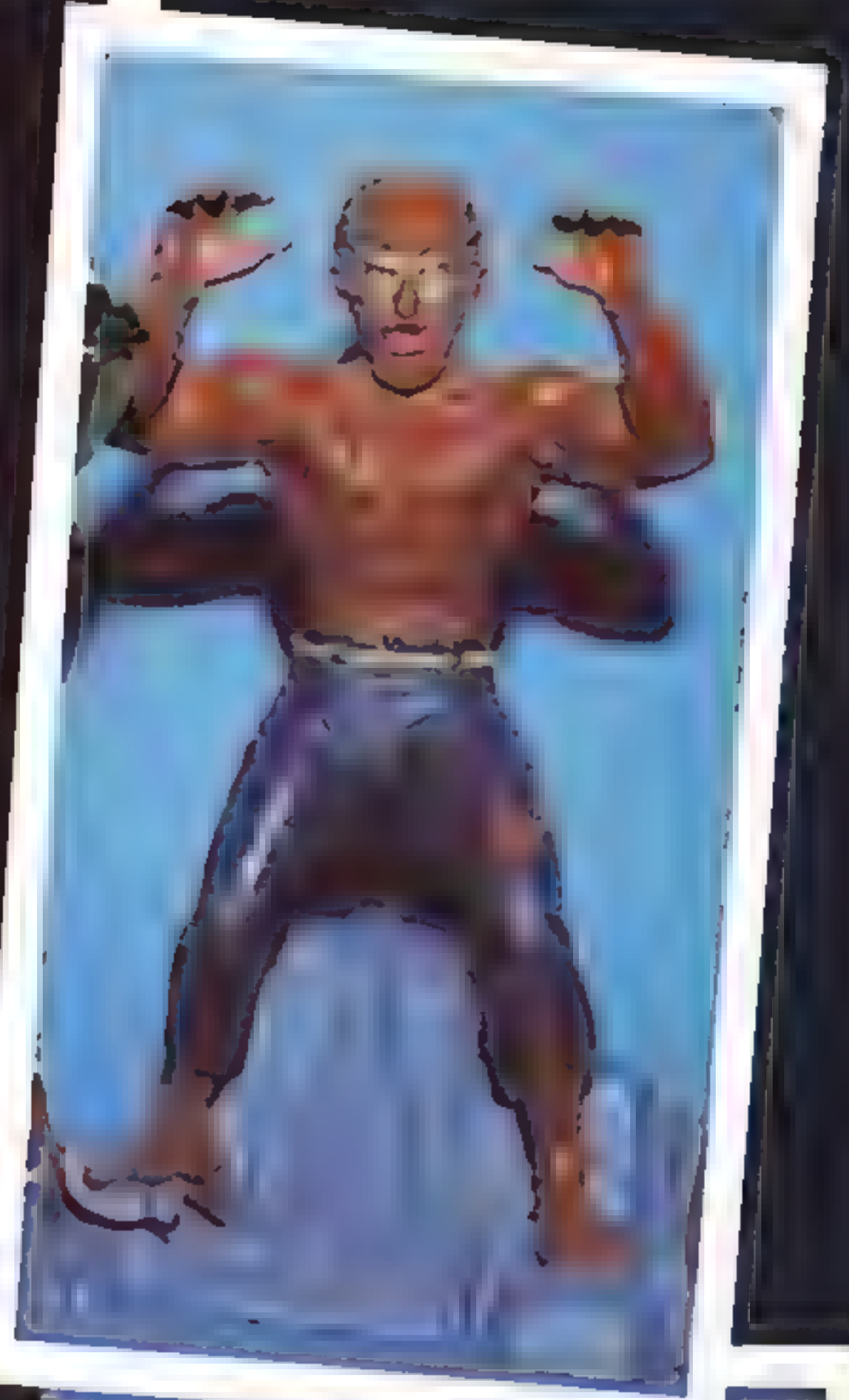


The HUNCHBACK of Notre Dame

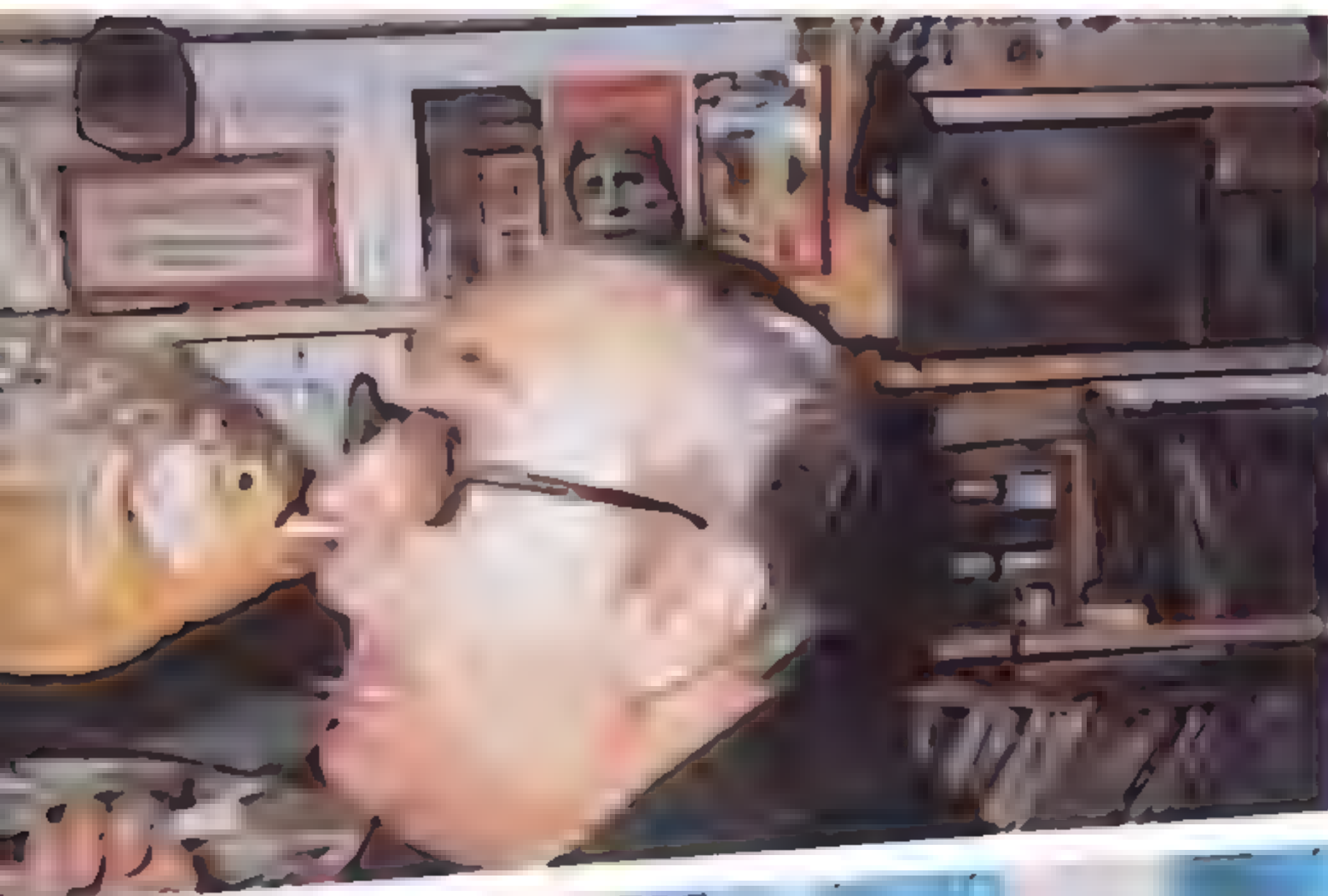
HUNCHBACK



HORRORAMA



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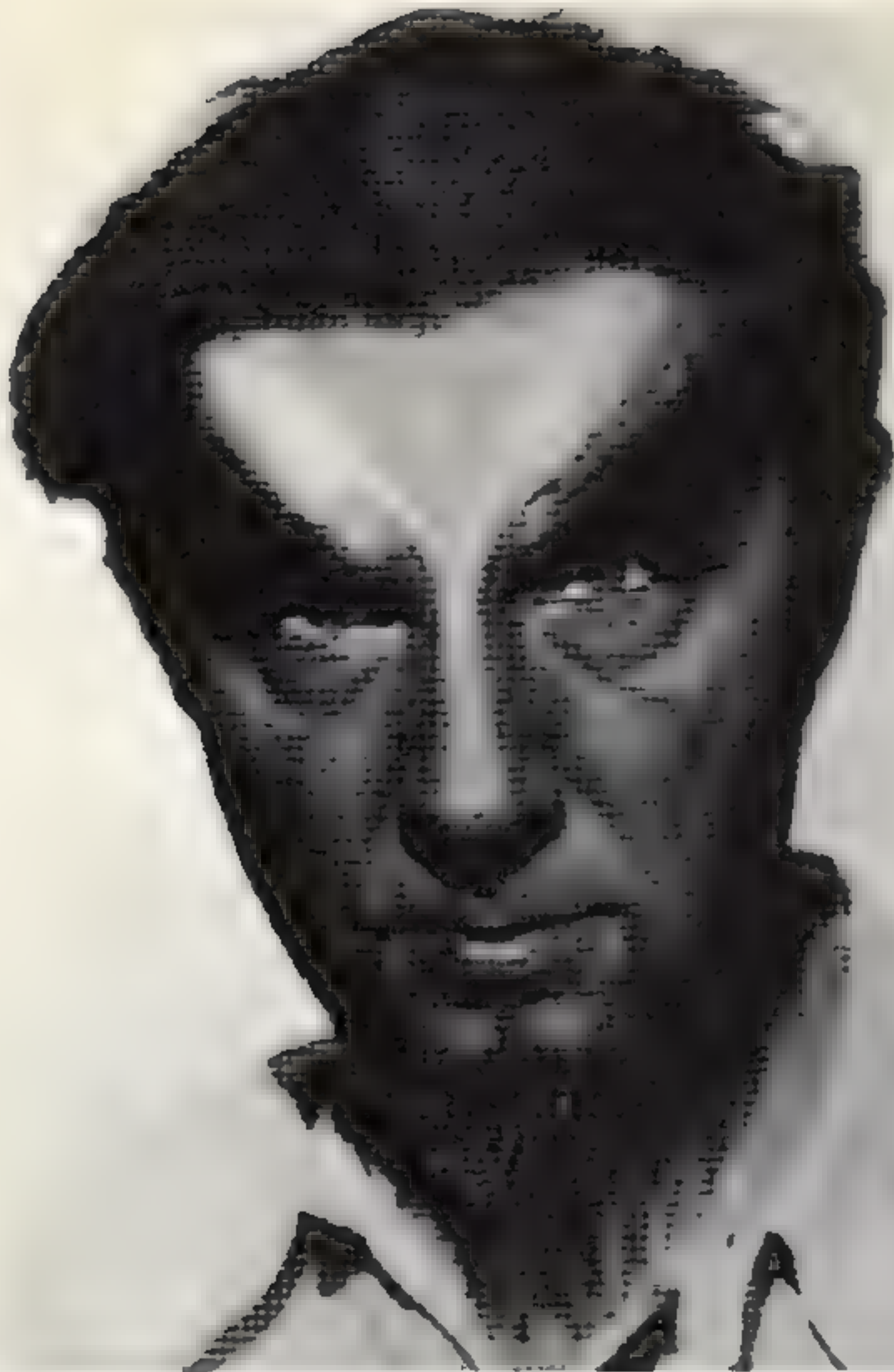
PUBLIC VAMPIRE NO. 1

THE STORY OF BELA LUGOSI AMBASSADOR FROM TRANSYLVANIA.

Bela Blasko was born in Lugos, Hungary, on October 20, 1888 and grew up to be the principal stakeholder in the First International Blood Bank of Transylvania.

Mr. Blasko was better known to the world as Bela Lugosi.

And to the 4 corners of the earth the name Bela Lugosi means—DRACULA!



A real wolf, but not of the playboy type—the slay boy. Here Lugosi portrays the wolf-man leader of the animal-men in H.G. Wells' **ISLAND OF LOST SOULS**.



"Ain't I the cat's whiskers?" asks Bela in **THE BLACK CAT**. "And the first one who says no will find out what I'm holding this knife for."

THE THIRSTY COUNT

Lugosi stood 6'1", weighed 178 lbs. in his prime. It took a lot of blood to keep him in shape, especially considering he lost his shape every night. All that flapping around. Night owls are generally noted for their thirst; how much thirstier must a man get who turns into a bat after dark.

Yes, Count Dracula was always on the wing at night, so it was small wonder he was such a big drinker. Of blood, that is. He rarely touched anything stronger.

It takes energy, you know, to throw off a heavy coffin lid instead of light bedsheets.

His favorite meal, of course, was Hungarian Ghoulish.

FROM TRANSYLVANIA TO PENNSYLVANIA

Lugosi made his first movie appearance in a Hungarian film in 1914, went on to become a star of German silent pictures, and then toured the United States for 2 years, from Phoenix to Philadelphia, playing Dracula on the stage. When your editor was in Europe in 1951, he found Bela Lugosi there, still going strong in the stage play in London. Lugosi once told me he had played the role over a thousand times. It was his great dream during the closing years of his life to re-do the black-&-white **DRACULA** which had played to fainting-room-only crowds in 1931, this time in Terror Color, Scary-o-phonic sound and 3-dimensional realism. Hollow laughter echoing from the blood-flecked lips of his pale green face, he wanted to soar right off the screen and over the audiences' heads.

NIGHTS OF TERROR

A night at a theater with Bela Lugosi was always guaranteed to be a **NIGHT OF TERROR**, and that in fact was the title of one of his early films. In this picture he portrayed a turban-topped Hindu named Degar. A fiend who killed without warning and left newspaper clippings on the bodies of his victims had been alarmingly active around the neighborhood of a Professor Reinhart and his scientist-nephew. When the Professor meets an untimely death, it is revealed that 5 persons are to benefit from his will—among them his servant, Bela. The nephew conducts an experiment in which he is to be buried alive for several hours, and while in the coffin more people are mysteriously slain and the dead professor's ward kidnapped. Bela is properly menacing throughout.

Friday the 13th, a traditional night of terror, served as a vehicle for Bela when he appeared opposite Boris Karloff in **BLACK FRIDAY**. This was one of many pictures in which Lugosi and Karloff were paired against each other. In this one Lugosi

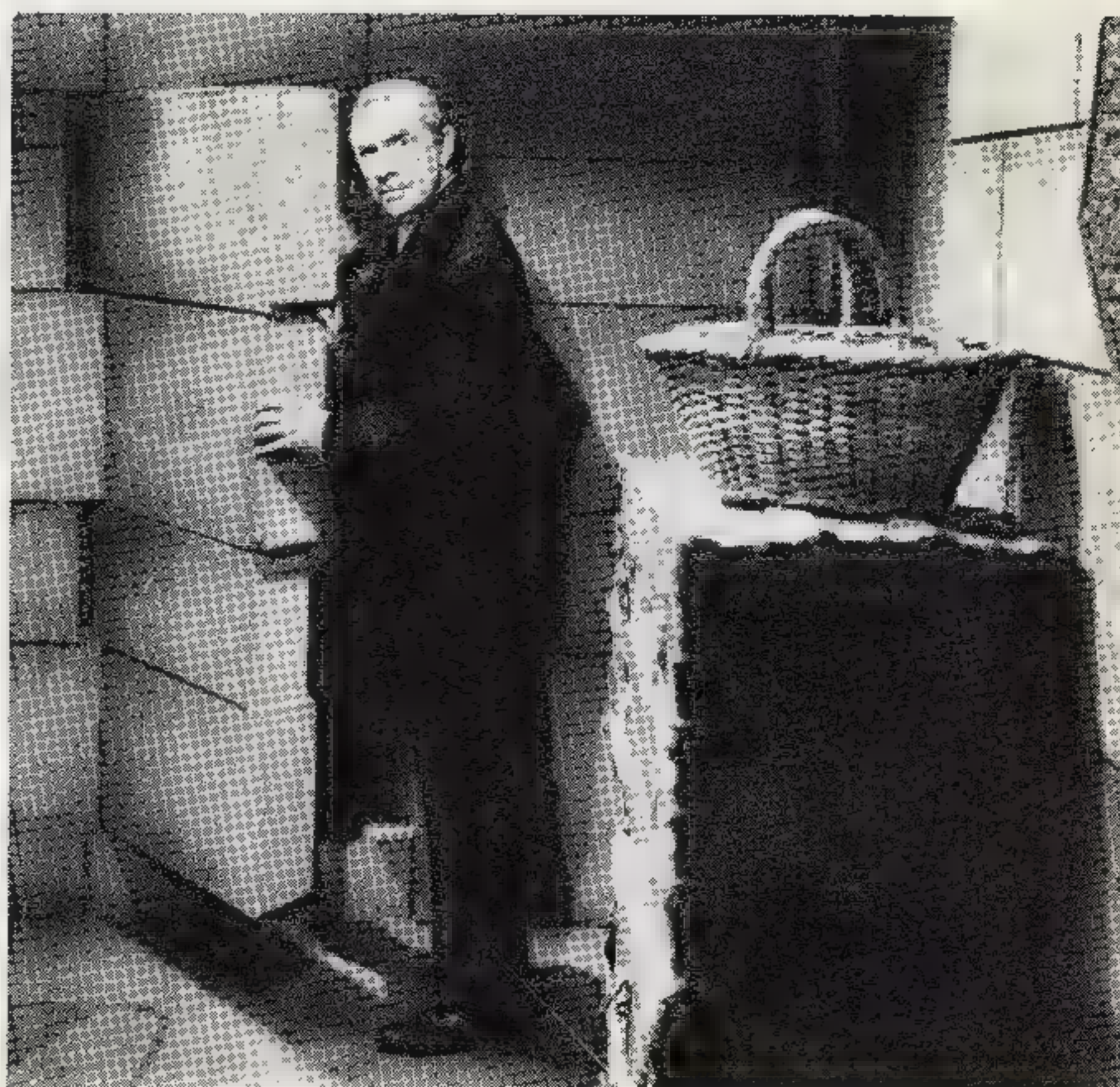


Nina Foch faints in the arms of the werewolf as Bela wonders where he'll get the chance to play wolf in *RETURN OF THE VAMPIRE*.

played a master criminal. When Karloff, as Dr. Ernest Sovac, transplants part of a criminal's brain, in an emergency, into the head of a dying friend named Prof. Kingsley, Lugosi must then menace the professor in order to learn from the memory of the criminal part of his brain where a large sum of money belonging to Lugosi is hidden. This was the motion picture in which, when Bela was called upon in the script to be hypnotized, he was *really* hypnotized right on the set by the well-known Manly P. Hall. He was told that he was locked in a clothes-closet and in danger of suffocating if he didn't batter down the door, and he gave one of the most realistic performances of his life—almost too realistic!

HYPTONIZED IN REAL LIFE

The 5th and final Mrs. Lugosi, formerly Hope Lininger, had for 20 years been fascinated by Bela before she met and married him. During all that time she wrote him fan letters. Oddly enough, the



DEVIL BAT, where you at? Bela goes seeking the neighborhood bloodsucker.

same Manly P. Hall who hypnotized Lugosi in **BLACK FRIDAY** performed the real life wedding ceremony between him and Hope!

Lugosi turned down the original role of the monster in **FRANKENSTEIN** because it wasn't a speaking part, but several sequels later in **FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLFMAN** played the monster...and gave another of his greatest characterizations in a Frankenstein film, **SON OF FRANKENSTEIN**, in which he played the moronic Ygor who cheated the hangman's noose at the expense of a broken neck.

CHAMPION OF THE UNDEAD

The word "zombie" was unknown on the screen before Bela spelled it out with his fabulous success in **WHITE ZOMBIE**. This picture really put Haiti on the map, and zombies and Bela with it. Here with his mesmeric black powers of voodoo he commanded the bodies of dead men whom he caused to rise from their graves and do his bidding.

He played **VOODOO MAN** and **HUMAN**



DRACULA is headed (or throated) for the drink that's so much more refreshing. He always insists on asking for it by name: **B-L-O-O-D**.



Bela and John Carradine don't look too happy over the RETURN OF THE APE MAN.

MONSTER, NIGHT MONSTER and captain of the PHANTOM SHIP. He was in THE CORPSE VANISHES and INTERNATIONAL HOUSE, and once (in NINOTCHKA) he even played opposite Greta Garbo!

NEVER FAR FROM KARLOFF

Lugosi and Karloff saw a lot of each other—the movie producers and public demand saw to that. They met, each to out-menace the other, in THE RAVEN and THE BLACK CAT...THE BODY SNATCHERS...SON OF FRANKENSTEIN...BOWERY AT MIDNIGHT...THE INVISIBLE RAY...and, if memory does not delude your old editor (recollections sometimes get fuzzy after 500 years and seeing thousands of monstrous movies), Bela & Boris were together on the stage in ARSENIC AND OLD LACE. (Anyway I'm sure they both played in it at one time or another. The first reader who writes in and informs me I am mistaken will be sent a shrunken head—*his own*.)

A dozen years after the success of WHITE ZOMBIE, he made ZOMBIES ON BROADWAY.


He was his Dracula-like self in MARK OF THE VAMPIRE.

He was with the son of Lon Chaney, as well as Claude (Invisible Man) Rains, in THE WOLF-MAN; but many years before, in 1932 to be exact, he was a wolf-man in the movie made from H. G. Wells' book, "The Island of Dr. Moreau." Philip

Wylie turned "Dr. Moreau" into a screenplay called THE ISLAND OF LOST SOULS, and Charles Laughton gave Bela Lugosi a bad time in it till Bela got his band of beast-men together and paid Laughton back. In this weird-science thriller Lugosi was the product of speeded up evolution, a half-man half-wolf as might happen after thousands of years of Nature's experimentation aided by science.



Count Dracula counts another victim. Sort of a Transylvanian count-down.



**"I'd break my neck
to get the latest copy
of FMOF," says Ygor,
and that's just what
did happen to Bela
Lugosi in SON OF
FRANKENSTEIN.**

MANY HAPPY RETURNS

Bela was always coming back. First he played the mad scientist Roxor, who aimed at conquering the world with his death-ray—this was in **CHANDU, THE MAGICIAN**—then he was in **THE RETURN OF CHANDU**. He was in **THE RETURN OF THE VAMPIRE**, too, and **THE RETURN OF THE APE MAN**!

MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE was one of his great ones. "I am Dr. Mirakle," he began in his deep, thickly accented voice, "and I am not a sideshow charlatan, so if you are looking for the usual hocus-pocus, just go to the box-office and get your money back." But fans of Bela never went to the box-office to get their money back.

He made **OLD MOTHER RILEY MEETS THE VAMPIRE** in England but so far it has not been released in this country. [Finally was.]

BRIDE OF THE MONSTER, with Tor Johnson, was almost his last film. Just before that he was seen in a mute role in **THE BLACK SLEEP** with Basil Rathbone, Chaney Jr., Carradine and Tor Johnson.

As a scientist and victim of an unorthodox experiment, he plays a dual role in the little seen **GLEN OR GLENDA**?

A year ago I saw a preview of **GRAVE ROBBERS FROM OUTER SPACE**, in which he has a guest appearance. It has so far not been nationally released. [Became **PLAN 9**.]

And enough unseen film on him remains that a Bela Lugosi fan and movie producer plans to use it in a picture called **THE UNDEAD MASSES** or **GHOULS OF THE MOON**. [NOT DONE.]

Bela Lugosi died on August 18, 1956. Your editor attended his funeral and was among the hundred people to pass by his coffin. He looked convincingly dead—but hadn't he always? He is buried in Holy Cross Cemetery in Inglewood—but is it permanent? Anyway, he has a younger son.

Will Bela Lugosi Jr. ever seek the mantle, batwings, spider webs, hypnotic eyes and fan following of his famous Father? There's Lon Chaney Jr. And John Barrymore's son is doing well on stage, screen and television.

Dracula Jr.? You can never tell. ●

CAPTAIN COMPANY REMEMBERED

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Warren Publishing Co. Proudly Presents

Genuine Soil from Dracula's Castle

Authentic Soil from Vlad's Castle in Transylvania

DUST from DRACULA'S DOMAIN: Actual Earth (Guaranteed Authentic) from the Crumbling Ruins of the Legendary Vlad, the Mad Monarch who generations ago terrorized Transylvanians and inspired Bram Stoker to create the famous masterpiece of vampirism, DRACULA. There are 3 billion people on this planet but only 5,000 can wear this incredible creation. A striking, ornately wrought, beautiful piece of art in itself, the pendant is equally suitable for the neck of man or woman.

ONLY \$9.95

SPECIAL PRICE!

One Gram of Soil in Each Amulet

From the gold-plated chain is suspended a transparent miniature coffin containing one gram of genuine earth from the exact place where Vlad (Dracula) once made macabre history. No mystic powers are claimed for this amulet, and yet who could fail to feel a tingle up and down the spine when viewing oneself in a mirror observing this rare soil lying close to one's heart? What vampire lover could fail to feel special as he or she sees envy in the eyes of a fellow vampire not fortunate enough to own one of Vlad's Pendants? What Draculan disciple would not know a sense of supernatural power when wearing the



Certificate of Authenticity

Each pendant is \$9.95 and comes with a Certificate of Authenticity. This is not a gag, not a spoof, not a put-on. The soil in this unique pendant actually came from the Castle Dracula, high in the Transylvanian Mountains of Romania where Bram Stoker's hero Jonathan Harker discovered the fascinating and extraordinary secrets of Count Dracula and the mysterious Vampires. Encased in clear plastic, artistically secured on a golden chain, this Dust of Dracula can now be preserved through lifetimes to come. Starting with YOU. Sorry, orders are

FAMOUS MONSTERS FAN CLUB!

It's just what all you Monster Fans out there have been waiting for! Be the first in your gang to be a VICE PRESIDENT (of the Famous Monsters Fan Club, that is!). You get a colorful OFFICIAL BADGE and a wallet size OFFICIAL MEMBERSHIP CARD signed by Dr. Acula himself. You signed membership card entitles you to all privileges granted Official Ghosts, Ghouls, Witches, Warlocks, Vampires and especially, Famous Monsters. Be the most Famous Monster in your crowd! Be a card-carrying member of the World's Most Exclusive Club! MEMBERSHIP \$2.00



FAMOUS
MONSTERS
CLUB



This is to
Certify that

is a charter VICE PRESIDENT in good standing of the FAMOUS MONSTER CLUB and is entitled to a genuine autograph from the Mummy's own hand (you get to keep the hand)! Officially sponsored by FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND magazine

OFFICIAL
VICE PRESIDENT

Dr. Acula
DR ACULA PRESIDENT

SCALE MODEL FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER

ALL PLASTIC ASSEMBLY KIT

YOU ASKED FOR IT—AND HERE IT IS: A COMPLETE KIT of molded styrene plastic to assemble the world's most FAMOUS MONSTER—Frankenstein! A total of 25 separate pieces go into the making of this exciting, perfectly-scaled model kit by Aurora, quality manufacturer of scale model hobby sets. The FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER stands over 12-inches when assembled. You paint it yourself with quick-dry enamel, and when finished the menacing figure of the great monster appears to walk right off the GRAVESTONE base that is part of the kit.

ONLY
\$1.00

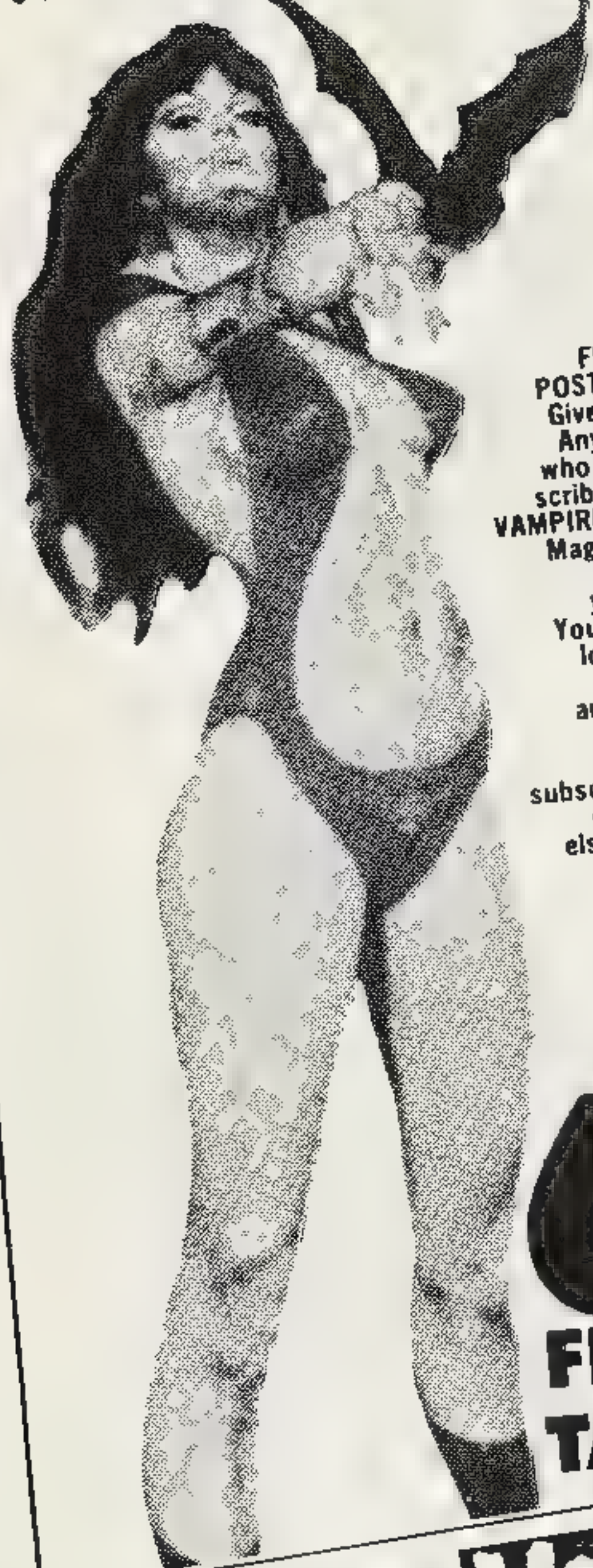
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PERFECTLY
SCALED!



12
inches
TALL

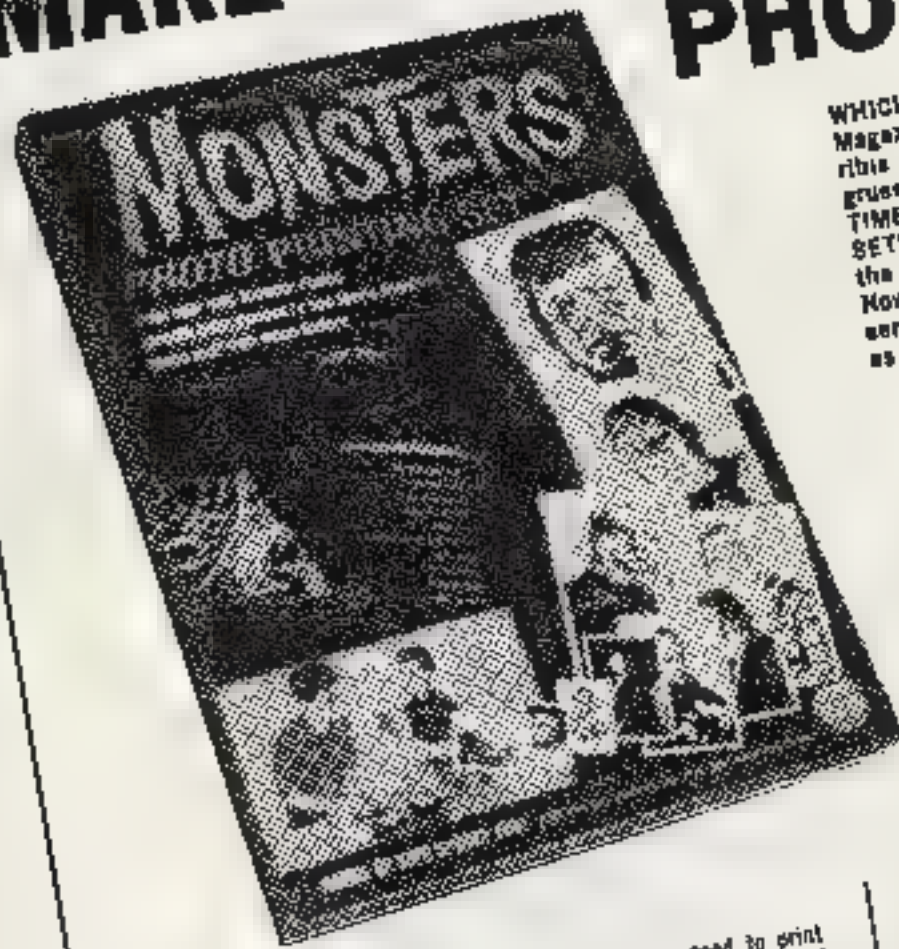
VAMPIRELLA



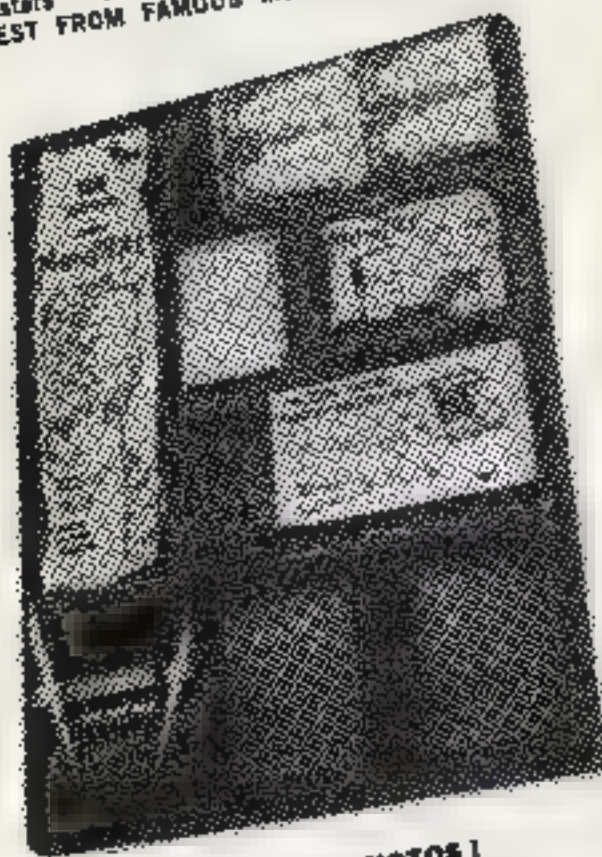
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6
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MAKE YOUR OWN MONSTER PHOTO CARDS



WHICH IS YOUR FAVORITE PHOTO from Famous Monsters Magazine? Dream of Deceit? Fearless Frankenstein? Mor-
tibus Mr. Hyatt? Malevolent Man? Now, here is a good
gruesome reason for monster muggers, FOR THE FIRST
TIME, you can have your own monster photo NEGATIVE.
SET! Yes, you can now personally own a complete set of
the 10 MOST FAMOUS MONSTER PHOTO NEGATIVES.
Now you can print your own wallet-size photo cards of
terrific monsters the all-time favorites officially selected
as the BEST FROM FAMOUS MONSTERS MAGAZINE.



YOUR PHOTO MOUNTING SET includes everything you need to print official photos, in a few minutes, right in your own home. Think of the convenience of taking a famous Monelox negative, and in just minutes you get a finished print. You will be the envy of all your friends you can have a photo printing party. Invite the gang in and show them how easy it is to get first class prints of their favorite moments.

SET INCLUDES ORIGINAL NEGATIVES FROM FAMOUS MONSTERS MAGAZINE

THE 10 MOST AWESOME PICTURES from Famous Monsters Magazine are included in your set. Think how proud you will be as you show off your finished "professional" prints to your family and friends. They just won't believe that you yourself made the prints. Then pull out the 10 exclusive Monster! Negatives and prove that it was you, not a photo shop, that made your wonderful prints.

SET INCLUDES THESE FAMOUS MONSTERS:

SET INCLUDES THESE FAMOUS MONSTERS:

- FRANKENSTEIN
- THE WOLF MAN
- DRACULA
- THE MUTANT
- MÖLE MAN
- THE MUMMY
- THE CREATURE
- MR. HYDE
- THE GILMAN
- PHANTOM of the OPERA

AND HERE'S AN EXTRA SURPRISE! You can use your set to also print your favorite personal negatives. Make the same fine prints, from negatives of family, club, vacation, school, etc. print any negative you want

FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND



GIANT
LIFE SIZE
FRANKENSTEIN
PIN-UP

OVER 6 FEET TALL!

150

never anything like it before! A gigantic, unbelievable drawing of the FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER, over 6 feet tall—by America's greatest cartoonist artist, JACK DAVIS. This is the most striking thing you ever saw! A masterpiece of reproduction that will startle anyone who sees it. The FRANKENSTEIN P.I.N.-L.P. will supply 100 hours of laughs and thrills, have your picture taken on one of your favorite ghoul, scotch tape it to the inside of your bedroom or den door, put it between someone's bed sheets, or just pin it on the wall. A mil on dollars worth of value for a low low price! Order yours now. Supply limited.

MAILED IN A TUBE—NOT FOLDED only \$2.00

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE—MAIL COUPON TODAY

CAPTAIN COMPANY Dept FM-19

YOU CAN HAVE ZACHERLEY IN YOUR OWN HOME!

**THINK OF IT! HE'S
6 FEET TALL!
LIFE SIZE!**

UNBELIEVABLY REALISTIC
GIANT PHOTO PIN-UP
LOOKS ABSOLUTELY ALIVE!

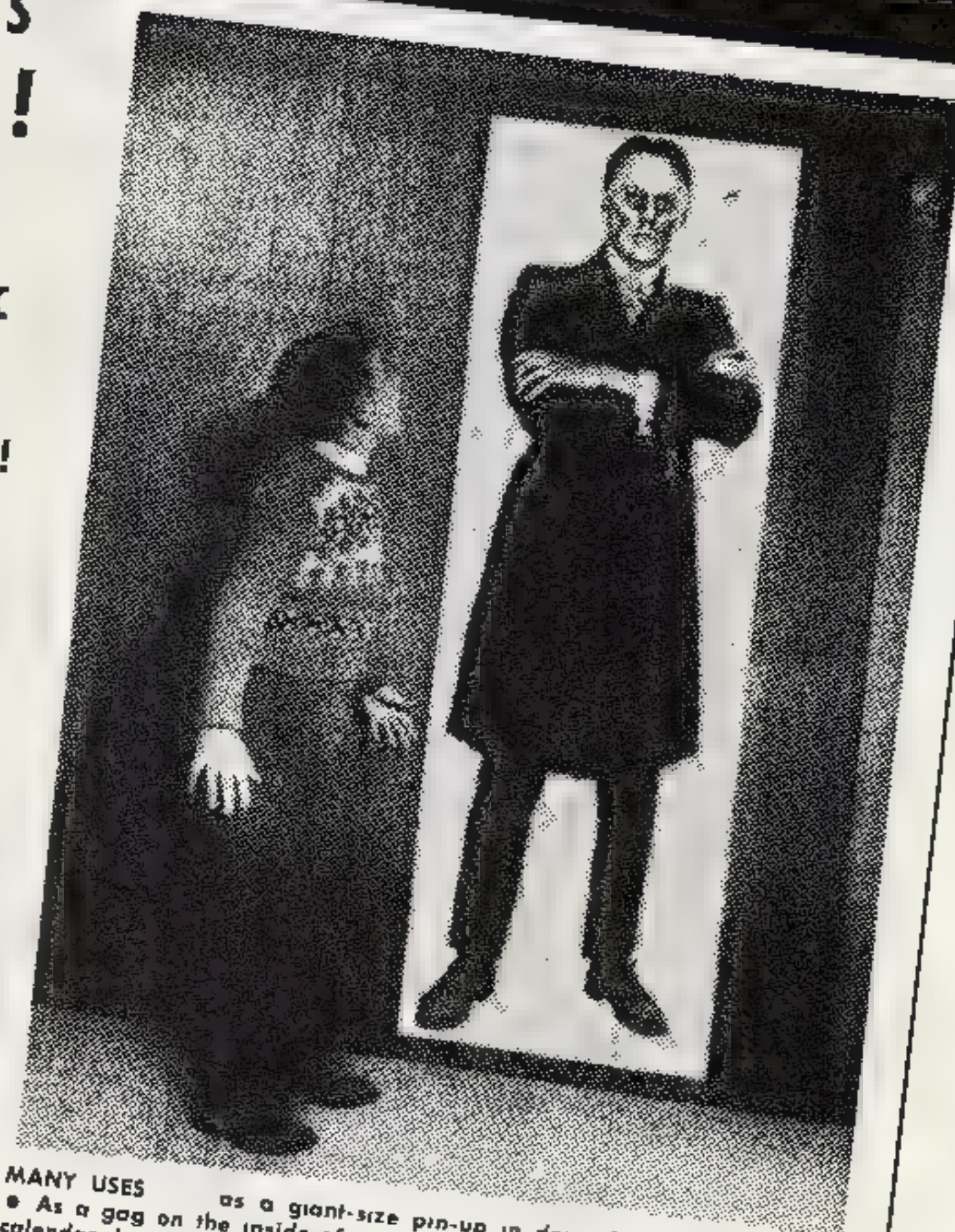
Really out of this world—here he is at last Zacherley himself, all 6 feet of your favorite ghoul, now available in a full size pin up that you'll keep forever! This is the most striking 6 foot tall photo you ever saw! A masterpiece of reproduction that will startle anyone who sees it! You'll think Zacherley actually in the same room with

e Zacherey pin up will supply a
 idred hours of laughs! Think of
 gags you can pull and the fun
 can have with 6 foot Zach!
 your photograph taken a
 de your favorite ghoul,
 tape the Zach pin-up to the
 of your den or bedroom
 but it between someone's
 ets ring door bell—when
 nswers hide behind the
 figure of Zach! A million
 rth of ghoulish glee with

**ACK GUARANTEE
100% SATISFIED
CHERLEY!**

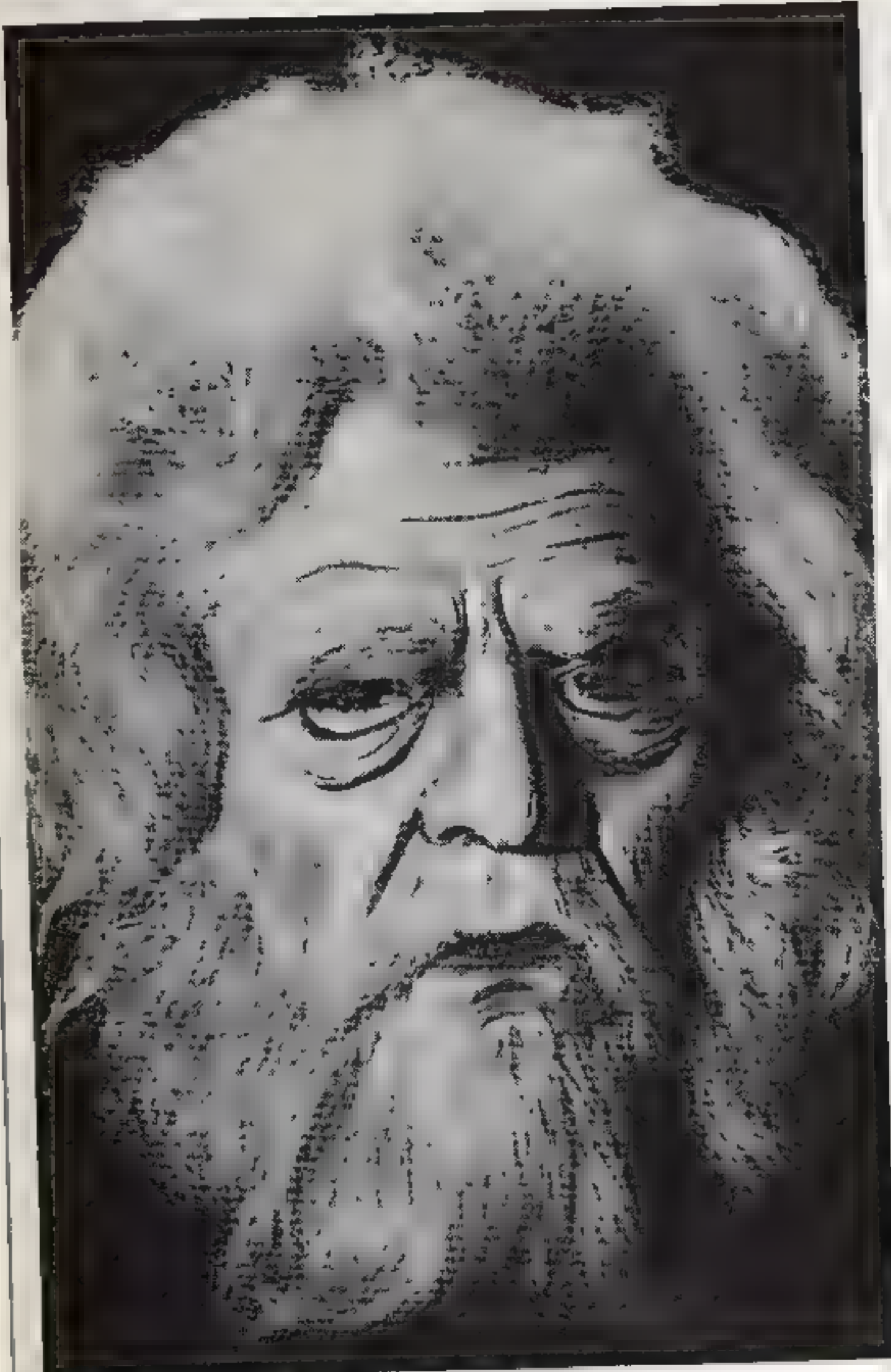
MANY USES

- As a gag on the inside of a closet door, on a ceiling, etc.
- As a party gag, put one on the pin-up with scotch tape or paste
- As a giant-size pin-up in den, playroom, bedroom calendar, by simply applying a calendar pad on the pin-up with scotch tape or paste
- As a party gag, put one in the powder tin - but don't tell anyone. Wait and hear the scream!



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NEW DELUXE MONSTER MASKS

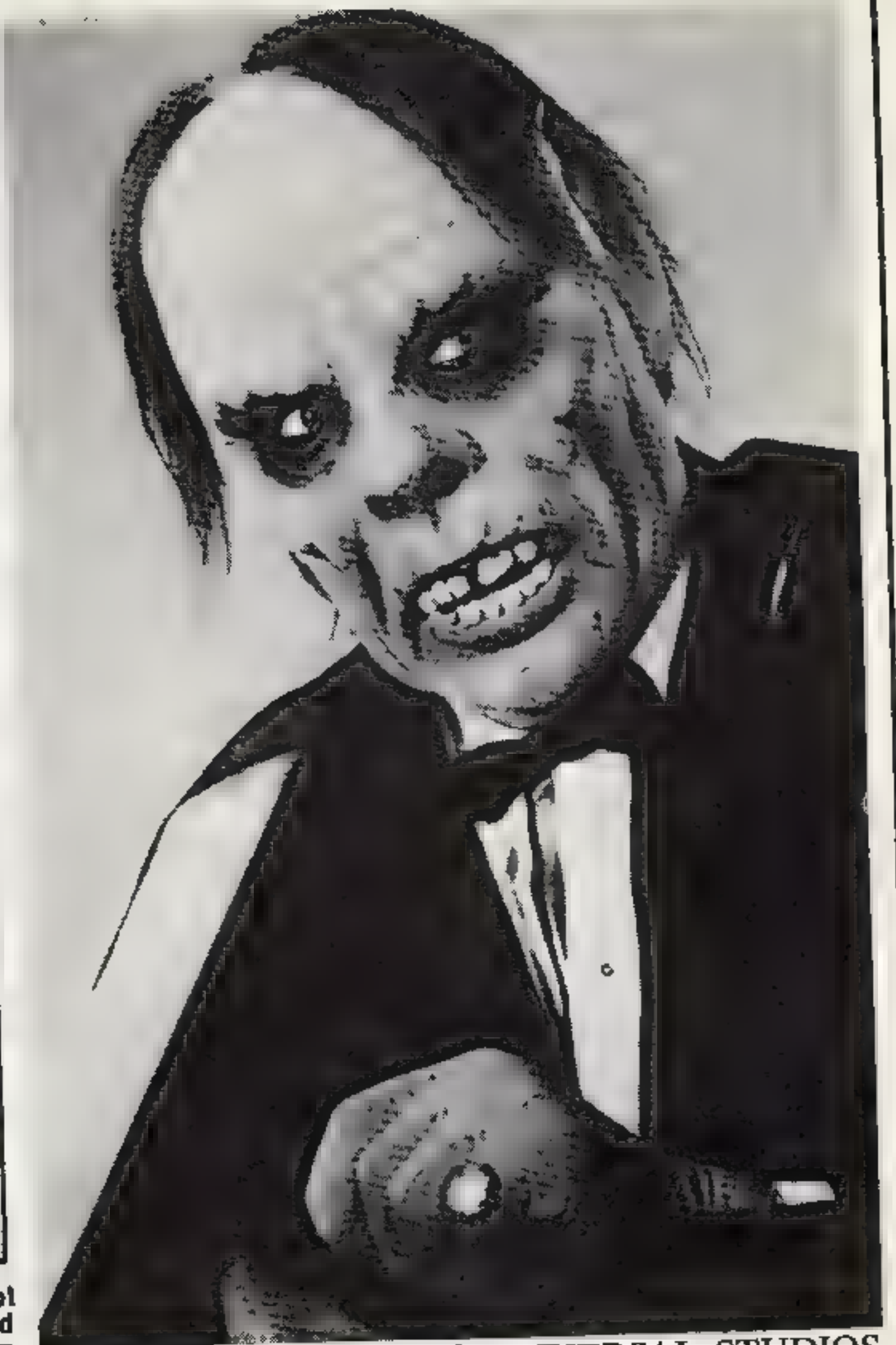


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HAND-MADE
IN
HOLLYWOOD
DURABLE
LATEX...**



MUMMY 5000 B.C.! No doubt
will think it's burlap wrapped
around this fiend. Fresh from
an Egyptian tomb! #2595/\$21.95



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The Universal Studio's classic monster series masks by Don Post Studios was a big seller through Captain Company. Photo at left shows the late Don Post Sr. with FJA. At right is close-up of mask held by Post.

3 FAMOUS MONSTER KITS



THE WITCH

WHICH KID isn't awed by the WITCH KIT? Go to work and assemble a Witch's Brew. Everything you need for good, gruesome fun. Once you are boss of this witch, you'll be the envy of all your friends. Only \$1.49.



DR. JEKYLL & MR. HYDE

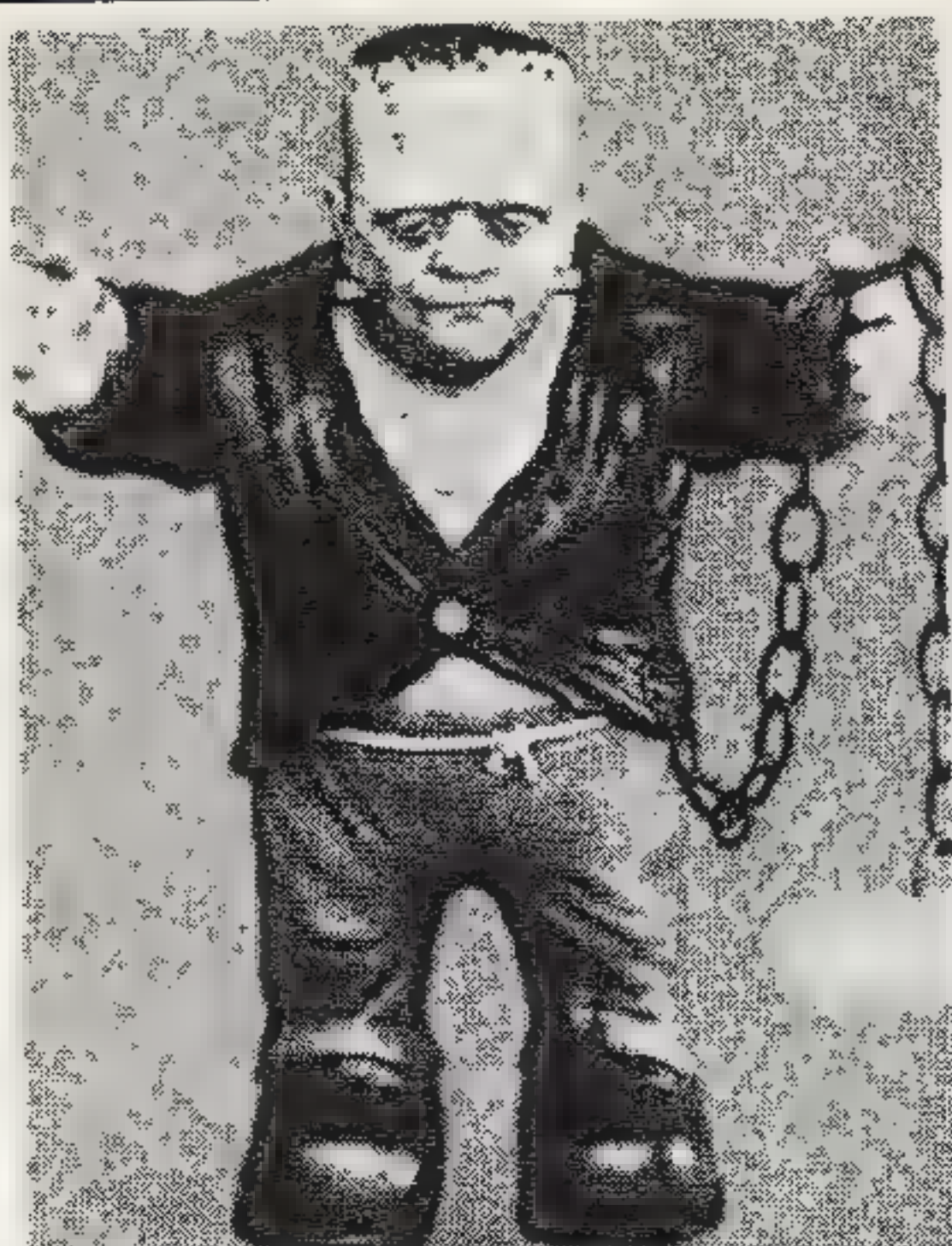
WATCH the transformation take place before your very eyes. Why not? You do it all with the serie, jeery Monster Kit... your hands make Jekyll play Hyde-and-go-seek. Only \$1.49.



THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN

NOT ALL LADIES are Monsters except the scary new Bride of Frankenstein, all decked out, in this Monster Kit, in her terrible trou-seau. Regular cut-up (on the lab table.) Have fun for \$1.49.

ADD THESE TO YOUR MONSTER COLLECTION. Have hours of Horror enjoyment, assembling these new kits... most gruesome ever made. \$1.49, plus 25¢



BIG FRANKIE

GIANT SIZE FRANKENSTEIN with ARMS THAT MOVE! AMAZING KIT!

BE A BIG HIT with "BIG FRANKIE"... America's most gigantic monster kit. Put him together in minutes. Then use paints and brush kit to make him colorfully gruesome. Stands 6 feet tall. Arms move back and forth, hold an...
Includes all plastic Frankenstein...
yone with or, postal

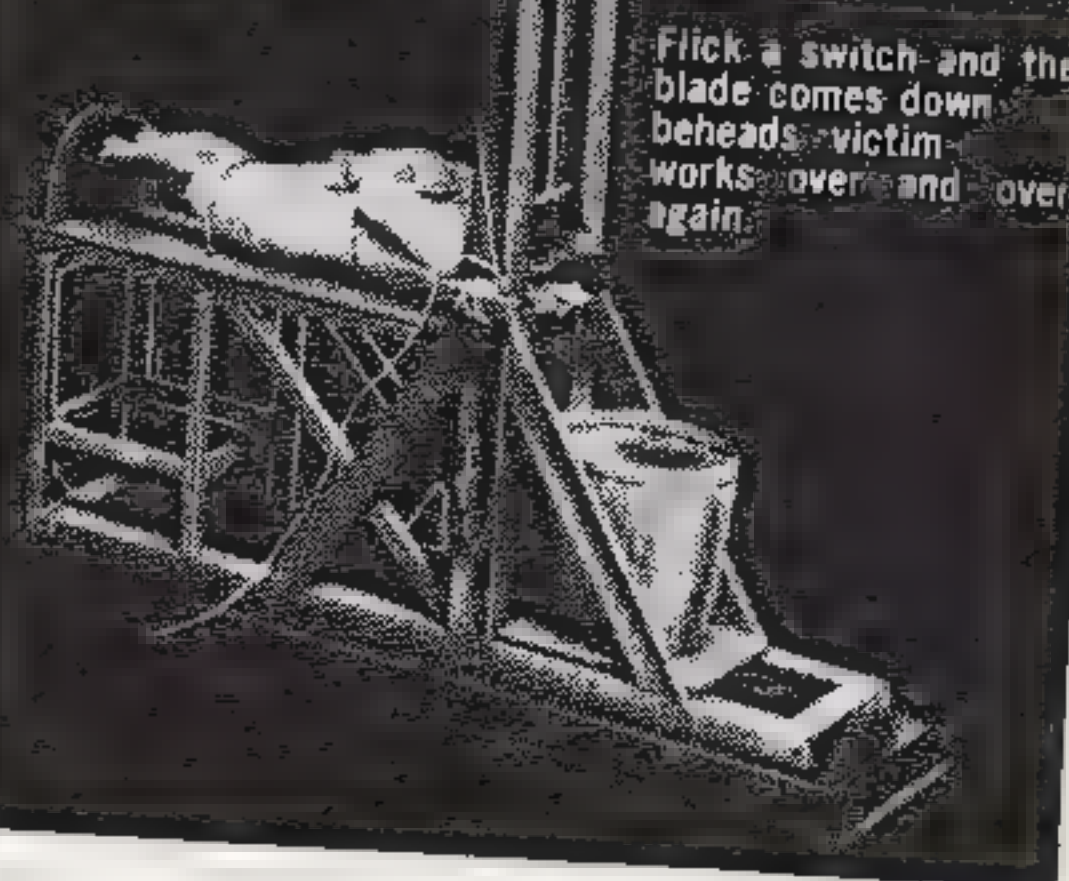
CHAMBER OF HORRORS

GUILLOTINE

ALL PLASTIC ASSEMBLY KIT

OVER 10" HIGH! HARMLESS FUN!

Only 98¢



Flick a switch and the blade comes down beheads victim works over and over again

Victim Loses His Head! Really Works!

HEAD WILL ROLL just minutes after you assemble this gruesome kit. It's all in fun, and the executioner

NOW FOR THE FIRST TIME—THE 3 STOOGES IN 3D

Aside from the special color-filter viewers supplied with the film, no special equipment is needed. No special screen... no special projector. Just watch the startling action! Sixty feet of film.



SPOOKS

The Stooges in a hilarious slapstick romp... funnier than ever in 3-D. So real they seem to jump right out of the screen. When something is thrown... you duck! Only \$5.95.

TALES of HORROR



THIS PLANT ACTUALLY EATS INSECTS AND BITS OF MEAT!

NOW YOU CAN OWN THIS FAMOUS, BEAUTIFUL RARE

VENUS FLY TRAP

only \$7.00 THE WORLD'S MOST UNUSUAL HOUSE PLANT

DISCOVERED BY ARTHUR DOBBS COLONIAL GOVERNOR AND NATURALIST
On Jan. 26, 1760, Governor Dobbs wrote... the great... of the vegetable kingdom... is a very curious... unknown species... Upon anything touching the leaves they instantly close like a spring trap... bears a white flower... to this surprising plant have given the name Fly Trap

ADMIRED BY CHARLES DARWIN WORLD FAMOUS BOTANIST AND EXPLORER
In 1875 Professor Darwin wrote... "This plant... is one of the most wonderful in the world... slightly damp bit of meat... will produce these... effects... I seem hardly possible... and yet it is certainly a fact

A BEAUTIFUL PLANT! The VENUS FLY TRAP is unusually beautiful! It bears lovely white flowers on 12" stems. Its dark green leaves are tipped with lovely pink traps—colorful and unusual!

EATS FLIES AND INSECTS Each pink trap contains a bit of nectar... it is this color and sweetness which attracts the unsuspecting insect. Once he enters the trap it snaps shut! Digestive juices then dissolve him. When the insect has been completely absorbed the trap reopens and prettily awaits another insect!

FEED IT RAW BEEF! If there are no insects in your house you can feed the traps tiny slivers of raw beef. The plant will live on such food. When there is no food for the traps the plant will feed normally through its root system.

EASY TO GROW! The VENUS FLY TRAP buds grow especially well in the home. They thrive in glass containers and develop traps in 3 to 4 weeks. They will beautify any room in your house. Each order includes 3 FLY TRAPS plus SPECIAL GROWING MATERIAL packed in a plastic bag. Only \$1.00.

Orders—U.S. Only



Unwary insect touches sensitive... Plant then dissolves & digests it! NO! bite off more than a finger or a pencil. In a few days it will reopen for more food.

CAPTAIN COMPANY Dept. MO

☐ Enclosed is \$1.00 plus 25¢ for 3 FLY TRAPS AND SPECIAL GROWING MATERIAL. Rush!
☐ Enclosed is \$1.75 plus 25¢ for 6 FLY TRAPS AND SPECIAL GROWING MATERIAL. Rush!

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____

BARNABAS



EXCITING PAPERBACK NOVELS ABOUT THE FAMOUS VAMPIRE FROM TV'S "DARK SHADOWS!"

- #2167 DEMON OF BARNABAS COLLINS \$1.00
- #2168 BARNABAS COLLINS IN A FUNNY VEIN \$1.00
- #2169 Foe OF BARNABAS COLLINS
- #2170 THE PHANTOM & BARNABAS COLLINS \$1.00
- #2171 BARNABAS COLLINS & THE WARLOCK \$1.00
- #2172 PERIL OF BARNABAS COLLINS \$1.00
- #2174 BARNABAS & THE MYSTERIOUS GHOST \$1.00
- #2177 VICTORIA WINTERS \$1.00
- #2178 STRANGERS AT COLLINS HOUSE \$1.00
- #2179 BARNABAS COLLINS & QUENTIN'S DEMON \$1.00
- #2180 BARNABAS COLLINS & THE GYPSY WITCH \$1.00

NOW ON FILM — AVAILABLE FOR THE FIRST TIME!

THE MOST FRIGHTENING HORROR MOVIE SCENE EVER MADE!

LON CHANEY IN THE "PHANTOM OF THE OPERA"

The original Lon Chaney's performance in the movie PHANTOM OF THE OPERA is ranked as one of the best classics of the silent films. Now—for the first time anywhere—you can show in your own home the famous 100 feet of film depicting the thrilling "Unmasking Scene" that takes place when Mary Philbin rips the mask from the Phantom's face in the

underground dungeon beneath the opera house! Exposed for the first time is the hideous, grotesque face of the Phantom—played by Lon Chaney, wearing the masterpiece of makeup he created just for this picture! Every collector and horror fan will want to own this thrilling role of film — available in either 8mm or 16mm — your choice!

8mm **\$4.95**

16mm **\$5.95**

YOUR CHOICE OF THRILLING FILM

50 FEET 8mm

OR

100 FEET 16mm

CAPTAIN COMPANY, Dept. ST-3

Rush my PHANTOM OF THE OPERA film to me by return mail. I enclose \$4.95 for 8MM, or \$5.95 for 16MM, plus 25c postage and shipping charges. I want the following film size: ☐ 8MM ☐ 16MM (please indicate).

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

NOW - SHOW IN
YOUR OWN HOME!

SHOW MOVIES AT HOME! 8mm HOME MOVIE PROJECTOR

- ★ Sturdy All Steel Construction
- ★ Precision Ground Polished Lenses
- ★ Takes up to 200 ft. Reels
- ★ Powered by Standard Flashlight Batteries
- ★ Projects Both Color and Black & White Film

CAPTAIN COMPANY, Dept. ST-3

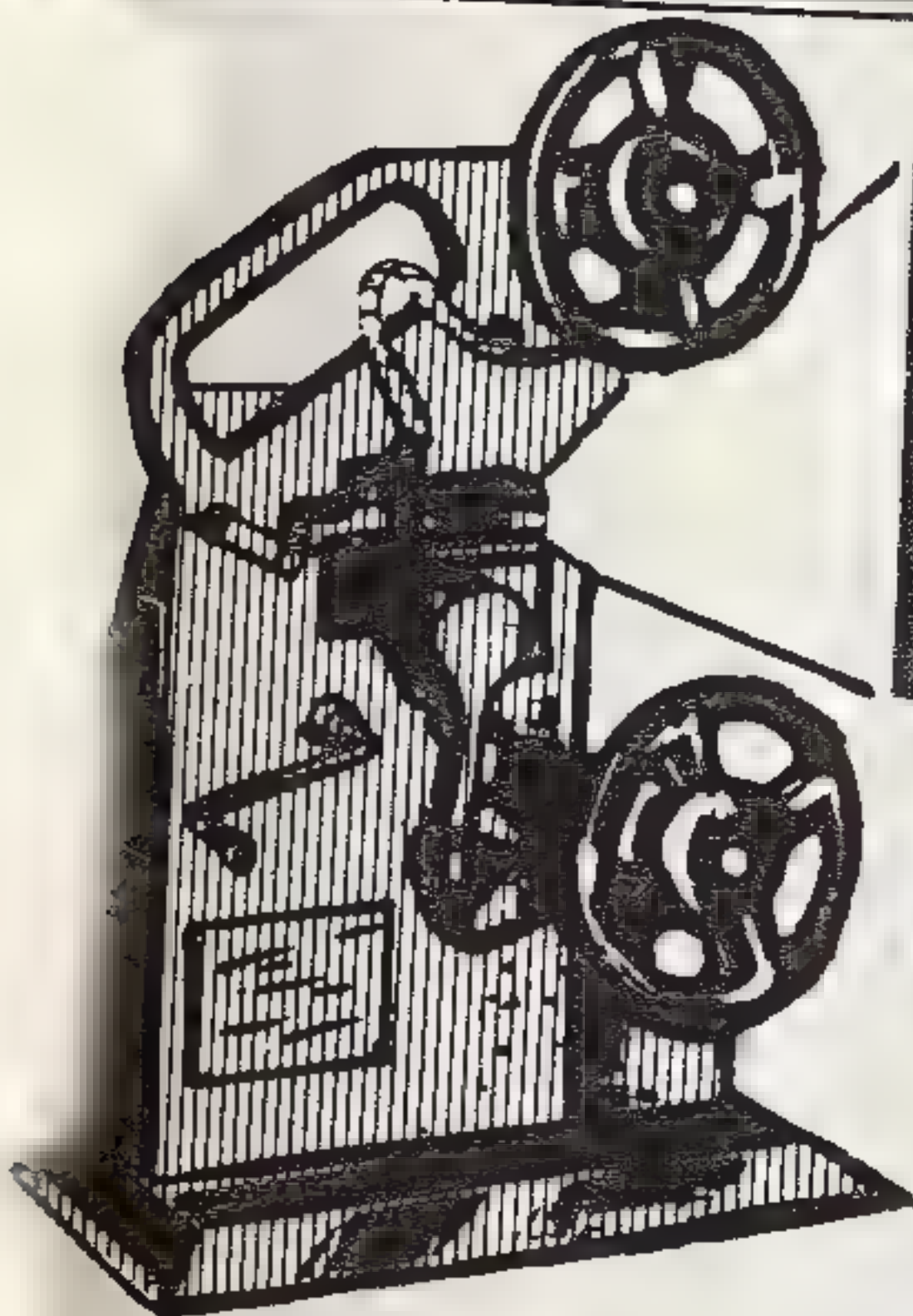
Rush my 8mm HOME PROJECTOR to me by return mail. I enclose \$6.95 plus 60c postage and shipping charges. Hurry!

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____

STATE _____



PROJECTS ON
ANY CLEAR SURFACE

Here is a precision motion picture projector that will show color or black and white films right in your own home! Sturdy, not a toy, completely portable for showing anywhere in or out of the house. Reel holds 200 feet of any 8mm film (like the PHANTOM OF THE OPERA film shown in above ad). No plugs or connections to bother with—runs on inexpensive flashlight batteries. Projects real pictures on any surface. Show home movies to friends, at parties, etc. Perfect entertainment! Guaranteed in full

Only **\$6.95**

COMPLETE OUTFIT INCLUDES:
Battery Powered, Hand-Driven 8mm Projector that projects Movies in Action—Two Standard Flashlight Batteries—25 Feet of Movie Film Subject—Lithographed Fibre-Board Table Top Screen With Attached Easel Stand.

NOW AT LAST! 8mm MOVIE PROJECTOR



JUST LOOK AT THESE FEATURES:



**ABBOTT & COSTELLO
MEET
DR. JEKYLL &
MR. HYDE**



**ABBOTT &
COSTELLO
MEET
FRANKENSTEIN**



WAR OF THE GOLOSSAL BEAST

I WAS A TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN



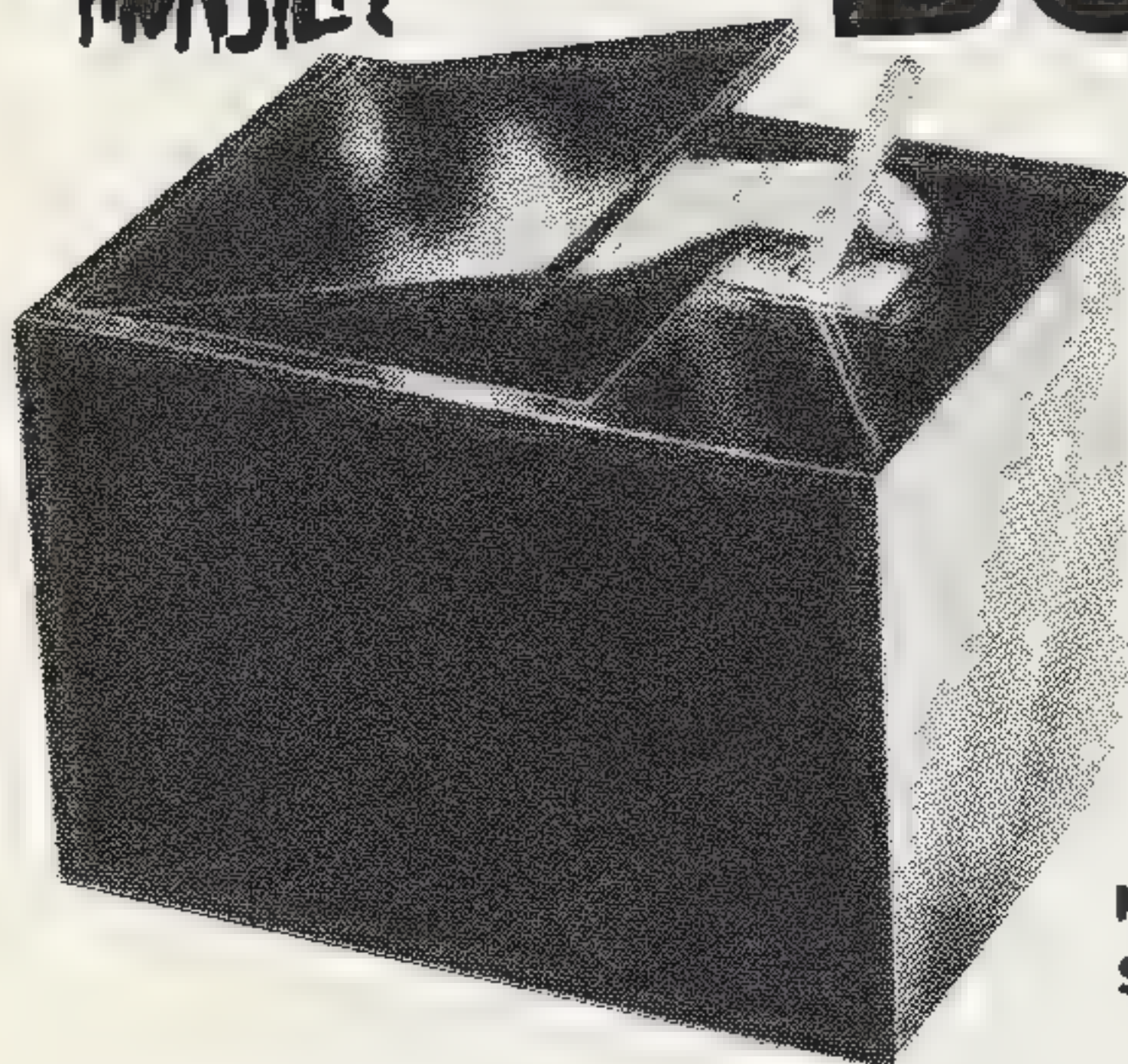
THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN

**REVENGE OF
FRANKENSTEIN**
SUPERNATURAL
TECHNICOLOR!

MONSTER

INSIDE THE

BOX

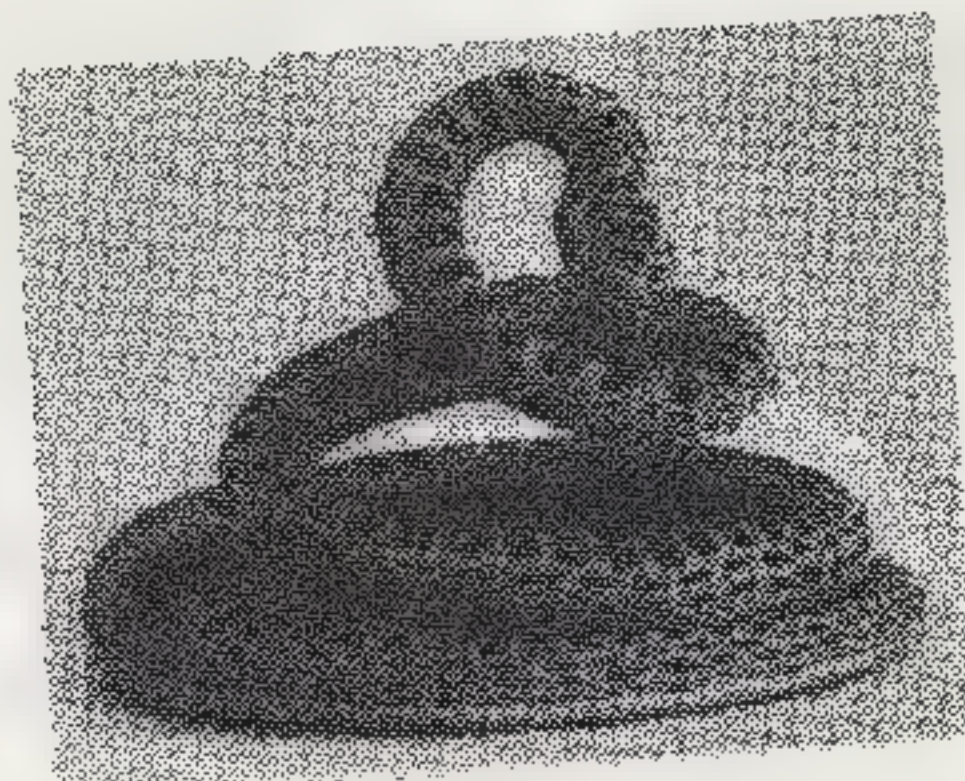


There it sits, the **MYSTERIOUS BLACK METAL BOX**—Quiet, Sinister and Waiting. You throw the Switch to "**ON**". Immediately there is a terrific grinding of power as **THE BOX** starts jumping as if it contained a hidden **MONSTER**. Then the lid slowly rises . . . and from inside **THE BOX** emerges a frightening, eerie **GREEN HAND**. The **GREEN HAND** grabs the switch, pushes it to "**OFF**" and quickly disappears back into **THE BOX**. The lid slams shut—and all is silent again! Once seen, this is never forgotten. The most haunting, maddening object you've ever witnessed! Only **\$4.95** plus 25c postage & handling.

Dept. MO-19
Box 6573

GIANT 10-FOOT INFLATABLE RUBBER SNAKE

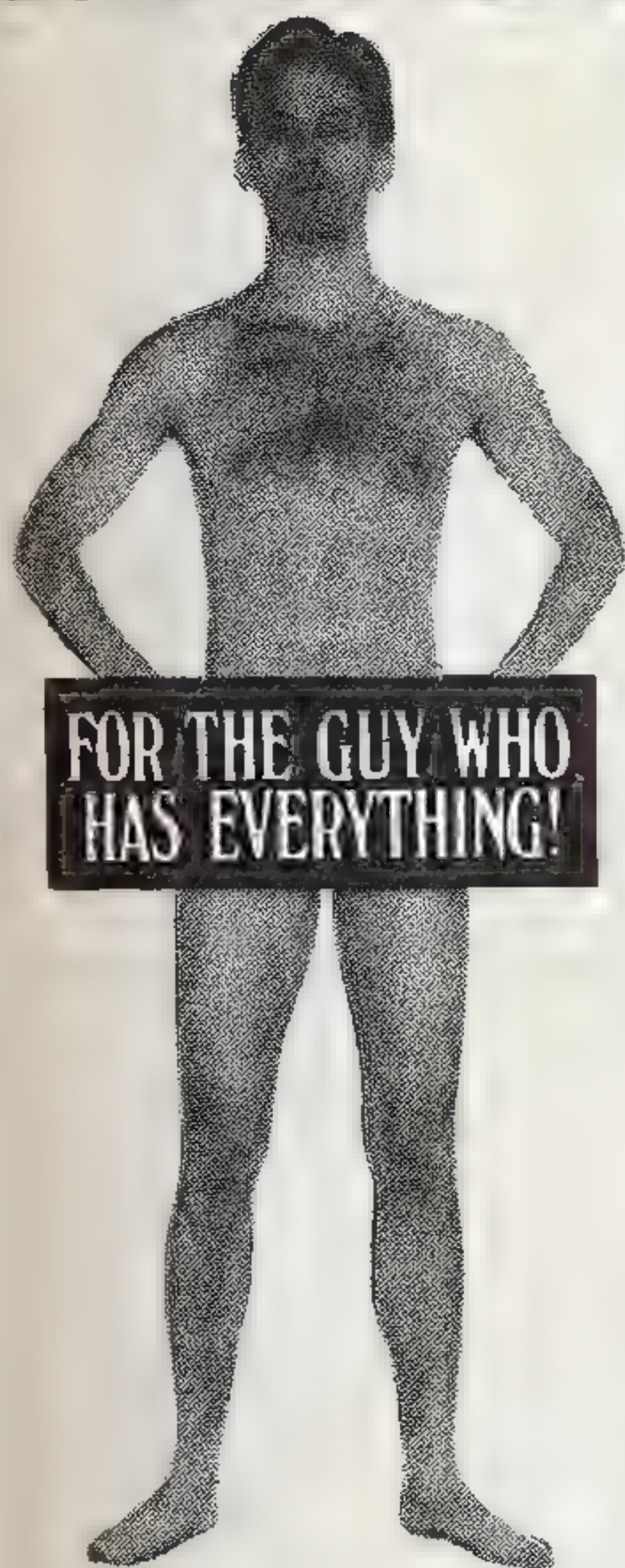
**SO LIFE-LIKE . . . YOU'LL
EXPECT IT TO HISS! SIT
ON IT! FLOAT IN WATER
WITH IT! HAVE FUN
WITH IT!**



You'll love this real crazy fun-provoking WIGGLY 10-foot RUBBER SNAKE. It automatically coils around in a circle to become an air pillow. When wrapped around the body it aids in floating and swimming. Just walk into a room with this SNAKE coiled around you and listen to the screams! \$1.98 plus 25c postage & handling.

CAPTAIN COMPANY, Dept.MO-19

MONSTER BRIEFS IN COLOR! THE BEST DRESSED FIEND FROM SHIRTS TO SHORTS!



#2738-S, SIZE 28-32, \$4.00
#2738-M, SIZE 34-36, \$4.00
#2738-L, SIZE 38-42 \$4.00



#2739-L, SIZE 38-42 \$4.00



#2740-S, SIZE 28-32 \$4.00
#2740-M, SIZE 34-36 \$4.00
#2740-L, SIZE 38-42 \$4.00



#2741-S, SIZE 28-32 \$4.00
#2741-M, SIZE 34-36 \$4.00
#2741-L, SIZE 38-42 \$4.00



#2742-S, SIZE 28-32 \$4.00
#2742-L, SIZE 38-42 \$4.00



#2743-S, SIZE 28-32 \$4.00
#2743-M, SIZE 34-36 \$4.00
#2743-L, SIZE 38-42 \$4.00

WE'LL BE BRIEF. YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO BE CAUGHT SHORT, SO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS EXCITING OFFER. THE BEST COVERS FROM CREEPY, EERIE AND FAMOUS MONSTERS ARE REPRODUCED IN FULL COLOR ON THE FRONTS OF THESE 100% STRETCHABLE NYLON BIKINI BRIEFS. THEY WILL COMPLETE YOUR WARDROBE! A FASHIONABLE MONSTER. THEY WILL COMPLETE YOUR WARDROBE! A FASHIONABLE MONSTER. THEY WILL COMPLETE YOUR WARDROBE!

MINIATURE SPY CAMERA



← 2 inches →



FITS IN PALM OF HAND—YET TAKES 10 PICTURES WITH 1 ROLL OF FILM!

This tiny SPY CAMERA is only 2 inches long but will take clear, sharp 2½" x 2½" pictures that can be blown up to snapshot size. Camera has fixed-focus lens and quality two-speed shutter. Uses low cost film (10 pictures to a roll). Complete with pigskin case and 6 rolls of film that will give you 60 pictures! Camera, case & film—all for only \$2.00 plus 25c for postage & handling.

MONSTER MOVIE GAME BOOK

TEST YOUR TRIVIA EXPERTISE! THIS BOOK TELLS YOU EVERYTHING YOU WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT MONSTER MOVIES BUT WERE AFRAID TO ASK!



Questions! Answers! Fill in the blanks! Multiple choice! Sounds like school? School was never like this! Play the Monster Movie Game and see! 5½" x 8½" paperback compilation of hendish facts about the monsters and men who made monster movies the exciting genre they've been since their beginning. Play alone to sharpen your knowledge, with friends, at parties. Sections on Frankenstein, Dracula, the Mummy, Werewolf, King Kong, Half Humans, the Undead and others. For information! For fun! The Monster Movie Game.

SAVE YOUR MONSTERS!



SAVE FAMOUS MONSTERS

You must know how valuable Warren magazines are. You know how back issues increase in desirability and price as the supply of mint copies dwindles. So, you serious collectors of our books must be pleased to know that we're bringing out a whole fantastic line of CUSTOM-DESIGNED LEATHERETTE FINISH LIBRARY CASES. Each one holds a one-year run of this, your favorite imaginative horror mag, and keeps that run in superb condition. And has our title in gold type right on the spine! Fantastic! Order today!

This FM LIBRARY CASE features Wine-Red spine and a black leatherette body. #2634 FM LIBRARY CASE \$4.95



QUESTION: WHEN DID "THE ANSWER MAN" FIRST APPEAR IN FMOF?

Answer: Eric Hoffman had his first letter in the May '62, 17th issue.

George W. Earley took us to task: "For the benefit of those who really aren't too sure just what a monster is, let me quote Webster: 'MONSTER—any plant or animal of abnormal shape or structure, as one greatly malformed or lacking some parts...any imaginary creature part human and part animal in form, as a centaur, or made up of the parts of two different animals, as a unicorn.' So you blew 8 pages that should have been spent on real monsters when you included THE PIT & THE PENDULUM in No. 14." To which I replied: "Sorry to disappoint you, but the majority of our readers are obviously less finicky about what they want to see in our magazine than the late Mr. Webster. We won't abridge his dictionary if he won't dictate to us a limited policy on our outlook of what constitutes monsterish material."

Edward Nassour, identifying himself as the son of the producer of THE BEAST OF HOLLOW MOUNTAIN, had a letter in #17.

Daniel O'Bannon (!) said he read 2 paragraphs of my abridgment of "Who Goes There?" (basis of THE THING) and I "managed to make it unreadable and completely confused." John Clark, on the other hand, found my version "skillfully condensed. Superb."

Ah, yes, "The Lone Stranger" article, about the FrankenGlenn monster. This brings back very unpleasant memories. A young fan-about-town volunteered if I ever needed someone to take pictures of visiting celebrities he would be happy to oblige. I didn't really need his services as "me & my brownie" were doing an adequate job as far as the publisher was concerned but to give the fan a kick out of seeing some pix of his in print I let him take some now & then instead of myself. He was so anxious to meet Glenn Strange that I invited him along. He took a number of polaroids. There had been no agreement beforehand that he would be

paid anything for them; I was thinking that the privilege of meeting his favorite would be reward enough. But a short while later he approached me (so deferentially that he was almost bending over backward and backing away as he broached the subject) and said, "You know, Forry, it costs me to take polaroids, and I was kind of wondering if I could be reimbursed?" For the *firsttime* I thought about it and it seemed perfectly reasonable to me. "How much do they cost?" I asked him. "50 cents a piece." This was in 1962 and I was told at the time this was high but the *nexttime* I spoke to Warren on the phone I explained the request and was happy to hear him say, "Sure, let's give him a buck apiece." I naturally thought the fan would be delighted to be told he was going to get *twice* what

STRANGE



he asked for but in the meantime he had mentioned to someone that he was having pictures published in FMOF and whoever it was filled him full of a lot of hot air: he suddenly regarded himself as a \$25-a-shot photographer (again, remember, nearly a quarter of a century ago when money really meant something). He was not at all happy with the publisher's offer. I tried to explain to him as diplomatically as possible that if, say, Boris Karloff were to come to my house and Warren wanted the occasion covered, either Jim would be satisfied with myself doing it for nothing or, if he felt the celebrity warranted it, if he was going to pay someone \$25 a shot it would certainly be a well-established professional with half a dozen cameras, lenses, strobes, an umbrella, an assistant—the works. (Like the time *Esquire* took 1300 photos of me in a single afternoon.) "As far as I know," I said, "taking polaroids is not your way of making a livelihood but just a hobby." But he was not mollified. When the photo session with Strange was not published in the very next number (because it was not news and, in the



publisher's opinion, something more timely was used) the fan started trying to foment trouble between Strange and me. It reached my ears that Glenn was very upset because his interview had not appeared "as promised" and had deputized the fan to ask for his pictures back. I picked up the phone and called Strange. "Are you mad at me?" "No, no, not at all—I was just a little disappointed, after telling all my friends that the article about me would be in your latest issue, that it didn't appear." I explained to him that that was a publisher's decision, not an editor's, something regrettably beyond my control. "Do you want the pictures of you back?" "Oh, no, of course not, if you intend to run the article."

But that wasn't the end of it. The next thing I knew I got an intimidating phone call from a Beverly Hills lawyer: "A young man has just walked into my office and told me a very disturbing story about you." "Story is the operative word," I replied. "You haven't heard *my* side of the situation." It developed the fan wanted to sue me for 1000 (1962) dollars! And that wasn't all: my eyebrows flew off when a mutual friend told me the fan wouldn't rest till he saw me in jail where I belonged!!!

Having digested the foregoing horror story, would you believe that the fan and I are the best of friends today? Kids do crazy things, and as an adult I had a reconciliation with him many years ago. I have purposely not mentioned his name because it is immaterial who he is (was) and it would serve no useful purpose to identify him. Not more than a handful of old *FMOF* readers know who I'm talking about and I rely on their respecting my wishes not to embarrass the party in question. He knows I bear him no illwill and that's all that's important...

Known names today that appeared for the *firsttime*: David (animator) Allen, Bill (artist) Nelson, Bob (filmmaker) Greenberg, Gary Svehla (fanzine columnist while I was editor of *Monsterland*) and George "Bloody Hair Hunks" Stover (horror film actor).

FORRY—just the name, just hearing the sound **FORRY** sends a montage through my mind. It begins with issue number four through the nearly two hundred issues of *FAMOUS MONSTERS*. (I started at issue four, but instantly sent for the first three issues.) It set me on my current path through life.

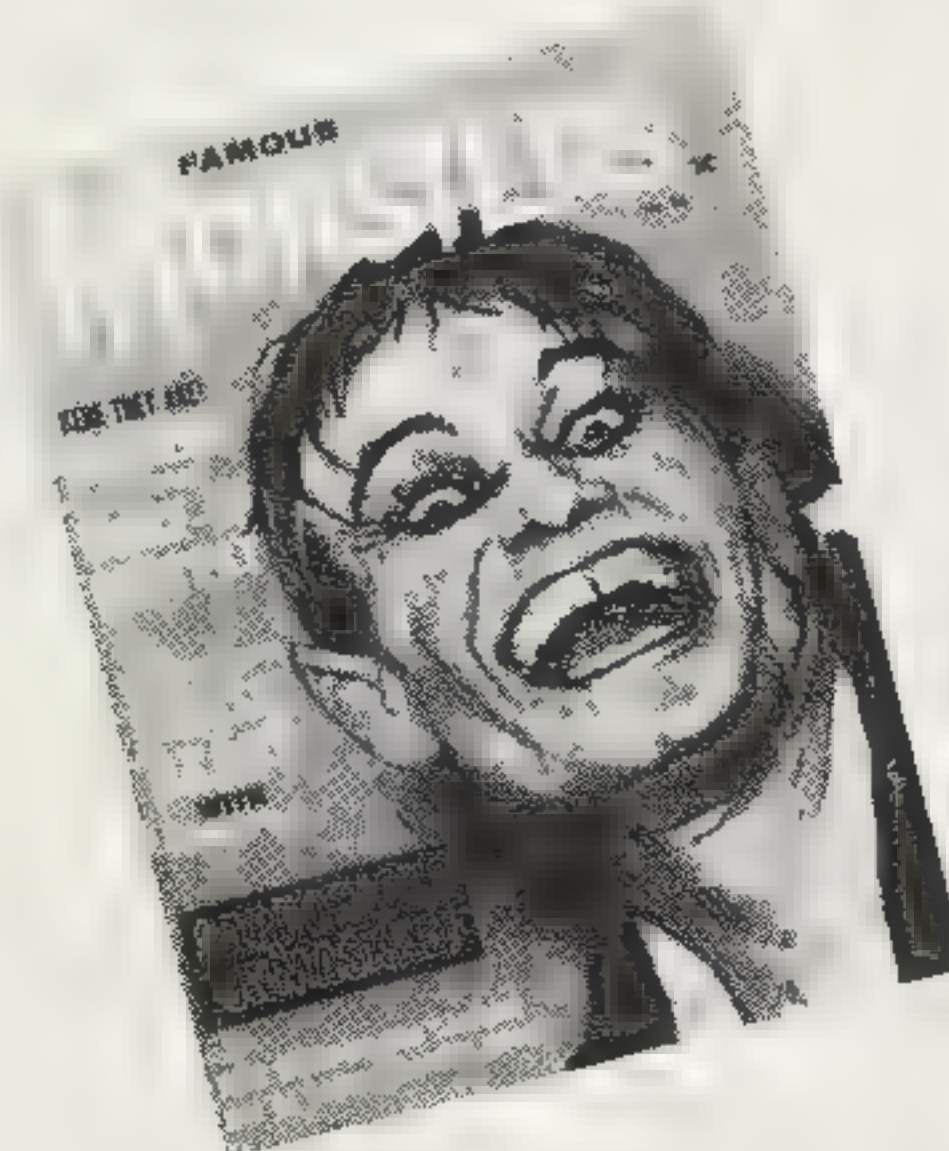
FORRY is a symbol. When I first met him at Bob Michelucci's FANTASY FILM CELEBRITY CON, a goal in my life was fulfilled. To have *my* picture taken with **FORRY**. Oh my God! I stared at that picture in my room often—to see myself in that revered of places. *That* spot where I have often seen monster after celebrity standing, sitting, posing with **FORRY**.

Tom Savini



THE END "OF FILMLAND"

With the 18th issue, July '62, "of Filmland" disappeared from the logo. Don't ask me why, I don't know; I never did understand Warren's decision.



The Perfect Issue: The following editorial proves it:

Ackerman

THE PERFECT ISSUE. At last you are holding in your hands the first error-free issue of FAMOUS MONSTERS. Dates & information double-checked & guaranteed, spelling flawless. No flukes like (p. 32 of No. 16) the linotypist's finger-fumble that turned the date on DANTE'S INFERNO from 1935 into 1953. No misspelling of Mr. Bloch's name as Block. No singular spelling of Mr. Melchior's name as Mel-choir.

In short, no mistakes.

I am reminded of the time I visited Tarzan's creator, the great Edgar Rice Burroughs, and in his home in Tarzana, Calif., he told me how time & again he had been disappointed when, reading thru one of his new books, he found a printer's error. Finally he determined no longer to trust the job to others but to proof-read his own work. Finally he was presented the completed product. As he held in his hands the first bound copy of the book he had carefully checked himself, the edition he knew beyond the shadow of a doubt to be free of error, a smile played about his lips. But it played itself out the moment he turned to the title page. And a mighty Barsoomian oath escaped the lips of Edgar Rice Burroughs as his eyes fell on his own name on the title page: Edgar Rice Burrough!

Brent Wood, Mark Pruett, Steve Howard, Greg Helfrich, Bob Barquist, Ed Budzilowicz, Tim Staggs, Mike Carney, Dave Wolfram, Bob Latona, Don Willis, Tom Roark, Ron Jones, Jeff Knokey, Dennis Turner, Bob Rosen, Cliff Johnson, Mike Ernst, Keith Robin, Jack Moore, Tom Tucker & Ray Cabana Jr.—I hope all YOUR names have come thru unscathed & spelled correctly for you were the readers with keen memories who recognized the Mystery Photo in No. 16 as the famous graveyard scene from THE ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER...not, as was reported in No. 17, THE ADVENTURES OF HUCKLEBERRY FINN! (That was just thrown in to see how many of you were awake & paying attention.)

I've almost come to the conclusion that, even if it were possible, it would be a mistake to put out perfect issues—considering how much pleasure so many of you derive from detecting errors! Maybe it would be wise to deliberately introduce one error into every issue so everyone can always feel superior? Well—

Maybe nexttime. But this issue is my triumph, my eternal achievement, my proof to posterity that it is possible to proofread & produce one Perfect Issue.

Forrest K. Akermann



Oh, oh: "Dante's Inferno!" "Are these the 50 worst horror films ever made?" we asked. "Joe Dante Jr., who's seen more than his share of monster movies, thinks so." This was an article that got me in *agua caliente* with the publisher and was to change the course of future history for the rest of *FM's* (un)natural life. I figured young Joe, then just Joe Nobody, was the typical teenage monster movie fan and as such would reflect the sentiments of the majority of our readers. But a number of the panned pix were AIP flicks and the company was on the verge of rereleasing some of them. According to Warren, President James H. Nicholson had a flaming fit, feeling the revivals would suffer at the bucks office due to the putdowns in our pages. I never then or now thought my publication wielded such influence with the readers that a good review or a bad one could significantly affect a film's reception. But Warren got on the horn with me, mad as a hornet with a ten penny nail under its tail, and chewed me out royally. "Don't ever run a criticism of another picture!" he raved. "Don't bite the hand that feeds you! If we pan a picture the producers won't cooperate with us on their next release!" Two issues later I'll tell you what it took to mollify Nicholson. Either Roger Corman didn't remember Dante's infernal remarks or he forgave and forgot for about 20 years later he let him direct (and very successfully too) *PIRANHA*.



"Do you know what you've done for me? You've added 10 years to my life, Mr. Ackerman."—Johnny Eck (now 75), the half-boy of *FREAKS*.

Firsttimers: Bob Villard, now a successful Hollywood photographer and publicist; Dan Levitt, known professionally as Gray Daniels, actor in *DRACULA VS. FRANKENSTEIN* and *THE JEKYLL-HYDE PORTFOLIO*; Mike Parry, now a noted British sci-fi & fantasy anthologist; Dian Girard, now Dian Crayne, a lady who's sold some science fiction stories; and Tony Tierney, who did the makeup of the monster in *DRACULA VS. FRANKENSTEIN*.

"A Letter We Dared Not Print" follows:

A LETTER WE DARED NOT PRINT

I dare you to print this! I am sending this to your Dead Letter Dept. because I think your magazine is DEAD! I know you won't print this because it criticizes your magazine (*just like a dozen or more other critical, "daring" letters reader O'Toole seems somehow to have missed*). First, I think it is complete chaos and I can only think of one adequate word that describes your magazine: **RIDICULOUS!** You can't print anything worth reading. All you can do is print those phony pictures. I don't see how you've gotten as many issues as you have off the market, with trash like that. And those readers who write in must be of little intelligence to read something of this nature, since there is mostly pictures. Every time I see another issue I am exasperated. How gullible the public is! I think most of your articles are dispensable. I also think your entire magazine should be effaced. **SPACEMEN** is abominable. I am 15 years old and I like to read good literature.

BOB O'TOOLE
CHICAGO, ILL.

I am surprised that you have reached the biblical count of three score and ten since it has always occurred to me that in your own way you are the pied piper, a fantasy.

Although some people consider me an expert in the field, having produced two hundred pictures in this genre, I take off my hat to you for the contribution you have made to the fantasy screen and of course the great influence you exerted on all of us with your publications.

I shall look forward to reading your autobiographical volume entitled *Forrest J Ackerman: Famous Monster of Film Land* and trust that this will not be the culmination of your efforts but only another milestone, albeit a great one, in your career.

I know that if Jim Nicholson were still with us he would join me in this sentiment. Hopefully you learned as much from American International Pictures as we learned from you.

Best personal regards,

Samuel Z. Arkoff
President & Chairman



CREATURE
FEATURES

FINAL



DEAD-LETTER EDITION

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE FAMOUS MONSTERS CLUB

FM READER GROWS UP TO PUBLISH BOOK BY FORREST ACKERMAN!



FJAFM Publisher Bob Michelucci posed with cousin Nancy Battistini along with many of his monstrous items in the 1960s. Nearly twenty years later Bob and Nancy (now McAdams) recreate their early photo.

Although I don't feel qualified to comment on what effect Forry Ackerman and FAMOUS MONSTERS has had on the current cinema scene, I can say that Forry and his magazine had quite an effect on me. While I would be at a loss to recall what I learned in school I can still quote passages from FAMOUS MONSTERS and hardly a week goes by that I don't think of Forry or that his name doesn't pop up in a conversation. You see, most everyone I know

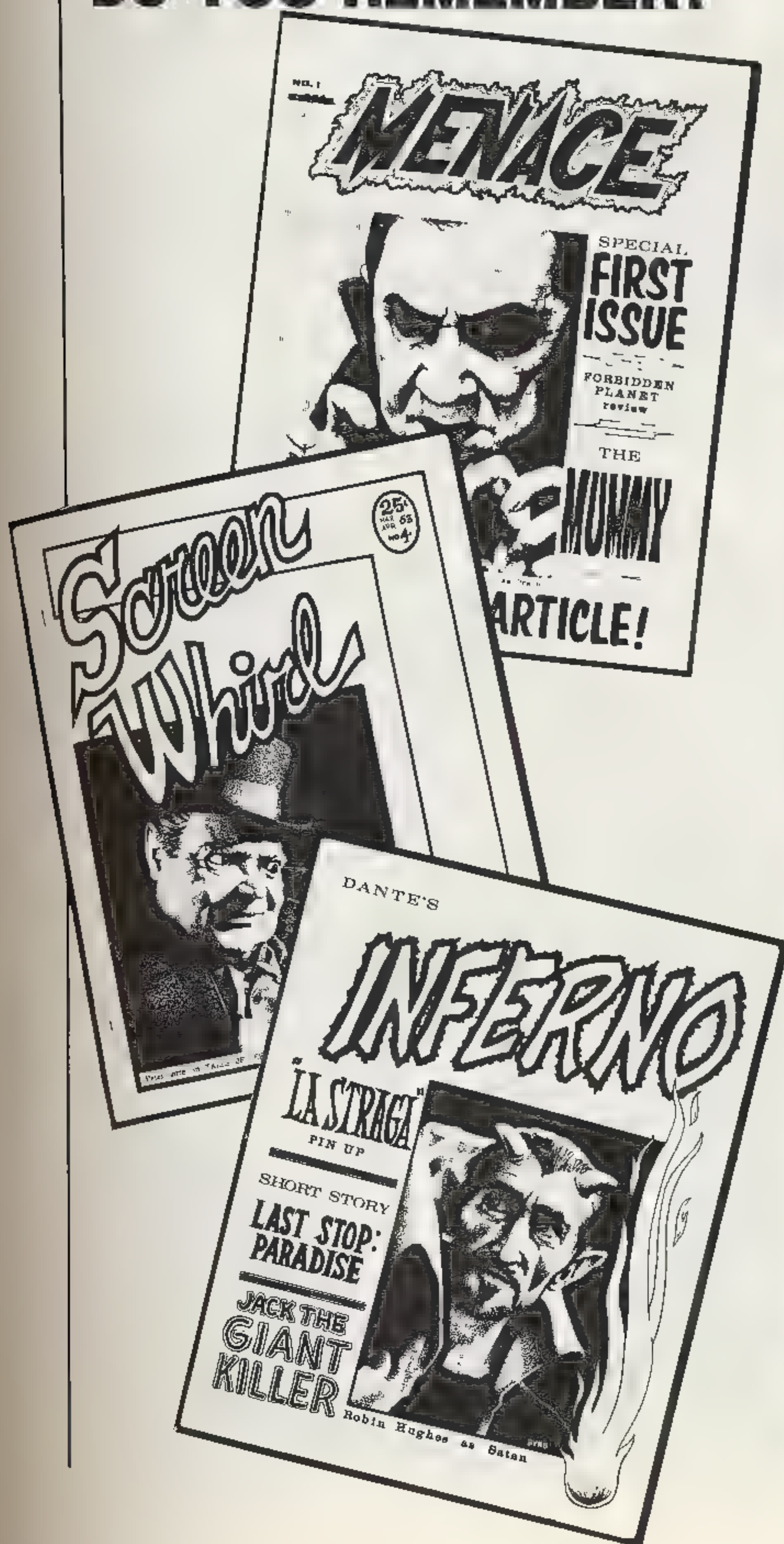
knows Forry. We all got to know each other because of his magazine.

I suspect that many of the people making science fiction and horror movies today grew up with FM. But that seems less important to me than what Forry Ackerman is as a person. He's every bit as interesting as the "famous" people he likes to talk about and I believe, in his own right, he's rather famous himself. Which I think is important to him. But more important is the

fact Forry Ackerman is a generous, warm and caring individual who took the time to make children feel special. I liked PLAYBOY when I was a kid, too, but Hugh Hefner wouldn't have accepted a phone call from me or put me in the pages of his magazine. How would I feel about the publication of an autobiographical volume on Forry? Sounds good to me. But you'll never capture the real Forry because he's scattered all over the place in the appreciative hearts of his readers.

—Mark McGee
Duarte, CA

HOW MANY OF THESE FANZINES DO YOU REMEMBER?



THEY FOUND THE MISSING MONSTERS!



I have every issue of FM, Monster World, the three paperbacks and the special issues put out for the two FM Cons. Like many others, Forry opened a world of imagination for me. I think without realizing it—what always fascinated me about horror films was the make up in them. It is truly an art form, and by reading FM over the years I became more aware of those true “Heroes of Horror”...the make up artists. That’s why I began my Witch’s Dungeon, as a tribute to the make up artists & the actors that gave us such memorable Famous Monsters.

Best wishes...
Cortlandt Hull



BLOCH

HULL

FJA

A "POE" POURRI OF FM READERS!

Here are some photos of several readers of the first fifty issues of FM. Where they were available, we have supplied their names. If you recognize yourself, we'd sure like to hear from you. Tell us what you're up to today and if possible send us a recent photo. As a matter of fact, if there are any past FM readers that can supply us with photos of themselves as youngsters holding copies of FM and current pix, we would like to print some in volume two of FJA, FAMOUS MONSTER OF FILMLAND.

WANTED!

More Readers like...



CHUCK COLEMAN



JOSEPH MACCHIA



S. BITGOOD



MARK STONE



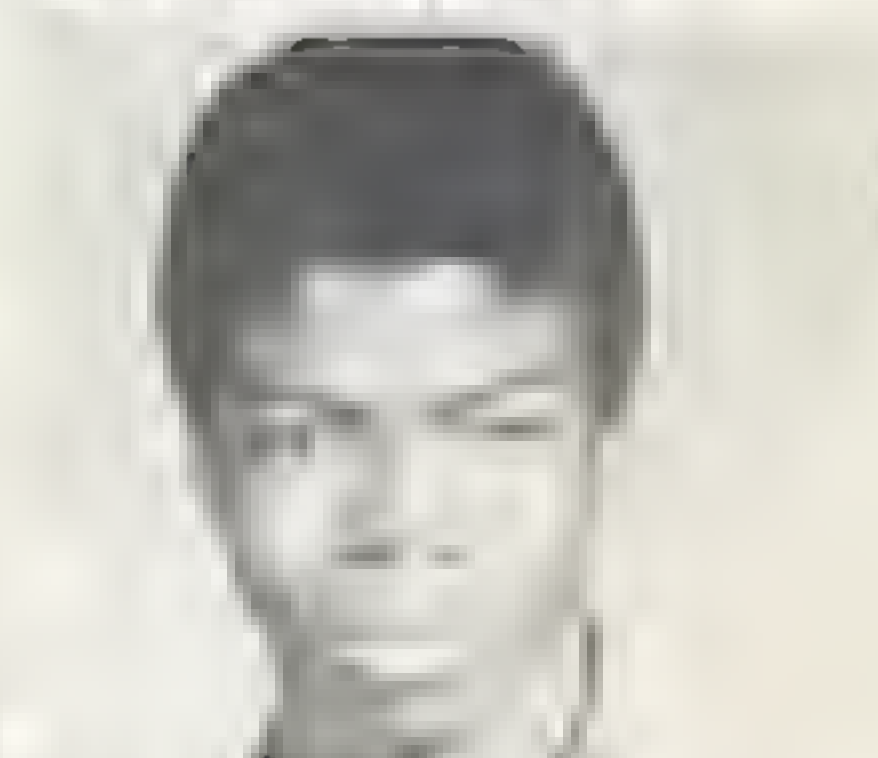
BECKY FALEN



DAVID BERRY



BORIS GRABNAR



WAYNE LEE



ALLAN BRYANT



Mickey Rooney's son TIM, 1965



SECOND ANNUAL SUMMER SPECIAL

In looking over this issue—Sep. '62, #19—I am very pleased with it. I wish all of them could have been this big—100 pages—and this good. “The Lorre Story,” “The Prehistoric Story,” the Poe Preview (TALES OF TERROR) and the Shocklist were outstanding. There was a *three* page Fang Mail loaded with meaningful and mirthful letters. Here are a few excerpts:

“It isn’t only *older people* who are really serious about their craving for the macabre but we younger kids too.”—**Jack Robinson**. “As Mr. Bloch put it, ‘Horror is something peculiar to the individual.’”—**Roger Salerno**. “Bet Loser No. 99: I bet you wouldn’t print this.”—**Ronnie B. Vogel**. “Loser No. 100: I don’t think there’s any businessmen as smart as you. Or for that fact, any business as good as yours. I was just trying to figure out what kind of men you are. The impression I get, that you are very intelligent men and that it’s a shame that your talents aren’t put to better use. Of course that same old reason pops up again: *money*. I was wondering how many readers you have that are over 21 and sane? Not many, hah! You fellows better watch yourselves [sic] or you’ll end up in the nearest nut house. Or maybe it’s just a front to make it look that you actually like that kind of stuff. I honestly believe that the latter is true. At least I hope so! I imagine its [sic] all right for kids to read your magazine, but adults? What do you think???? I am not signing my name because I am nothing to you and my name would be trivial. As a matter of record, I am now 14 years of age (and not a square).

[Trivial],
Phila, Penna.

[Editorial comment]: At last our guilty secret is out: we are mad geniuses who hate monsters, love money. Our evil scheme: drive everybody in the country [I overlooked the city at the time] into insane asylums! You see, we own ‘em all and like to keep ‘em full. We would say more but a man just arrived at our door with a cabinet. Be right with you, Dr. Caligari...” “Did you know the State Dept. picked 2 fantasy films to represent the USA in the Russian Culture Exchange for 1962? And they are 3 WORLDS OF GULLIVER and 7th VOYAGE OF SINBAD.”—**Mrs. Millie Pohl**. “Altho Lon Chaney Sr.’s acting may seem primitive to many people today, in our opinion he was (and still is) one of the finest actors in films.”—**Dick Taylor & Don Spragg**. “Chaney will live after we have all turned to dust.”—**Allan Gibofsky**. [And I’m sure Allan didn’t mean Angel Dust.] “Announcing the world’s first fanzine dedicated to FJA, *The Ackerzine*.”—**Bernie Bubnis Jr.** “Robert Bloch!—I only wish you would have more of this man’s thoughts filling your pages.”—**George Kanin**. “Hiss & Hearse: It is discouraging to an old customer like me to tell you that you forgot to print the price in the 10-foot-snake ad!”—**Arnold H. Green**.



A WEIRD TO THE WISE

#20, Nov. '62. Ah, yes. We open up and in place of my usual editorial what do we find, a photo of the publisher presenting to James H. Nicholson the Famous Monsters Magazine Producers Award for the horror hit of 1962, *THE PIT AND THE PEN-*

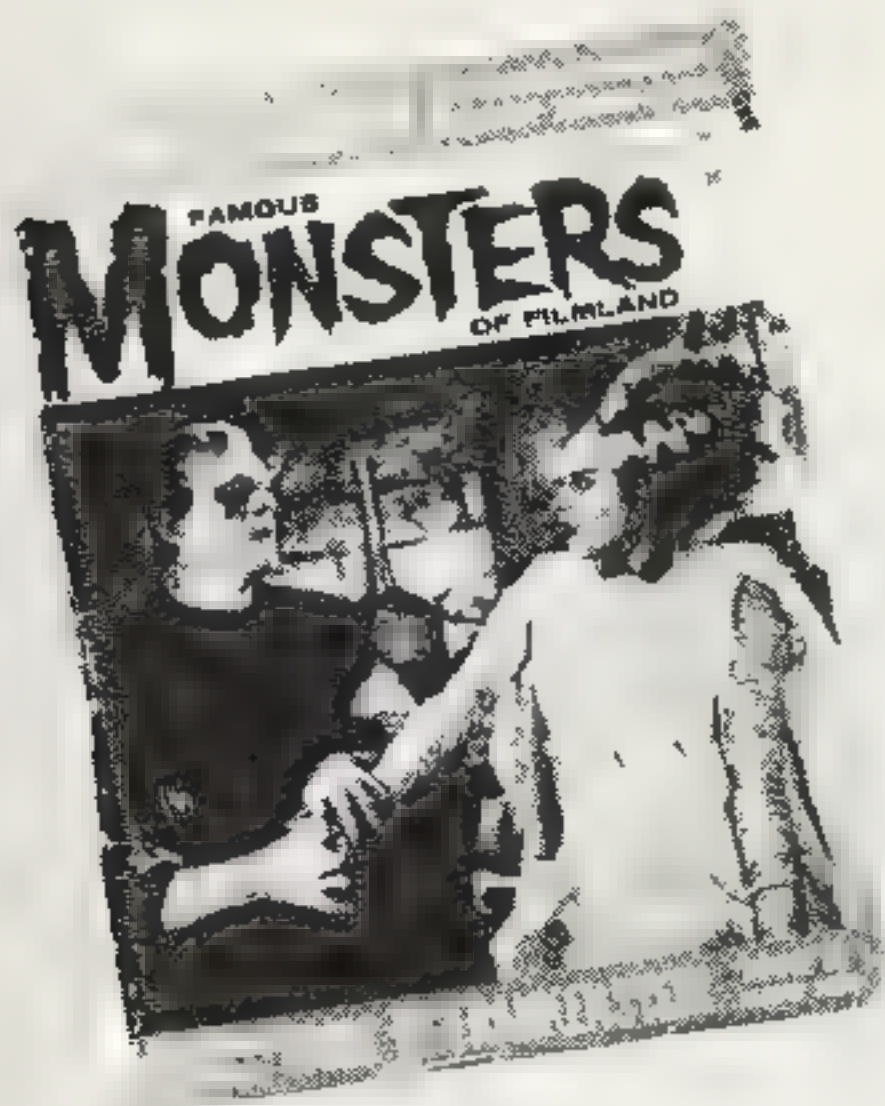
DULUM. This presentation was the sequel to the "scandal" I told you about in #18, where Joe Dante's (in)famous list of horrible horror films caused such a teatemptepot (that's a tempest in a teapot) at AIP. According to Warren he had to pacify AIP for Dante's panning of some of their product by creating this award for the company and presenting it to their president. Alas, all is ego.

Charles P. Johnson sent us an exceptional letter so long (6800 words) that we could only publish excerpts from it. "Wendayne Wahrman certainly would appear to be the leading female authority on imagi-movies. Inside Ackerman a fine addition; when I read it I feel as tho FJA is talking to me."

Robert Woods had another long critical letter in the issue. Among other opinions he held, "Mr. Bloch is so critical that there wouldn't be any more science-fiction fantasy films if everyone else shared his opinions. . . Vincent Price & Christopher Lee are the only new, good horror actors today. . . I would like to say that horror movies are going into a new era." Okay, say away!

Here was a letter from Dan Jenkins, a faithful fan of mine yet. During the production of this book he came to visit me with his bride Eva from Thailand.

But it was the end of the honesty of Inside Ackerman because of the Inferno Incident. . .



THE GHOULDEN AGE BEGINS

The Feb. '63 issue, #21, according to a rubberstamp in one of my copies, appeared 3 days before Xmas '62 and was a real Ack's Mass present to my readers. The magazine was doing so well that Warren decided to give another 100-page issue for 50 cents and at the same time he gave me my head and let me run with it (never mind the *phormeta*—that's a mixed metaphor).

Featured was a humungous *stillustrated* homage to THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN, no less than *forty-two pages in length!* "Son of Kong" was a fascinating feature about master animator Ray Harryhausen. "The Crystal Ball" revealed 100 imagi-

movies scheduled for production in 1963.

The name of R.W. surfaced for the *firsttime*. He would enter my life on my 60th birthday, endear himself to me, be in line to inherit the Ackermansion and all it contains, louse up his relationship with me, disappear for a year or two, be given a second chance, contact friends of mine all over the world and create a manuscript from their responses about me, and when it ("The Enchanted Forrest") was all set to be printed at my expense (with royalties to go to R.W.), without a word he walked off the job (when I was prepared to give him a raise and a 6-month moratorium on a 4-figure debt he owed me and still does). . . Well, that's only the tip of the iceberg. More I shall refrain from saying.

Fang Mail contained the following ludicrous letter, which I titled Sees Red:

SEES RED

Who are you trying to kid? You always talk about serious horror movies. I'm afraid there just isn't such an animal. If you tell your readers that Lon Chaney movies are some sort of art, and that it takes great talent to stagger around with a hideous face and twisted figure, then I really believe your magazine could be Communist inspired.

BOB LONG

OMAHA 6, NEB.

• Communist inspired!!! Do you hear that, Comrades Poeski, Blochovitch, Amerikanski-International Studios, Boris Karloff (now there's a suspicious Russian-sounding name!—except the venerable old actor to whom it belongs took it as a stage monicker long after he was born William Pratt in England), Peter Lorrevitch, Hammer (and Sickie) Films, and many others too humorous to mention! "Knock! Knock!" "Who's there?" "Soviet." "Soviet who?" "When our friend the Frankengrad monster & we received this letter we were hungry for laffs—Soviet it!" Seriously—well, what can you say seriously to such a fantastic suggestion as this? Robert Bloch denies he carries any card other than the Red Ripper (Red Ripper? Yeah: Jack of Hearts!) while FJA freely confesses that he's a card-carrying member: "I always have a joker up my sleeve!"

"Of Filmland" was back for some years to come.



TOMB MARCHES ON

Apr. '63, #22, was another gem-packed 100-page issue.

Jim Dan(osaurus)forth appeared with a tribute to the late Willis (Kong) O'Brien. Our Istanbul correspondent Giovanni Scognamillo introduced us to his one-year-old daughter Sandra. Reader Robert Rosen found "The Prehistoric Story" to be "fabulous. The writing was adult, human & chummy; in short, Ackerman at his best."

I am writing this resume of #22 from a copy once owned by reader Daniel F. Cole. I can tell because we had a coupon in it called Calling All Co-Editors, inviting the readers to fill out a coupon with their comments. Cole cooperated but never mailed in the coupon! He listed as his Favorite Article "the 16-page spread on DRACULA"; second best, "Meal with a

Monster" (Karloff interview) by William F. Nolan of LOGAN'S RUN fame. I did a big obituary on Willis O'Brien and a major feature on Tod Browning, "Dean of the Horror Directors." Martin Varno surfaced: before long he would script NIGHT OF THE BLOOD BEAST.

This portion of the editorial I think you'll find amusing & educative:

A Forry Story for Batniks: In my home recently, a visiting filmonster fan mentioned that he had read "some other" movie horror magazine before FM came out. I challenged this with a very simple flat statement: there was no other before James Warren published FAMOUS MONSTERS. "Oh yes there was!" he emphatically declared; "I remember buying it." "You may have bought some other monster magazine before discovering FM," I said, "but as sure as I know that Lon Chaney Shall Not Die and METROPOLIS is my favorite scientifilm, I can assure you there was no such filmagazine before FM. We were inspired by the French film revue that I have often mentioned, the one that devoted a single issue to coverage of sci-fi & horror on the screen; but we definitely created & pioneered the first real monster motion picture periodical in history."

Still he persisted, until at last, provoked, I made him a proposition: "How would you like to own my house? The 25,000 books, magazines, stills, paintings, etc? I'll bet the Ackermansion, plus all the fantasy in the Garage Mahal, against that nice new car you have parked in my driveway, that



Tod Browning (Director)...Lon Chaney (star)...THE ROAD TO MANDALAY.

there was no filmmonsterzine on the market before FAMOUS MONSTERS.

After we shook tentacles on the wager I proceeded to demonstrate to his satisfaction that the short-lived World Famous Creatures, Screen Chills (single issue), Monster Parade, Journal of Frankenstein (1), Werewolves & Vampires (1) and the scarcely remembered 2-issue Monsters & Things had all copied us, coming out at later dates. (As a matter of record, we have published more issues of FAMOUS MONSTERS than all the issues of all the imitators that have appeared in the past 5 years!)

So that's the scoop on my auto coup(e). If you think you see Vincent Price delivering your favorite magazine to your newsstand in a graveyard gray Ghoulsmobile, run over & say—"Hello, Forry"

The circulation figures indicated a slight decrease in average annual readership to 117,160. (But I never for a nanosecond believed the figures were accurate.)

I started a little feature that I liked a lot, Uncalming Attractions: "The forecast for the fanta-seas is: high waves of excitement coming!" Little teasers like movie trailers about forthcoming features in *FM*. But Warren quickly canned it. His reason: fear that it would tip our hand to competitors. He didn't even like me to credit contributors for fear our rivals (I never considered we had any) would get to them and woo them away. "You may be right, FJA, but I'm boss."



Forry Ackerman is the only one upon whom the Freedom of Metropolis is bestowed by the Creator of Metropolis
—Fritz Lang



WITH FRITZ (METROPOLIS/WOMAN IN THE MOON/M) LANG in the last years of his life. Lang is seen with a pet toy monkey which he so loved that he took it to the grave with him. From Elly Bloch, friend of his widow, Forry inherited the wife & son of Lang's simian pet.

INSIDE JAMES WARREN



Publisher's Preface At a conservative estimate, I have put more than 2 1/2 million copies of FAMOUS MONSTERS into circulation during its first 5 years. No other monster magazine can make that statement—but they probably will anyway, considering their carelessness with the truth and inability to accept the unpleasant (to them) fact that we were first and did start the trend. Also, it may have escaped your attention, but none of the other monster magazines has ever revealed its sales figures. We do, annually & proudly. At last report we were selling an average of 117,000 copies—an astonishing 25,000 copies more than the top-selling science fiction magazine. However, my ego-bruising editor will not let me get too swelled a head for he forces me to say that “This is not to imply that on an absolute scale of values we are better than Galaxy or Analog—we are not even competing with Pohl or Campbell’s products and in fact are not even considered by the majority of s.f. fans to be in the s.f. field.” Nevertheless, it is gratifying to me—and I am sure it is to the close to half a million of you who are close to FM—that my editor is helming a science-fantasy periodical (quasi tho it may be and cwasy as it undeniably is!)

with such an overwhelmingly popular appeal.

For better or blush, all the professional sci-fi publishers have their circulation figures right out in the open for comparison. I challenge the other monsterzines to stack theirs up against mine but doubt they will rush to do so. Out on the west coast recently, in the presence of a reporter for Science-Fiction Times, a usually reliable writer who has been a rather regular contributor to one of our “rivals” admitted that he was afraid their sales were only a very disappointingly low 40,000. This was a shocking revelation indeed concerning a “competitor” which was conceived in the conceit that it would immediately put all others in the shade, show FM its heels and demonstrate how a cinema horror publication should be handled, both editorially & visually. From the beginning they arrogated to themselves the title of “World’s Greatest Monster Magazine” which is like the lower half of every double bill that is always called “Second Great Hit” regardless of its merit. The name without the game is not the same as an earned success. We believe we’ve earned ours but find it more telling to be told than to tell our own opinion.

James Warren
PUBLISHER

INSIDE GREENEST ACKERMAN

I am emerald with envy. My power mad publisher has gone & grabbed most of the space where I generally get to blow my toupee. Well, as long as he doesn’t invade my domain more than once every 25 issues...

So: instead of answering at length Crankensteins who call me Communist or Dare John darers who bid with boring regularity for attention by swearing they know I’ll never publish such a damning epistle; on this significant occasion I do want to utilize the little room left to ruminate about the fine helpmates I’ve got acquainted with since FM began. At the beginning of 1958 I’d never heard of Dan Levitt, John Brunas, Jim Adams, Jeff Knokey, Peter Claudius, Sam Thorpe, Chas. Osborne, David Stidworthy, Chris Collier, Gary Dorst, Mark McGee, Clark Wilkinson, Ron

Waite and a couple others whom I’m morally certain I’ll give myself a Kong-sized kick in the kitchen for forgetting; I certainly want to express my appreciation on this joyous anniversary for the unusual amount of interest they have manifested in the magazine and for their continuous kindnesses & contributions above & beyond the call of duty.

Our Annual Weird Film Award is coming up—and we think we’ve picked a macabre movie that will prove a worthy successor to last year’s PIT & THE PENDULUM and will prove a popular choice when our decision is announced.

Our 26th issue will be better than this one; our 27th better than the 26th; #28—well, it might slip a bit & revert to being merely sensational.

Seriously—have fun.
FORRY



"DARE" JOHN

June '63, #23, and in response to a letter taking me to task for an article on "Monster Kicks on Route 66" I replied at length:

(If FM were a newsmagazine like TIME, and our publication called TOMB covered the weekly events of terrorvision & imagi-moviedom, it might be possible with more frequency & accuracy than now to preview & review TV and theatrical presentations. But when there is a lapse of perhaps 8 weeks between the time something is written & something is read—sometimes as much as 3 months or more—it is a perpetual & perplexing problem and, as in your case, vexing one, to keep news from growing stale & to cope with the film or video production on which we have stills &

studio information & nothing else to go on. Naturally any publicity puff handed out by a motion picture co. or TV station is going to praise the product & attempt to persuade one in advance that this particular production is on no account to be missed. To make matters worse, my life being as crowded & complicated as it is, I wasn't even sure if when the time came I'd get to see the monster episode of "Route 66." At the time I was attending the World Science Fiction Convention in Chicago and the word got around that Karloff, Lorre & Chaney Jr. were in town acting in the episode, there was quite a bit of excitement generated among Robert Bloch, Jim Hollander, Dave Keil, Bob Greenberg, Bill Obbagy, Don Glut and other imagi-movie fans who heard about it. It sounded good and, like the rest, I hoped for the best. When an airmail special delivery package arrived from New York from my publisher, and out popped pictures of Karloff as the Frankenstein Monster for the first time in nearly a quarter of a century... Lon Jr. recreating his own father's role as Quasimodo...etc....I feel I would have been derelict in my duty to monsterdom to have withheld the fotos. They were of historical significance inarguably, even if you wish to argue—and I would be inclined to agree with you—that the 3 undeniably famous monsters were treated infamously. Am I to understand, John, that had you been editor of FM you would have



waited till you saw the program, even tho your publisher had gone to considerable efforts to get advance & exclusive fotos; and then, having seen it & been disappointed, an issue later when it was halfway forgotten that you didn't consider the telecast rated mention or else ignored its existence altogether? In that case, can you imagine how many letters you'd get taking you to task for an "obvious oversight?" Until you've digested about 10,000 letters from readers over the course of 5 years, I doubt you could have any conception. You want my opinion? After viewing the program, as a fan, I thought it was bad. Cheap, heart-breaking, blasphemous. Before I saw it, and after the fact, as an editor, and under publisher's orders, I feel I did the right thing. Readers' reactions reinforced my editorial judgment 7 to 1. "Lizard's Leg & Owlet's Wing" was presented as a horror spoof & my pre-writeup of it was done chetongueek—that's tongue in cheek. It was no accident but a carefully worked out last line capable of a double interpretation.

Robert Bloch was back with "Calling Dr. Caligari," *Frankenstein* of 1910 was uncovered; Dracula, Harryhausen and Karloff were featured; and you wouldn't believe the number of fanzines & fanclubs announced in the Haunt Ads section: The Lon Chaney Fan Club, Horror fanzine, The Forry Ackerman Fan Club, Kaleidoscope fanzine, Horror Lovers' Fan Club, The Garden Ghouls Club, Space-Monsters fanzine, The Fantasy Journal, Monster-Times, Famous Creatures, Frankenstein club, Claws of Horror Club, Transylvanian Movie-Makers, Witches of Wichita, The Coffin Bangers, Classic Horror Club, The Cyclops Club (one to keep an eye on), The Monster Club (eventually a movie), The International Bela Lugosi Fan Club, Karloff-Lugosi-Chaney Horror Soc'y, Cool Ghouls Club, Curse fanzine, The Loup-Garous, Dracula Fan Club, The Haunted (of FM & SM), Monster Inc. Club, Fiends Inc., Shock Inc., Transylvania Ghouls, Lagoon Monsters, The Gore Assn., The Monsters of Detroit, Monsters Fan Club, Frankenstein Monster Club and Monsters International (inter-gnash-nal, that is).



Good news that Forry is at last going to write his OWN story, dealing with his incredible devotional contribution to fantasy, horror and sci-fi in movies. Who has done more? Who can tell it better? I want to read that. Forry's generosity if anything eclipses his reputation as a collector and instructor. He not only keeps the flame of his love of films alive but flames the passion and enthusiasm of ever new generations by producing the sort of magazine and work that ignites the minds of young people. With Forry, 70 years doesn't signify his age as much as the length of time in which he has enjoyed his passion and found ways to share it.

I've really only known Forry Ackerman a short time, what, a mere 20 years of his long and positive life. In that time I have often been to his house; met many of his fascinating friends who were drawn to him for the same reason, good company, good cheer and shared passion; we have traded and helped each other. He is one of the few people to whom I would entrust a rare treasure because Forry doesn't hoard things, rather he immediately shares it with that world out there who might never get to see him and his collection in person, but through his writings and his magazines, they can get their first glimpse of otherwise lost and forgotten pleasures. And he has encouraged those who've come to him to go out and do their own work, whether to write about films or to make them, or create make-ups as marvellous as those of his idol, the man of a thousand faces. Forry has only one face, benign, good-humoured, as trusting as when he first started out, and given the nature of some of the people who have crossed his path but not always kept his faith, that is a pretty remarkable trait of his character.

The only thing I would quibble with is the proposed title of his autobiog, FORREST J ACKERMAN: THE FAMOUS MONSTER—Forry ain't no monster. He's a kid who loves to dress up. Long may he continue and give new generations the benefit of his knowledge and his treasures.

Best regards,
Sincerely yours,

John C. Kobal

JOHN KOBAL is England's premiere collector of imagi-movie memorabilia and author of numerous world-class volumes about mundane motion pictures.



DRACULA AWARD

The Count Dracula Society

DEVOTED TO SERIOUS STUDY OF THE HORROR FILM AND GOTHIC LITERATURE

presents

The *Mrs. Ann Radcliffe*  AWARD

to

Forrest J Ackerman

FOR THE EDITORIAL EXCELLENCE OF
"FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND" MAGAZINE

Donald A. Reed

DONALD A. REED, President

Manuel Weltman

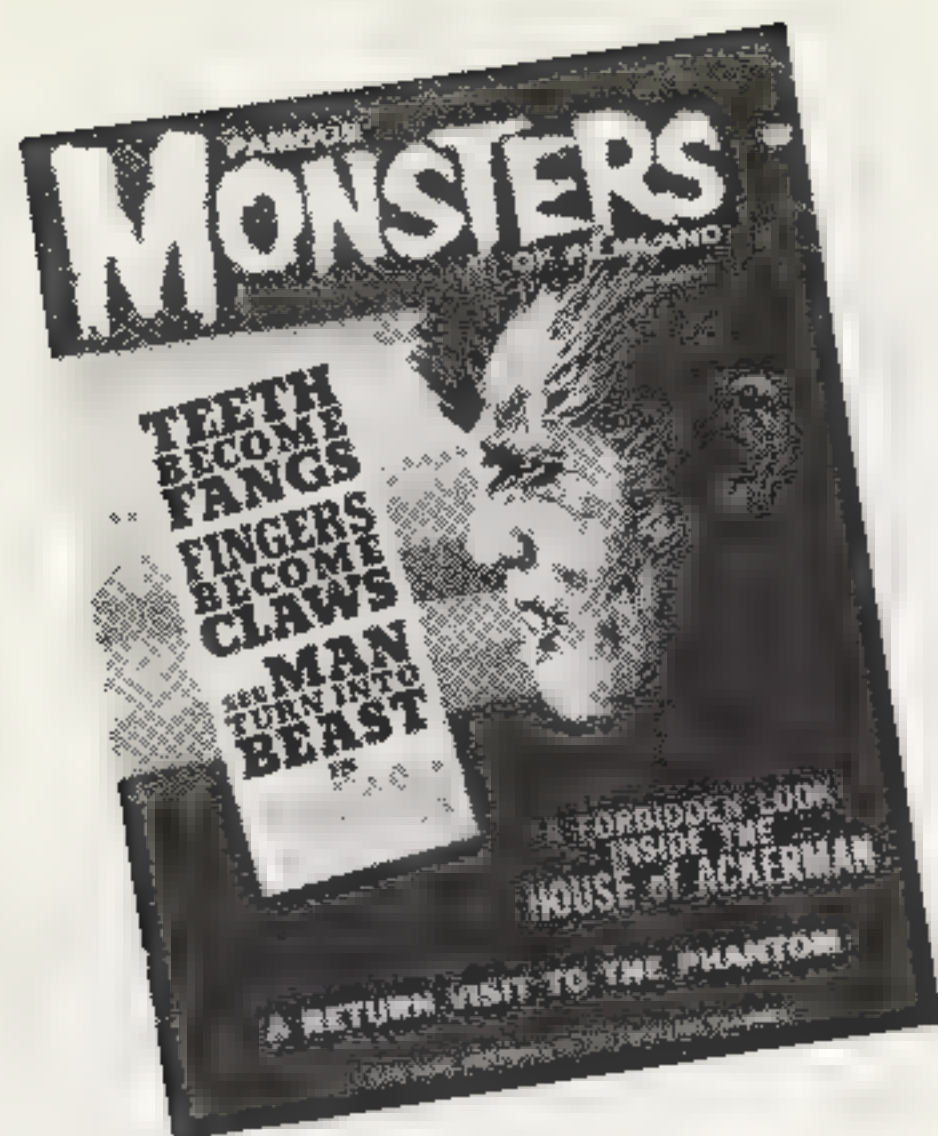
MANUEL WELTMAN, Secretary-Treasurer



Dr. Donald A. Reed, then and...now

"How's this for an award?" asked Bill Kennedy, better known as MR. L.A., in his column in the Los Angeles Herald-Examiner, 31 Jan. '63; continuing, "Boris Karloff, Shock Theater & Forrest J Ackerman, editor of FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND magazine, have just won the 1962 Mrs. Ann Radcliffe Awards. It was voted by the Count Dracula Society, a batch of LA devotees of the horror film." Mrs. Radcliffe, the columnist went on to explain, wrote in the early 19th century & is known as the Mother of Gothic Horror Stories. Her most famous work: the macabre novel, "The Mysteries of Udolpho."

The following Sunday the gentlemen from the Dracula Society, namely its president & secretary, arrived at Mr. Ackerman's home to make the official presentation.



ALL-TIME FAVORITE

Aug. '63, #24: this was my all-time favorite issue. Here's the editorial:

etaoin shrdlu qwertyuiop?

No, you have not picked up the Sanskrit edition of **FAMOUS MONSTERS** by mistake. After the fantastic number of foulups in last issue's typography, a roar of readers has written in with but a single question, and in answer to your mass blast let me say: "No, I am **not** deliberately attempting to create a world record for errors in a single issue—I am succeeding without even trying!" Rather, I am receiving involuntary "help."

In FM No. 23, I had difficulty puzzling out the mixed up paragraphs in the interview with Boris Karloff, and I wrote it, so I can imagine how the misplaced sentences must have baffled many of you! It is a pitiful sight to see a grown man cry; fortunately, I cast no reflection in the mirror, else I couldn't have borne to look at myself while I dried my tears. My first thot after noting all the errors in the issue was that a spy from a rival monster-zine had got into the printing room & deliberately sabotaged the issue. Because everything was properly spelled & correctly identified when it left me. I know the difference between Karloff in the old **RAVEN** and the new, and similar witches' switches; and I am probably one of the last persons you will ever meet on this planet who got a straight "A" in English thru 4 years of High School. I graduated at a time when it still mattered whether one could spell & knew how to punctuate properly. When you encounter forms like nite, thru, tho, thot, foto catalog(ue), dialog(ue), etc., in material written or edited by me, it's not because I'm not familiar with the older, more formal forms, but because I have long believed that individuals with intelligence & imagination & foresight should be simplifying & compacting the English language for a quarter of a century or more but I can still spell plenipoten-tiary or polymorphonucleated leucocyte without consulting Webster, altho lately I will confess to forgetting the exact vowel here & there in a

jawbreaker like supercallifedulisticespialladocious, a word I don't have occasion to use more than about once every 10 years, and which in the second place isn't in the dictionary in the first place.

It is ironic that during the last World War (and let's hope it was the last) I edited & proofread an Army newspaper & besides being a prize-winner, it was about as perfect a product as you could find. Because to date, due to geographical distances & time considerations, it has been denied me to take pride in presenting that same perfect product in the publication nearest & dearest to my heart. If I were on the spot to check the "proofs" before the final press run, I'm sure the goofs we've been plagued with in the past would disappear like Claude Rains in **THE INVISIBLE MAN**.

It seems like only yesterday (when in actuality it was the day before) that Mark Twain said to me, he said, "Lad"—he was only 5 years older than I but he always called me lad—"Lad," he said, "I got no respect for a man who can't spell a word more than one way!" Mark sure would've had a heap o' respect for our printers but I'm hoping he would have pointed the finger of derision at one Steven Jochsberger.

Remember the name, folks: **Steven Jochsberger**.

Because after last issue's debacle, my publisher has made the decision to hire someone to be specifically responsible for proofreading, caption checking & that kind of thing. Steve's got the job, so from now on if you see **THE BLOB** spelled **THE BLOOB**, or Peter Lorre's name under a picture of Elsa Lanchester, or a sentence that begins with a question mark & ends with a comma, you'll know Steve was in a coma while proofreading & is going to be in a dilemma the firsttime a reader writes in to complain! Sneaky snorkel that I am, I have deliberately spelled Steven's name Stephen at one place in this issue, just to make sure he's awake & paying attention & corrects it! If his own name appears misspelled, it'll be no one's fault but his own!

• • •

Did you hear that Alfred the Great is going to make a sequel to **THE BIRDS**? It's to be called **WING ALONG WITH HITCH**. I also heard from another little bird—I think it was a Blochbird—that Gregory Peck is going South of the Border to make a Mexican sequel to the film for which he won an Academy Award. Title? **TEQUILA MOCKINGBIRD**.

• • •

If you learned of a film made 60 years ago called, say, **DRACULA'S TUSSLE**, you'd admittedly think it was a peculiar title, wouldn't you, but would there be any doubt in your mind but what it was a film based on Bram Stoker's celebrated vampire novel? I mean, surely nobody would be making a movie about Joe Dracula's tussle or the big fight Fred Dracula had. So, naturally, when our Australian correspondent Chris Collier made the amazing discovery that the American Mutoscope

& Biograph Co. produced a picture in 1902 called FRANKENSTEIN'S TRESTLE, he came to the understandable conclusion that, strange as it seemed, this was the earliest known film about Mary Shelley's bizarre brainchild. It cost publisher Warren 20 bucks & took Atlanticoast authority Sam Sherman & Pacificoast authority Walt Lee to check out this title & discover to everyone's dismay that that Frankenstein was an **ordinary town's name!** Proving once again the perils of circumstantial evidence. After all kinds of guesses as to what the title was, such as FRANKENSTEIN'S TERROR, FRANKENSTEIN'S TWIN, FRANKENSTEIN'S TROUBLE, etc., Jim Adams of Charlotte, North Carolina, wired in the right word—**trestle**—and Marc Antony Russell was the first to write it in. I was all set to advance the theory that, 60 years ago when someone originally wrote the word, it was actually **castle** (which would make some sense) and the handwriting had been misread & copied as **trestle** (which seemed to make no sense at all). Then along came General Sherman & General Lee (Sam & Walt, that is) with their consarned choo-choo & ran right over my theory, trestle & all!

• • •

This summer several hundred of you will have the opportunity to meet me in your **own home**. When I told Robert Bloch what I planned to do, he said, "Oh—an Ill Will Tour!" Judge for yourself, all the details are in this issue of FAMOUS MONSTERS.

• • •

Next issue will be our 25th, a momentous anniversary. It will be our greatest issue, bar none, or my name isn't

Forrest J Ackerman

There was an immensely long letter—it took up 3 pages of Fang Mail!—from Sam Thorpe, who, as far as I know, was our first black reader, a very muscular young man with a lot of muscle in his missives. I've often wondered how he fared in life and if by any chance he should read this, be it known, Sam, that I'd be delighted to hear from you.

Paul Linden first appeared in *FM* with (false modesty aside) one of the most popular articles ever published, "The Amazing Ackermmonster," billed on the cover as A Forbidden Look Inside the House of Ackerman. There was a 20-page coverage of THE WEREWOLF OF LONDON. And an astounding announcement known as PROJECT 6000 (it eventually grew to 8700) wherein the filmonster fans of the time learned of the possibility of a visit in their own home of Efejay the Terrible and the Ackerwoman. 1300 boys & girls wrote from all over the USA to say that they would like to meet us on our transcontinental roundtrip by car. More of this anon.

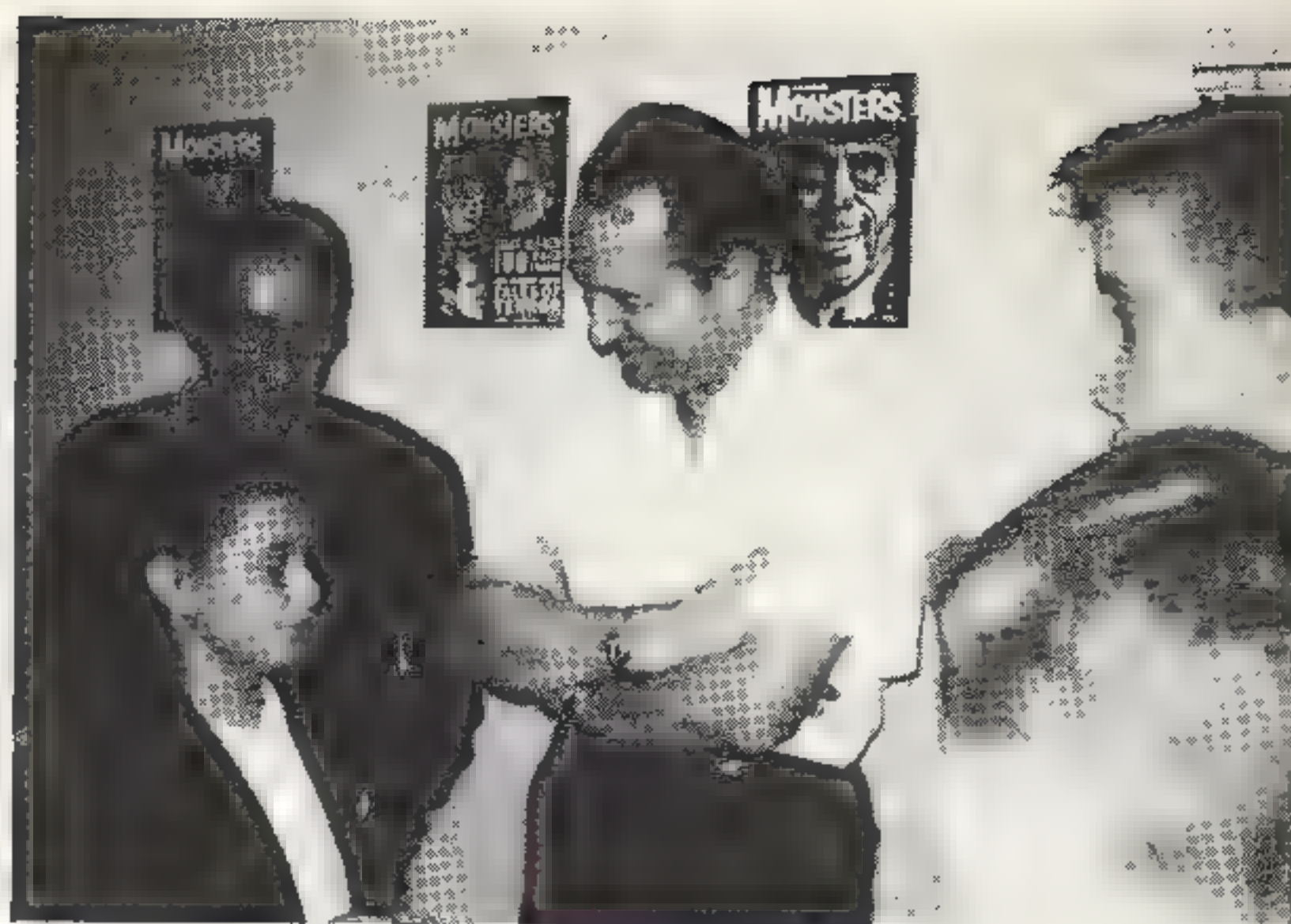
FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND



PROJECT 6000 grew by 2700 miles before it was thru. I signed this glossy foto for fans I met all the way from Reno to New York City and back again. Lon Chaney's star still shines on the sidewalk of Hollywood Blvd.



JIM WARREN bet me the precocious lad looking up at me wouldn't know what the word "retrospect" meant. He was always after me for "writing above the heads" of my readers. He lost that bet. (To my left, imagi-movie producer Sam Sherman.) NYC gathering.



JAMES WARREN (left) & FJA listen to expert opinion of critical reader at NYC fan gathering.



A MINI-MONSTERCON in the Brobdingagian Burg known as the Big Apple.



SHAKING HANDS with a Wichita (I think) fan. I met him again, all grown up, at a sci-fi convention several years ago . . . and bought some back issues of FMOF from him!



PHILADELPHIA FANS. I'm still in touch with the black girl (woman? lady? I never know how to address a member of the female sex nowadays, for fear of unintentionally offending a feminist. However, this friend of 20 years knows I wouldn't intentionally offend her. Maybe I should just call her a monster fan.)

Cutie Carol Wald.





A young Fredrick S. Clarke of CFQ.



KICKING THE KONG AROUND

The subhead above will only ring a bell if you're of the early Cab Calloway generation and are familiar with his song "Kicking the Gong Around." This issue—#25, Oct. '63—featured the first part of a prodigious effort, "The Kong of Kongs" (Kong actually means King in Norwegian). The pyrotechnic feature of the issue was the short-fused letter that caused me to explode. Missive follows:

SON OF DOUBTING THOMAS

How can you prove you were the first filmonster magazine? Another horror movie magazine says you only think you were first.

FRANK TAYLOR
DAYTON, OHIO



"THIS MAGAZINE looks good enough to eat!"

The title Fang Mail was changed this issue to Post Mortem. One of our great letters appeared, and follows:

AN EXPERT SPEAKS FROM EXPERIENCE

I have never written to any magazine before. And I propose this to be my one & only time to do so, but—I have had it! For some time now there has been some sort of ravenous monster gnawing at my vitals & seems the only way I can destroy it is to get it out of my system by writing you. I do not claim to be an authority on monster movies or any other kind, in fact, and my association & connection with movies of any kind is practically unknown to some people. I am a projectionist & have been for nearly 40 years.

I believe my many years spent in the projection booths of various theaters should qualify me to make known my personal feelings concerning any type of motion pictures as I have run nearly everything that ever came out on film since the days of the old silent flickers. I remember running the original LOST WORLD in 1925 or '26; silent, of course, in those days. I also remember all too well how one of the projector motors broke down on that picture and I had to crank the film thru for 3 matinees & nite shows! I well

remember the original DR. JEKYLL & MR. HYDE, which starred Fredric March, I believe, & the original FRANKENSTEIN & MUMMY series starring Boris Karloff & Lon Chaney Jr. To this day those 2 have remained my favorites. Only a couple years ago I was fortunate enough to obtain a print of FRANKENSTEIN & BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN, also THE MUMMY & THE MUMMY'S CURSE, to run for a Halloween show & not 1 of over 400 patrons, teenagers & adults alike, left before all 4 features were finished. The older adults all said they enjoyed seeing these old horror movies over again & the teenagers said they didn't believe they made such good movies in those days & that it was like being taken back into the time of their parents youth. I only recently ran, to name a few, MOTHRA, MAGIC SWORD, THE DEMON, the new color version of THE MUMMY, 13 GHOSTS, THE TINGLER, PREMATURE BURIAL & TALES OF TERROR, also many more of recent vintage, all good in their own right, but to me none could equal the old originals like THE LOST WORLD, KING KONG, FRANKENSTEIN or THE MUMMY. Perhaps for sentimental reasons on my part, as a reminder of my early years in this business, but I have heard many people say they have seen nearly all the horror films thruout the years but none shocked them or just plain scared the heck out of them like Boris Karloff when he first appeared on the screen in FRANKENSTEIN or as THE MUMMY in the early 30s. Now my main gripe is this: many parents refuse to let their children to go see some horror movies because it might give them nightmares or bad dreams. In some cases that is true & some children are oversensitive to such things & should not be allowed to see things on the movie screen that will disturb them emotionally. But at the same time the kids stay home & watch as bad or worse on TV while their parents go to the

nearest movie or the farthest one to see the same monsters that they won't allow their kids to see! Perhaps the parents think the kids are safer at home with their TV monsters & bloodshed than they are at the theater, sitting beside their parents. On the other hand some of these same parents will not only permit but insist on the kids going to see such unquestionably adult pictures as GOD'S LITTLE ACRE, FROM THE TERRACE & many more in that category and I refer to one here I had the displeasure to run recently at the drive-in, POOR WHITE TRASH. During the 4 days I ran it we caught at least 12 cars with kids from 8 to 15 concealed in the trunk by their parents so they could sneak the kids in to see it & the same people would not let the kids come to see THE 7th VOYAGE OF SINBAD only a few days later! Because, they said, SINBAD was too fantastic & unbelievable for small minds. I think the "small minds" are in the heads of the parents & not the kids. I also remember a case only a few years ago in a medium sized city in this state where I was projectionist, a great many people in the community would not allow their children to see THE 10 COMMANDMENTS because, as they put it, it was not exactly according to their religion. Neither did they allow them to see THE FLY but these same people & their kids came in from all directions to see certain other films of an "adult" nature that I was ashamed to run & I've got hardened to anything on film long years ago. In conclusion, I try to explain monsters to young kids who are afraid to see them this way: I show them a piece of film with the creature on it, which always fascinates them, & then tell them, "That man dressed up in that Halloween suit gets paid big money for that & he has little kids of his own at home like you. He loves them & they are not afraid of their daddy & when you grow up maybe you can go to Hollywood & dress up like a monster too & be in the movies

like he is." That usually does it. Their fear of monsters turns into a fascination for them. In most cases the parents' decision of what the kids should or should not see is right & I uphold that decision 100%. I have a teenage son & a daughter under 6 of my own and I believe I am in a position to know what they should see & what they should not and I enforce that ruling. My young daughter has never acquired a fear of any of the monstrosities she sees on the screen & loves to watch them. Many nites she sits on a chair in the projection booth for hours & watches with great interest such pictures as MOTHRA, 13 GHOSTS, 2-HEADED GIANTS or whatever is out there & she doesn't come home & have nightmares over it. If more parents would only take time to explain what these monsters are & give the kids a chance to see for themselves. I predict if you publish all or any part of this letter it will result in a violent uprising among certain of your readers & a vicious verbal retaliation against me & my beliefs & that is their privilege & constitutional right. But to all those who do I suggest they resign from the human race. But on 2d that they can't resign from something they never belonged to. In all my years as a projectionist I have many times been blamed, cussed & even threatened for something somebody saw on the screen that they didn't like. I don't make the movies, I only show them as they were made, & I am not allowed to cut out one scene—that is the job of the censors. Well, that's my story, be it good or bad—I hope it is worthy of publishing in your fine magazine for all to see.

MR. C.E. LEWIS
MEADE, KANS.

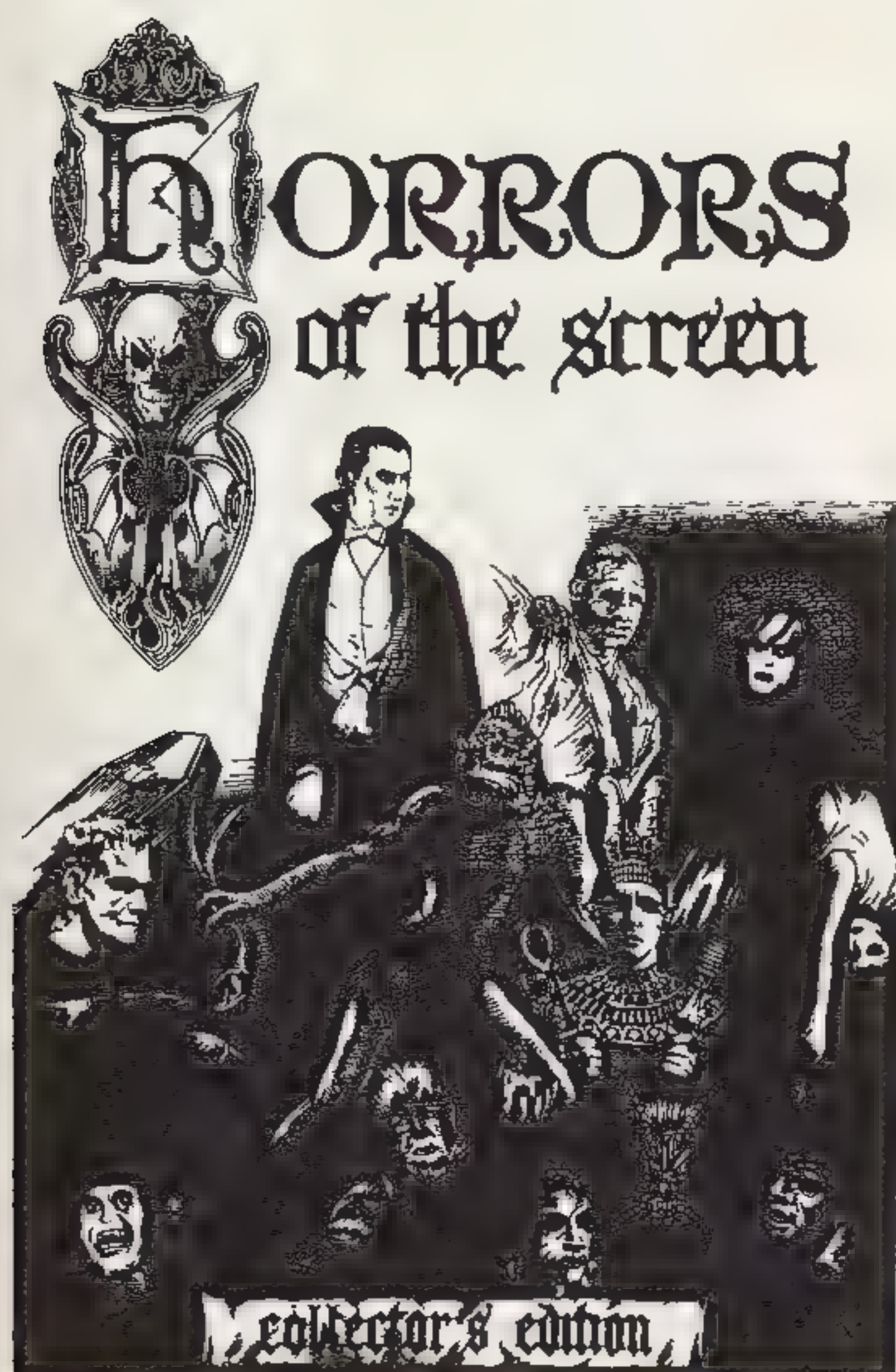
• Our audience may not be comprised entirely of young folk but they certainly are the articulate majority & it is a treat to hear from a mature individual for a change, especially a parent with such an insight into children & an empathy for adolescents. We have refrained

from publishing your complete address, not to protect you from verbal brickbats by dingbats, but for your own safety from hundreds of thousands of readers who undoubtedly would like to be adopted by such an understanding papa who would let them sit in the projection booth & watch 4 monster movies free! Whee! Come to think of it, would you consider adopting a 47-year-old child?—FJA. PS: We would appreciate a foto of you & your daughter for publication.

More clubs announced: Graveyard Monsters, The Monster Admirers, Chris Lee Club, Bela Lugosi Fan Club, Monsters, Cursed Coffin Club, Bloody Creatures Inc., United Monsters' Club; The Boris, Bela, Lon Jr. Fan Club; The Monument Movie Club, The Nighthawks, Horror Inc., Mad Scientists.

More fanzines! *Dimensions Beyond*; *Werewolves, Vampires & Franksteins*; *The Monster Journal*, *Gore Creatures*, *Kaleidoscope*.

In 1912 Harry Benham played DR. JEKYLL & MR. HYDE. In this issue we showed him at 80.



HARPY NEW YEAR

Jan. '64, #26, and another editorial I found interesting to reread:



WHERE, indeed is Forry. It seems to me that, nite & day since I rashly volunteered to drive from Los Angeles to Washington, DC, and back, ringing doorbells, I have done nothing but 25 hours a day sit at that desk—ignoring my own doorbell (and phone bell), to the detriment of my local popularity & professional business opportunities—writing, writing, writing this issue of FM and #8 of SM and contributing to SCREEN THRILLS ILLUSTRATED...all so

that I could be away from my desk for 6 weeks to go riding, riding, riding 'round the country at the wheel of a car.

Special thanks to Wendayne Wahrman for getting all the invitations in order, burning the midnite oil midnite after midnite while calculating distances & times, masterminding the master route.

1,195 readers of FM had indicated a desire to meet me, en route, up to the time of departure. Last minute invitations were still mounting up at the rate of about 15 per mail delivery.

I am gratified, from my fan mail, that the majority of you have ratified the policy of FM as a personality publication and that, buyin' large, you buy the personality of Ye Ed. But in a batch of 370 "like" letters, last week, I suddenly hit one that stopped me stone cold dead in de casket. And it was from a girl, to boot; not that I usually approve of booting girls. Said she (and she shall be nameless, to protect her from being torn limb from tree by the We Back Ack contingency)—said she: "The one thing I like about other monster magazines is that I don't eternally have to read about Ackerman." That really rocked me back on my heels, till I stopped to realize that they crucified Christ, shot Lincoln, some people don't like Bloch and even Ray Bradbury (whose imagination is currently being employed by the United States Government to the tune of \$17 million)—even Ray Bradbury to this day occasionally gets a rejection slip. I dare say no man in all of recorded history was ever totally universally liked—so why should it surprise me that I'm no exception? I know all my life I've heard Will Rogers quoted as having said that he never met a man he didn't like; but, then, he never met Hitler or Mussolini or Eichmann. Also, all my life, I've been waiting to meet someone who knew Rogers personally, absolutely convinced that they would confess to me that they once heard amiable Will mention somebody he couldn't stand for sour apples.

Well, so much for that subject. I'm sorry the Forry egoboo in these pages draws an ego boo from the lady in question, but there's one thing for certain: if it's a lack of Ack that you prefer in conjunction with your filmonsterism, you may be sure you'll find NO Ackerman in overwhelming quantities in Brand X monster magazine.

Also brands Y & Z.

* * *

I've been told, by someone who unfortunately forgot where he saw it, that FM got a nice plug in a teenage mag that was probably on sale during May & June and had an on-sale date of July on it. I'd be awfully grateful to anyone who remembers and who would write to me c/o the Philadelphia address; or, better still, if possible, send the page from magazine. As a matter of

fact, I'll make that a standing request; anyone seeing any publicity of FM or FJA in a newspaper or national magazine, I'd be extremely appreciative if you'd mail it to me c/o our publication office.

* * *

Finally, will you forgive me that, just this once, the actual news in the news dept. is extremely skimpy and it's mostly pictures? I just finally flatly ran out of time to do any more work before leaving for the tour.

Back in 60 days,
Forry

Then there was this letter from Tom Reamy, who, if I recall correctly, started distinguishing himself as a pro sf writer, then slumped over his typewriter prematurely and died.

DEATH & TEXAS

I have watched FAMOUS MONSTERS grow & mature thru 23 issues. I can't honestly say it has improved—you're still doing the same things you were doing in No. 1—but it has definitely matured. The only other monster-movie mag which even approaches FM is Fantastic Monsters of the Films, and only because it's such a close imitation. So close, in fact, you should have grounds for suit. The conclusion of the Dracula article & the same on Harryhausen were fascinating. I am an avid Harryhausen fan—I saw JASON & THE ARGONAUTS three times in 2 days. Ray has reached a stage of perfection that will be difficult to improve. His stop-motion work hasn't improved—it's been perfect for some time, when the budget allowed—but the matte work is for the firsttime almost flawless. However, THE 7th VOYAGE OF SINBAD remains his best film even if the special fx weren't up to JASON. Harryhausen's black & white films—excepting MIGHTY JOE YOUNG—were pretty dreary affairs when Ray wasn't at work. GULLIVER, MYSTERIOUS ISLAND and JASON have improved somewhat but are still somewhat hollow & listless. Ray needs a director who can keep the live portion of the film as exciting & fascinating as the effects scenes. I wish to contribute a few bits of information of which you do not

seem to be aware. ZEX, which you refer to occasionally, was released in 1960 as THE ELECTRONIC MONSTER, a miserable adaptation by Chas. Eric Maine of his pretty bad novel "The Man Who Couldn't Sleep." THE PLANET OF EXTINGUISHING MEN has been released as BATTLE OF THE WORLDS. Was the film you listed as DEATH COMES FROM SPACE released as FIRST SPACESHIP ON VENUS? (No, it was a dubbed Italian film released under practically the same title, DEATH COMES FROM OUTER SPACE: whereas FIRST SPACESHIP ON VENUS was an E. German-Polish collaboration known in Europe as THE SILENT STAR and SPACESHIP VENUS DOES NOT REPLY.) Is Pal ever going to start THE CIRCUS OF DR. LAO? (Now known as THE 7 FACES OF DR. LAO, Geo. Pal has phoned inviting me onto the set.) Has the Austrian film APRIL 1, 2000 ever been released in the US? (Yes, I saw it several years ago; fairly amusing, as I recall.) I actually hope Bert Gordon has decided against filming METROPOLIS unless he has suddenly acquired some talent. I know he's a friend of the editor's and has the best intentions in the world but can you honestly say he's ever made a good picture? THE MAGIC SWORD was his best and it was pretty lethargic. METROPOLIS would have to be in the FORBIDDEN PLANET class for special fx and THE INNOCENTS class for directing & acting. Gordon just hasn't got it. Well, I've passed on my meager information, asked my questions, insulted the only producer in Hollywood really devoted to science fiction & fantasy filming and generally got a good taste of my foot.

**TOM REAMY
DALLAS, TEXAS**

And there were 2 more letters I think worth reprising:

SERIOUSLY SPEAKING

I am going to try to put all the

compliments, criticisms, opinions & questions I have formulated thru the years, as I read FM, into this letter. First, the compliments. Your magazine has an aura about it that can be summed up in one word: quality. The fotos, the articles, even the print itself has a quality unlike some of your so-called competition. Two of them use some reproducing process for their fotos that gives them a cheap appearance, exactly like those found in newspapers, composed of those millions of irritating little dots. Another prints whole pages in annoying colors. Your reviews of the latest films are very good and make one wet his lips for more. "Inside Darkest Acula" is excellent, to say the least. Finally, someone has the nerve to give credit where due & "thumbs down" to the lemons. I used to feel that horror magazines had to praise the rubbish ground out of Hollywood to keep in good standing with the studios until I found your "Dante's Inferno" article. Your "Menace, Anyone?" by Bloch was truly excellent, starting a badly needed series of "think-pieces." Issue No. 11 was your best yet, in my opinion. Not an inch wasted. Poe article and Jekyll & Hyde history XLNT. Your biographies are delightfully long & crammed with information. Take for example your Lon Chaney Jr. bio—it was 8 pages long while a competitor could only fit 1/2 that into their mag with exactly 2 paragraphs of written material! Your transformation into a 100-page giant is very satisfying. Keep filling issues with first-rate articles like your BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN triumph in No. 21. Well, enuf of the compliments—on to the criticisms: What happened to the reported (in No. 8) "further info & fotos" on SPACE INVASION OF LAPPLAND? (Pic was finally released as INVASION OF THE ANIMAL PEOPLE. Set of advance fotos we had from it, direct from Sweden, was lost in the mail.) What happened to the second foto from 7 FOOTPRINTS TO SATAN in your Hidden Horrors dept., issue No. 23? (What I

said about the picture turned out to be so long—longer than estimated—that there wasn't room to run the 2d foto. No one in New York realized this until it was too late to change the reference from "2" to a single foto). What happened to the foto of the H-MAN that was supposed to be found on p. 73 of issue No. 22? (I don't know! I mailed it to New York, marked for publication on that page, but maybe some Thief of Bagdad-on-the-Hudson wandered into our office and swiped it before it got printed there, and a substitution had to be made.) A few of your articles were slightly terrible. Nobody can be perfect. I think you have received enuf letters panning your "Mad Labs" & "Mad Robots" to give you an idea of what I thot of them. (Maybe we should publish THE BUST OF FAMOUS MONSTERS, a one-shot printing "Mad Labs," "Mad Robs," "Hollywood's Hottest Horrors," "Where on Earth?" & Other Bombs—plus 500 pages of ads—selling at \$5 a copy, so everybody can ignore it & be grateful to us for all the money we've saved them!) In No. 19 you got bogged down when you wasted 10 pages with fotos of "5 & 10 cent store" Halloween masks in "Monster in the Basement." Now for some of my opinions. I am very glad to see you have cut out the sickening puns & replaced them with facts & the seriousness this medium deserves. Your competition, except for one, plays these films for laffs, a most disgusting situation. I hope you will leave the robots & Flash Gordons for other mags. They don't belong with monsters; they tend to destroy the whole atmosphere you are supposed to be putting across. That one mag I mentioned doesn't play these films for laffs has more of a Gothic atmosphere about it but lacks the quality you possess. Suggestion for a Filmbook: HORROR OF DRACULA. To those who have seen this film, they will know the admiration that I am trying to put into these words. Horror was built up psychologically as you an-

anticipated, yet feared, what would occur at any minute. The attempted premature burial of the helpless woman by the hideous Count Dracula; the driving of the stake thru the heart of the writhing & screaming vampire-bride; the phantom hearse thundering thru the misty forests; and the gripping climax when Dr. Van Helsing (Peter Cushing) brings the Count to his just end, all formed an absolute atmosphere of nameless terror & fear never to be forgotten. Christopher Lee is, in my opinion, a far better Count Dracula than even the old master, Bela Lugosi.

CHRIS FELLNER
OSBORNVILLE, NJ

**MORON MR. ACKERMAN;
OH—NO—MORE ON MR.
ACKERMAN**

The wait for the giant article on Kong will be sheer torture. I think KK is the finest film, monster or otherwise, ever made. CLEOPATRA is a "B-flick" alongside it! This ridiculous piece of nonsense KING KONG VS. GODZILLA is typical of movie makers today endeavoring to capitalize on the beauty of the classics of the past. Today some tiny little company slaps together a trashy bit of mediocrity in a couple of days, sticks a flashy title on it, and sits back & counts the returns while the unsuspecting public eats it up readily. It has been so with FRANKENSTEIN & DRACULA. Classics of the real era of movie-making, they have been capitalized upon by ridiculous vehicles of celluloid such as TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN, FRANKENSTEIN'S DAUGHTER, BLOOD OF DRACULA, etc. And now with Kong. "What's in a name?" It's all in a name! If this new picture was entitled GODZILLA VS. A GIANT GORILLA it, I will venture to say, would not gross 1/2 the receipts it would with the name of King Kong applied. I sincerely hope this will be the last film that will use the fine name of King Kong to fool the public and make the producers' wallets fatter. (My sentiments exactly. After the preview I

remarked, "I'm sure we wouldn't all object so much if they'd just called the picture GODZILLA VS. JAPANESE GORILLA, but the man in the monkey suit wasn't 'our' Kong, not by a missing model's worth & a master animator's warmth." Obie's widow was near to tears that her worst fears would be realized at the preview & couldn't bring herself to attend; similarly, Monty Schoedsack couldn't subject himself to witnessing the sacrilege. "Kong" looked clownish, floating thru the air supported by balloons. For the records, however, I will agree with the majority that the gaint octopus was tremendous, the unbilled, unanticipated hi-lite of the picture—FJA) Let no one tell you that you do not improve with age for each issue seems a crowning success over its already wonderful predecessor.

LARRY RICHARDSON
BURLINGTON, NC.

In the You Axed For It dept. I note one Perdita Sedepi (theoretically) asked to see a shot of Agnes Moorehead as the 100-year-old woman in THE LOST MOMENT. Perdita Sedepi means Lost CDP in Esperanto. CDP was Celeste DePinto, a sci-fi fanne I lost track of years ago.



Some interesting fotos in this installment of *The Amazing Ackermmonster*: me at 13, on the sidewalks of New York in my 1939 *futuristicostume*, Wendayne & I in Heidelberg in 1951, myself as sinister Staff Sergeant "Ack-Ack" (the terror of World War 2) and a pencil sketch (one of the few times I ever set my hand to drawing) done Memorial Day 1934 of Fredric March as Prince Sirki. Turning the page, there are 3 youthful monskerteers: Ray Bradbury, FJA & Ray Harryhausen. And a historic foto of me receiving the first Hugo from the hands of a youthful Isaac Asimov.

CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN REVISITED

Concluding the "Tussle of Frankenstein," perhaps the world's first serialized answer to a letter, touched off by "Son of Doubting Thomas" last issue. On p. 51 of the 3d issue of *Castle of Frankenstein*, the editor states: "If anything started the horror-movie magazine idea, thanks are due somewhat to a number of European movie periodicals which, in a period of ten years, devoted certain issues mostly or entirely to covering filmic fantasy in general." COF's editor should know—in the first issue of his *Journal of Frankenstein*, direct lineal predecessor of *Castle of same*, he reprinted a portion of Peter John Dyer's famous "Patterns of Horror" series. . . the easy way, by simply rephotographing the original pages. He did not acknowledge that those original pages came from the British publication "Films & Filming." He ran part 1, "All Manner of Fantasies," from the equally excellent pt. 2, "Some Nights of Horror." (COF's loss was FM's gain). Note, in passing, that Warren's first issue was out in late Jan. or early Feb. '58, publisher Beck's first filmonsterzine did not appear until late Aug. '59 or early Sept. FM obviously could not have been inspired, at the beginning of 1958, by an article in a British magazine that didn't come out till half a year later but it is our thot that that *Journal of Frank* just might have been inspired by our trail-blazing. Incidentally, there was nothing funny, punny, kookie or farout about the treatment of Imagi-movies in the *Films & Filming* horror ar-

ticles of any foreign filmmagazines of which we are aware; we wonder, then, when & where publisher Beck got notions for nonsense like "The Return of the Son of the Bride of Frankenstein," "Operating Table of Contents," "Ghosal Mail," "Carrier Bat," "Haunted Housekeeping Seal of Approval," "DraCola" (the paws that refreshes), etc? All sound vaguely familiar, reminiscent of the early days of FM? We wonder what foreign filmags inspired that sort of humor? Continuing his argument that FM didn't start something, Beck contends: "Going back even further, we have a number of one-shot horror-movie mag attempts evident from 1939 thru the early Forties. In fact, in a number of instances, nationally known movie publications like *SCREEN STORIES* have spent, at times, almost entire issues covering the fantasy-horror film scene." In the early 40s, I was working in the Academy of Motion Picture Arts & Sciences (proof?—you'll find my name listed on the Staff of the Players Directories in the years just prior to World War 2) and among other jobs I had much to do with the Still & Magazine Dept.—the Library—of the Academy. Somehow, I must have missed out on that spate of great one-shot horror-movie mags that now, nearly a quarter of a century too late, I learn about! I could scarcely have been inspired by something I never knew of before; I certainly am dejected to realize that what Wollheim, Moskowitz, Richardson, van Vogt, Bradbury, Pohl, Barrett—everybody who has ever seen it & compared it with their own or others—what they have considered to be the greatest collection of science-fantasy on the face of the earth, is significantly lacking common items well known to Cal Beck. I have here, within easy reach, a couple dozen issues in the 30s & 40s of mundane filmags such as "Screen Stories," "Movie Story" & "Screen Romances," purchased deliberately because they feature such fictionizations as "The Mad Ghoul," "The Mummy's Ghost," "I

Walked with a Zombie," "The Picture of Dorian Gray," etc., but these cannot be the publications to which Cal refers because in no case is the fantastic or horror element dominant. Take "Screen Stories" with the 5500 word version of MIGHTY JOE YOUNG: it has only 3 stills, not one of which even shows Joe!!! The rest of the stories in the issue are about plain pictures (8 of them) like MANHANDLED, MASSACRE RIVER, JIGSAW and NOT WANTED. Believe me, when I learned from Cal what I was missing, I raged thru my whole house, from cellar to attic, kicking every collector's item in all 10 rooms (plus 3-car garage jam-packed solid with sagging shelves). I got my ace filmonster scout, Dan Levitt, on the phone to bail him out. When he heard what it was all about, he had one simple succinct comment: "Nuts!" There aren't any such mags, according to Dan; and I am inclined to agree. But, on the other hand, devoted as my life has been to METROPOLIS, up until a year ago I didn't know—didn't dream—there was a publication called "Metropolis Magazine." So—anything is possible. I suppose. But—For many years Hugo Gernsback in his predecessor of "Amazing Stories," SCIENCE & INVENTION, ran a standing offer of \$21,000 for Proof of Psychical Manifestations. (A sizable sum even by today's inflated standards, it was truly impressive in the 20s when a dollar would buy several times what it will today.) As far as I know, no medium ever collected any of the money for a satisfactory demonstration. I am not a corporation with that kind of money to lay on the line but it would be worth \$25 to me personally to learn the names & dates of the "number of one-shot horror-movie mag attempts evident from 1939 thru the early Forties." Calvin Thomas Beck, this is your Golden Opportunity knocking; your easy opportunity to pick up a cool quarter-bill and at the same time perform a signal service for your readership & all monsterdom. My inter-

pretation of "a number of attempts" would be 4 or 5 but even the naming of ONE will satisfy me that you've earned the \$25. However—! Even if Beck does surprise us all & come up with a "prehistoric" title unknown to the experts, I will not accept that—nor do I believe will any reasonable person—as proof that FAMOUS MONSTERS was but imitating earlier efforts. Hugo Gernsback himself, in Aug. '23, put out what he called the Scientific Fiction Number of SCIENCE & INVENTION, an issue featuring a science fiction painting on the cover and 6 "scientifiction" stories within in addition to the regular contents of a vast variety of scientific articles. But nobody ever refers to this as the first sci-fi mag, and it was nearly 3 full years later that Gernsback created AMAZING. What Beck is trying to do is the same sort of foolishness as if, in 1931, when the short-lived MIRACLE SCIENCE & FANTASY STORIES came out, its editor-publisher had pooh-poohed the contention that his publication was in any way indebted to AMAZING STORIES for its inspiration, or that Hugo Gernsback wasn't first, because of the aforementioned issue of SCIENCE & INVENTION or because (perhaps) sometime in 1925, '24 or '23 WEIRD TALES had an issue practically devoted to sci-fi or because around the time of World War I there was, for 3 years in Germany, a fantasy magazine called "Orchideengarten" (Orchid Garden). Warren & I wonder why all these sourgrape artists don't do the gentlemanly thing and give up? Then they could get back to their business of publishing physical culture magazines and we could devote more time to simply going along & producing the most interesting, exciting, ever fresh & fanciful publication we know how, and being well rewarded if the majority of you continue to like it as much as you indicate you do now. "Mi estas parolinta"—I have spoken. FJA.

THE LOUD & THE LAUD

I really think you were entirely justified in telling that loudmouth off (the commu-nut) and I laud your idea of not printing his name so as not to give him the satisfaction of seeing it in print. I am not surprised that you received a letter like that, tho, because most low-brow people have to figure out some method of getting their names in print. "Silver Threats Among the Gold" Very Good with a good ending. "Calling Dr. Caligari"—Bloch's article marvelous, as usual. "Son of Kong"—Horray! I didn't think it could be done. So many good things in one magazine! This one is as good as anything you've run in the past and it's only a continuation (did I say only?) of another article, "The King & I"—One of the best & most deserved articles I have seen in your mag. Could you tell me whether any of A. Merritt's novels besides 7 FOOTPRINTS TO SATAN and DEVIL DOLL were made into movies? It seems to me the movie makers are missing a bet there. (Me too. No, they never made any others. Disney or Pal should do his SHIP OF ISHTAR before Italy learns of it! CREEP, SHADOW! should be filmed, and the time is ripe for refilming 7 FOOTPRINTS TO SATAN. I sent Jim Nicholson a copy of the book, recently; why don't all of you follow it up with a letter to him asserting your vote as a reader of FAMOUS MONSTERS and demanding him to produce 7 FOOTPRINTS?! Might work. With Lorre as the diabolic villain and Price or Milland as the terrorized victim.

STEVE FAHNESTALK
EVERETT, WASH.

REALLY CARRION ON

There are people who call themselves editors, publishers & art directors who can write words, print pictures & arrange material. When, in 8 cases out of 10, the editors can't write words worth reading, the publishers can't judge any sort of quality & the art director comes up with a debased ar-

rangement, you have your slovenly horror pulps; pulps which tend to reek poorness and drag the general status of a mag like **FAMOUS MONSTERS** down. It's too bad. (Sturgeon's Law: **90% of everything is crud.**) They remind me of the carrion-eater, the hyena, who comes slinking along to grind some of the leftovers that the lion has made. Well, needless to say, **FM** symbolizes that lion and your unworthy competitors the hyena, which leads me to one thing—the merits of your magazine, in fact, the downright sanity of it. The major asset of **FM** is its ability to improve itself, diversify & go off the very beaten track to please readers.

JOS. MARCHELLO
FOREST HILLS, NY



THE DWELLER IN THE MIRAGE

In the 27th number, March '64, I introduced what I thought was an absolutely smashing idea. What if Lon Chaney had lived and played the Frankenstein monster, Dracula, Dr. Jekyll & Mr. Hyde, *all* of the manimals on Dr. Moreau's Island of Lost Souls??? Fabulous artist George Barr was employed to show us Chaney as Frankenstein in the first of the series known as Mirage World. Alas, it was not to last long, axed in its infancy by the publisher, who claimed the readers didn't understand my concept of "an enchanted world that exists parallel to our own in which a Shadow Chaney lives on." Freed from the yoke of The Boss, I have sometimes toyed with the notion of reviving the Mirage World.

In a new dept., The Voice of Fiendom, Oscar G. Estes Jr. reported on the First Karloffornia Monster Convention, 16/17 Dec. '61.

In Haunt Ads, Pete Claudius announced the completion of The EnCYCLOPSedia. The name of

Frankie Larkin appeared for the *firsttime*; today he operates an in-house private movie club in Hollywood for film buffs of oldtime mopix. Here we find the name of G. John Edwards, a young fan who, at the early age of something like 15, wrote a TV script, "The Golem Affair,," that excited the interest of the story editor of THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E. At one time G. John, thru my Agency, submitted a script for THE MAN WHO LAUGHS to Christopher Lee for a starring role and Lee enthused, "I would not change *one word* of this screenplay!" Alex Soma was represented with information about his lithoed fanzine *Horrors of the Screen*. More clubs, more fanzines, and from a reader in W. Babylon, NY, you could purchase the first 21 issues of *FM* for \$10! (I don't think there's any use in including his name & address.)

Barry Geller wrote with fire in his eye, or rather his fireplace: FJA is so conceited it is impossible to read the magazine without a note or a little remark from our sweet little editor. Especially when he has an article about his wonderful house. I was thinking of getting a subscription to your mag but right now issue No. 25 and the letter are in the fireplace, burning.

Terence Perkins perked me up with: I love your letters from the kids who hate your magazine. I just love them.



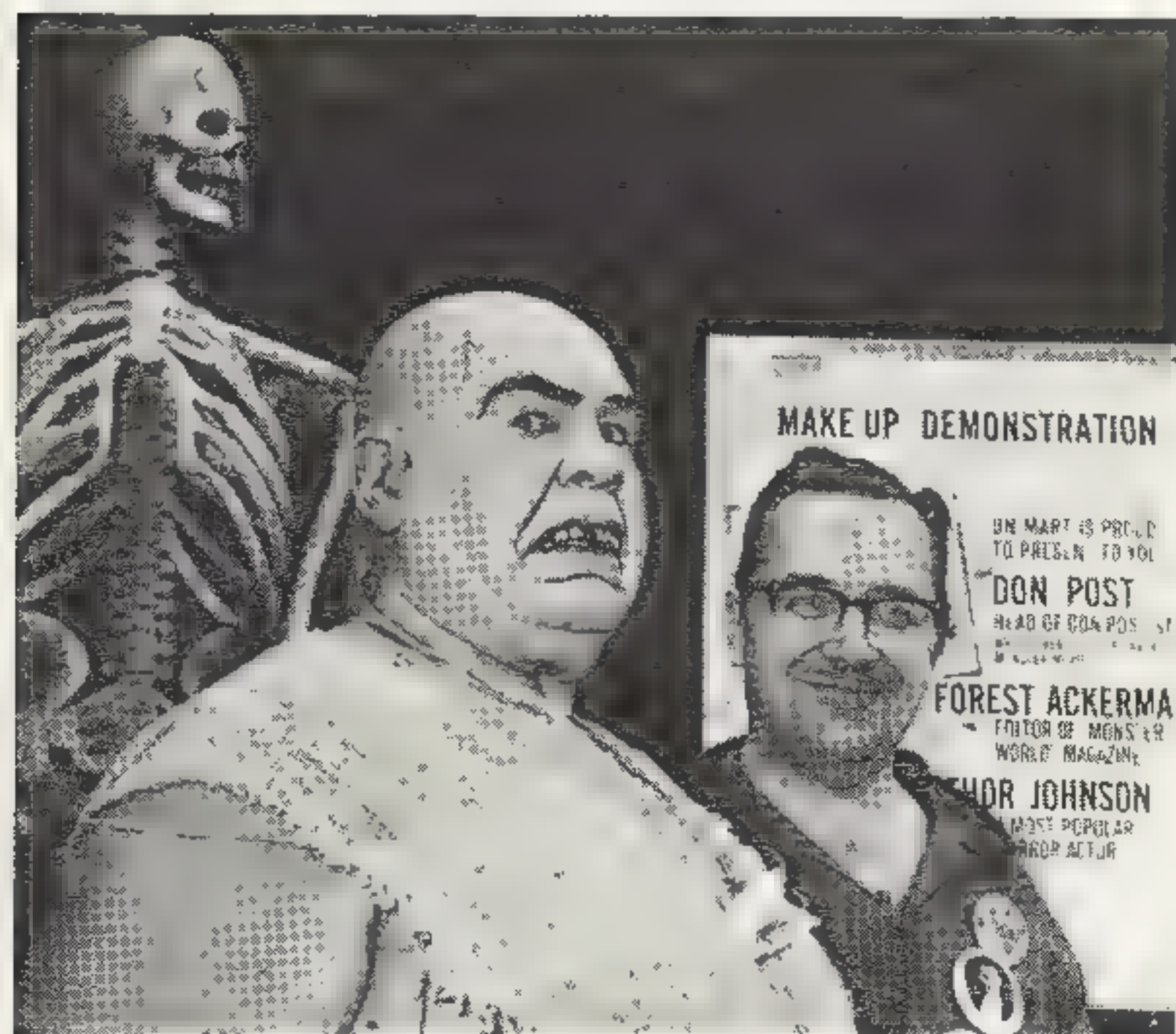
"THE MOST FRIGHTENING MAGAZINE ON EARTH"

Foto of FJA as Technician #3 in the 21st century android factory of THE TIME TRAVELERS.

Torticola, "The Most Horrible Frankenstein": Michel Piccoli. Fritz Lang brought this famous French star to visit me in the original Ackermansion.

I'm absolutely staggered as I look back at these old issues at the number of fans who were wanting things and trading things and selling things. Keith Nordstrom had an ad for "FJA FANS!—For sale

And here was a snapshot of Christopher Lee Cobun, looking about 3. About 20 years later he came to visit me, now a splendid young man, and as he was leaving he said, "Now I'm going to do something I've been wanting to do for nearly 20 years." I couldn't imagine what it was and was very surprised when he came over and gave me a great big hug like his favorite uncle. I was very touched.



FLESH GORE-DOM

FAMOUS
MONSTERS

FLESH EATERS
EXCLUSIVE SILENT PROVIEW
OF A NEW GORRILL MOVIE

JERRY LEWIS
AN ADVENTURE BY ROBERT ROY POOL

CHRISTOPHER LEE
TALKS ABOUT MONSTERS

MORE PEOPLE

7 TIMES OF THE LAG

*See page 120

[illegible]

****Whenever he spoke to me on the phone he announced, "Here speaks Director Fritz Lang." Sometimes he called me his Darling, his Angel; at others he cursed God for plaguing him with such a devil.**

"the poem" by devoting 8 pages to "the Little Giant," "the Lord High Minister of All that was Sinister." Great Lugosi cover by Russ Jones. Letter by G. John Edwards, who typed so impeccably and spelled so perfectly that I assumed he was a man about 50, perhaps a court reporter, and was amazed to learn he was only something like 13.

NO. 29 VERY FINE

The front cover was magnificent!—the most fantastic adjective I can think of would only scratch the surface of my opinion. The FLESH EATERS face was very striking & colorful, an excellent subject; and the colors used were superb & ultrasuperfantaburemarkamonsterish (you have hit on a great title for a new horror magazine except we prefer something with a little more meat & substance to it).

The fotos, as usual, were wonderful, and I am glad to see the reappearance—no matter in how small a form—of the letters section.

"Monsters on the March" good tho sorta short. The obit for Lorre, I think, unfortunately was not too good, but counting all except the poem, it would not have been too bad.

Hate! Hate! Hate! —is all I can think of saying when I learn of some greeb snatching the editor's Dracula ring & personal stills.

"Blood Relatives"—very well written, nice ending.

"Are Movie Monsters Human?" was a nice feature, and I would like to see Chris Lee be the He Who Tee-Hee (MAN WHO LAUGHS) too.

While I am in a jestful mood, did you hear about the latest cars furnished by Hearse-Rent-A-Car(cass)? They're equipped with kick-the-bucket seats... (An elephant should sit on you for that, and that's no Elephant Joke!)

Now, while I have regained my senses (?) I would like to say that the constant puns & jokes under the fotos, and the half-serious atmosphere of the articles, has led me to believe that I have picked up a magazine called FAMOUS

PUNSTERS OF FILMLAND.

"Flesh Eaters" was written in a serious manner and was appreciated by me & probably all us "little monsters" for said quality. Stills were intriguing.

"The End of ISLE OF LOST SOULS" was OK but why no interesting fax about the film at the end?

"Jerry Lewis Meets the Monsters"—tsk-tsk. If not for the plug (plague) in the monster industry) for FM, I would heartily disapprove of this reversion to primitive features.

"Hidden Horrors" — great!

"Mexicreatures" was fine for its size, and the matter of some 20 films was handled expertly. Fine stills, too. Did it ever occur to anyone that American remakes of some of the Mexibest would strike up quite a line at the boxoffice? The monster films of Way Down South might be likened unto ours of the early 40s but in nowise are they comparable to ours of the 30s.

"Hall of Fame"—OK

"Mystery Photo" looks like sumpin' from TEENAGE ZOMBIES or the like.

"The 7 Faces of Dr. Lao" was given better treatment in FM than it was on the screen! (That, I think, should be one of the mottoes of the monsternag business: if the film's lousy, make it seem better, and if it's great, make it seem greater. It should be if it already isn't.)

"You Axed For It" was equally divided between the well-done & the smell-done films.

"Mole People" was too brief. A couple of the interesting elements of the story were deleted.

"Making Monsters" was sort of a 60-40 division between the bad & good, respectively. One more good foto and I would've given it a "very good" stamp.

So, in summing up the issue, the main features were great and most of the minor features were fair. I wouldn't have the heart to say "fooey" to any of them. As a whole, a very impressive & relatively superb issue.

G. JOHN EDWARDS
San Francisco, Calif.



Ringo Starr was quoted as saying "I try not to think about the panting, screaming female fans. I take my mind off them by reading lots of science



DON POST SR. looks over my shoulder at copy of my companion magazine *Monster World* as Karloffian Mr. Hyde and quasi-Quasimodo look on in masks created by the late Don of mask-makers.

fiction. It's my great kick." Lon Chaney Jr. didn't appreciate what they were doing to his dad as The Hunchback of Notre Dame in a TV show called *Fractured Flicks* which put ludicrous dialog in Quasimodo's mouth.

The following ad startled the *filmonster* fan world. It was the result of a commercial decision on the part of the publisher. *FM* was now so popular that he felt we could stand to go monthly but the question was, which would sell better—a monthly *FM* or a bimonthly *FM* plus a bimonthly companion? He believed the two months' exposure for both was the desirable solution so *Monster World* was born. It was really simply *FM* in a different guise.

THE PUBLISHERS OF FAMOUS MONSTERS
ANNOUNCE A GREAT
NEW MAGAZINE

MONSTER WORLD

FACTS! : INTERVIEWS! : MAKE-UPS!
LUGOSI! : LEE-PRICE : CONTESTS!
CHANNEY! : KARLOFF!

NEWS, PREVIEWS, REVIEWS of the exciting World of Monsters; The same staff that brings you FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND has headed your thousands of requests for more film-monster material, and so—IT'S COMING!

There's room at the top—MONSTER WORLD starts right off with the same high standards set by *FM* after 7 years of offering you Boom As The Top!

Mount your newstand for the FIRST LIMITED EDITION COLLECTOR'S ISSUE, on-sale August 11th—and regularly every other month thereafter (in alternate months with FAMOUS MONSTERS).

ONLY 35c FOR THIS 91-MONTHLY TREAT!

CHARTER INTRODUCTORY OFFER! 1-YEAR SUBSCRIPTION OR 12 ISSUES FOR ONLY \$2—PLUS A BONUS COPY OF FAMOUS MONSTERS' NUMBER ONE BEST-SELLING PAPERBACK "THE BEST FROM FAMOUS MONSTERS" FOR ONLY 25c (THIS 100-PAGE MONSTER TREASURY NORMALLY SELLS FOR 50c). CLIP AND MAIL TODAY! CHARTER OFFER LIMITED.

MONSTER WORLD Dept. 880-30
1426 E. Washington Lane Philadelphia, Penna.

Gentlemen: MONSTER WORLD is just what I've been waiting for! Please send me the first 6 colored issues at the SPECIAL CHARTER BONUS RATE of \$2, which includes a copy of THE BEST FROM FAMOUS MONSTERS PAPERBACK for only 25c—includes a total of \$2.25 for both the subscription and the paperback.

NAME (PLEASE PRINT) _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____ ZIP CODE _____

FULL MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE—The publishers of FAMOUS MONSTERS will gladly refund full purchase price of any subscription copies not mailed.

☐ You may also enter your subscription to FAMOUS MONSTERS, 6 issues, \$3.

For postage outside the U.S., U.S. possessions, Canada, and Pan-American Union: please add \$1 per issue extra.

FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND

"Werewolf in Monsterland" covered in words & graphics the fabulous weekend in Horrorwood won by *FM* reader Val Warren, winner of *FM*'s Monster Makeup Contest. In 7 heady days he met Robert Bloch, Donald Reed, Fritz Leiber, Martha RIDERS TO THE STARS Hyer, John (THE EVIL EYE) Saxon, Janos (Hollyweird apeman) Prohaska, Hope Lugosi (Bela's fifth & final wife), George (STRAIT-JACKET) Kennedy, Jim Nicholson (prexy of AIP), attended a meeting of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society, visited the LaBrea tar pits (last resting place of numerous dinosaurs), roamed the 13 rooms of the Ackermansion, was photographed wearing the head of The Creature from the Black Lagoon...and last but not least appeared in a cameo as a werewolf in BIKINI BEACH.



DON'T READ THIS LETTER IF YOU DIE EASILY

Sit back for a minute and think of all the worthwhile & necessary things in the world and I'll bet **FAMOUS MONSTERS** isn't one of them. I was shocked to see this type of magazine on the stands. Most parents are happy that their children don't pick up a trashy magazine but they don't realize that FM is, in its own way, just as bad.

Let me state that horror & sci-fi pictures have played their part in the development of the motion picture industry and in entertainment. But must people like you turn out a magazine so people can gloat over the blood & gore long after it's over? And to top it off you can't even do what you do correctly, those idiotic captions, etc.

In conclusion let me ask you this: Must you have contests which encourage readers to make themselves up like monsters and write stories for "Darkest Acula?" In place of FM why not read a great literary classic or current novel (isn't that pretty risky?) or a magazine or newspaper. (What magazines would you recommend? Most of them seem to deal with movie gossip, public figure scandals, "true" horror stories, teenage "confessions," war, crime, vice, etc. And the last time I was in your state—New York—and picked up a paper, I was rarely so shocked in my life

as at the headline & gory fotos on a sensation.

Followed by:

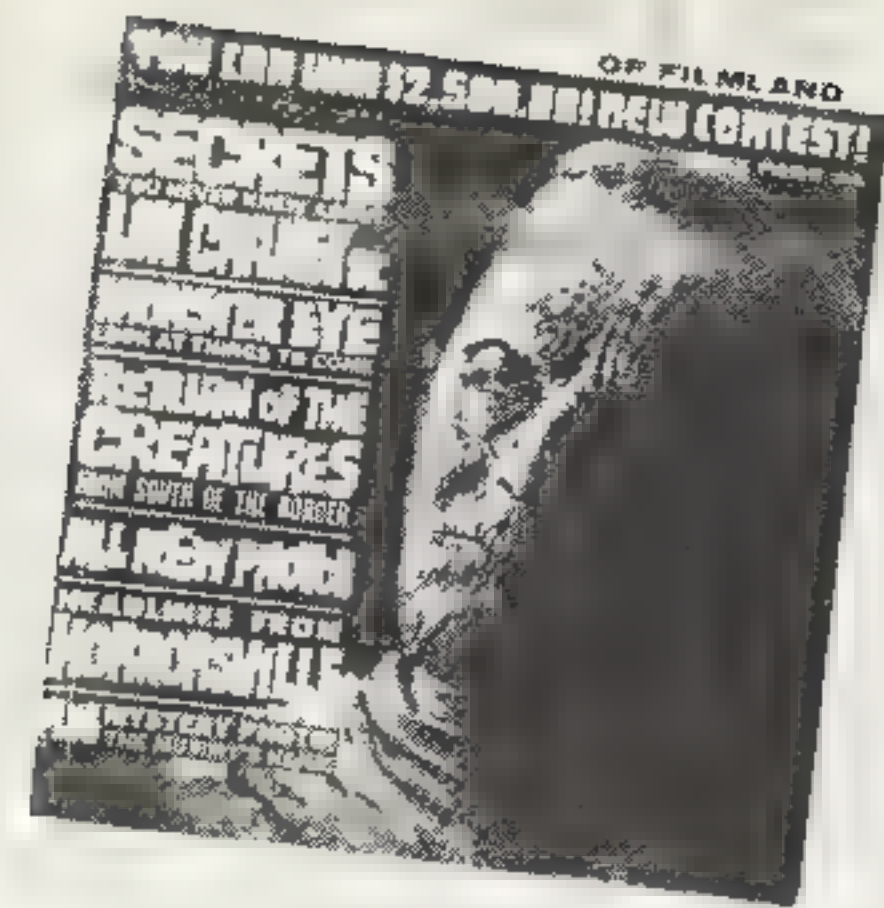
As you are reading this you are probably thinking: "Oh, we got another one of those fanatics writing us." (You are a mind reader!) Well, I say this to that: I know what I'm doing is right. I'm trying to serve the public interest. (But is the public interested?) I don't dare you to print this (at least that's a welcome change), I beg you to. Maybe some of the people reading this will wake up. (Anyone caught sleeping while reading this magazine is exiled to Transylvania!) I know I speak for a lot of people around here. (Remind me to detour Glen Cove on my next tour of fiendom.) I believe you will print this if you believe in the truth. Let there be something decent about you.

MITCHELL BOCK
Glen Cove, NY

• Well, to begin with, having published your letter, at least (by your own definition) we qualify as having something decent about us. And we believe in the truth—we just happen, contrary to you, to believe that we are serving the public interest. Correction: the public principle...the highest interest rate

nowadays is about 5%, so you're welcome to serve 5% of the people while we aim to please the other 95%. We believe that within the 5% you are trying to serve you will also find earnest individuals who know they are doing right when they campaign to put clothes on animals: pants on poodles, skirts on cats...what next: "toreadors" on cows? We'd agree that humanity would be improved by putting more toreadors on bulls' horns but would like to see movie censors permanently unemployed, think the post office should speed up the delivery of mail—not stop to read it, etc. If Merlin Jones (of Disney's new mind-reading comedy) really existed, probably someone like Mr. Beck, who in some mysterious manner "knew he was right," would want Merlin to start reading people's minds so next think you knew everybody would be arrested for what they were thinking that didn't suit somebody else who just naturally knew what was best for the rest of society. The editor & publisher of FM feel that the older they grow the less they know positively what is right; they have a feeling that only one rather young can be so positive. We feel that FM is right for those to whom it appeals.

To Forrest J. Ackerman,
Acutest of Critics.
H.P. Lovecraft, Jany. 8, 1932



Well, I *was* pretty cute, 'way back then.

The name Craig Miller appears. Living in Rochester, NY, at the time, is it possible it's the same CM who today is the fantasy film flack of Con Artists here in Horrorwood?

Peter Lorre died at a time when there was less than a page available to record his passing. I don't fancy myself a poet but for some reason I was moved to versify about his demise as follows:

PRINCE SIRKI TAKES VAN HELSING

In my 31st number, Dec. 1964, it was no Christmas present to the Imagi-nation to have to an-

PETER LORRE

Born: June 26, 1904

Died: March 23, 1964

Of horror and humor it was splendidly blended
But this day by stroke your life—it ended
In BEAST WITH 5 FINGERS,
FACE BEHIND THE MASK,
MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH
You were all that one could ask
RAVEN

TALES OF TERROR.

The MOTO Series, famous "M"
ARSENIC AND OLD LACE.
F.P.I.

And MAD LOVE.

You'll be missed for all of them.

For 30 years and a few years more

You led our fears thru terror's door.

With weird wide eyes and strange-voiced lips

Your unique face launched a thousand grips

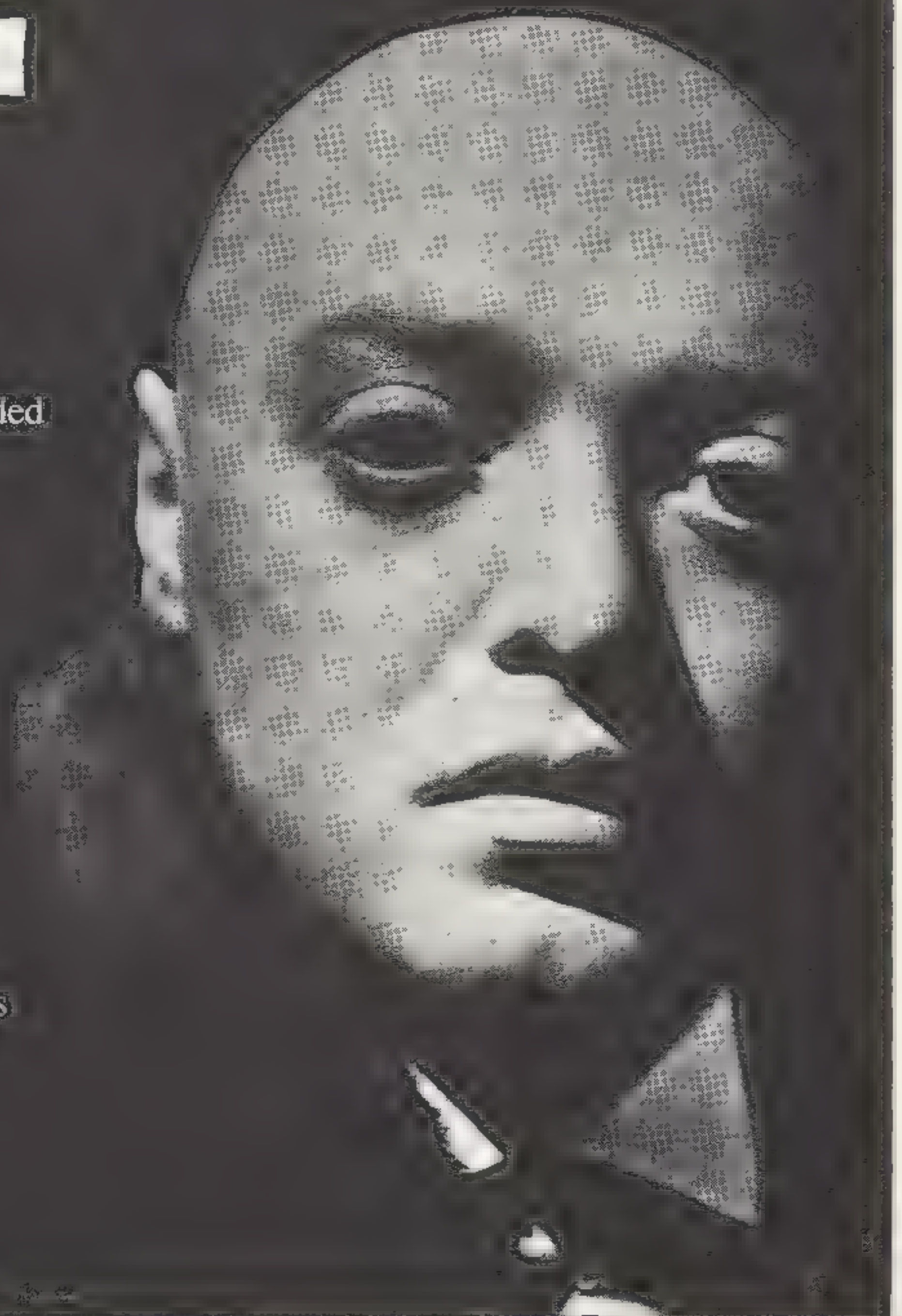
To monsterdom, not fiend but friend:

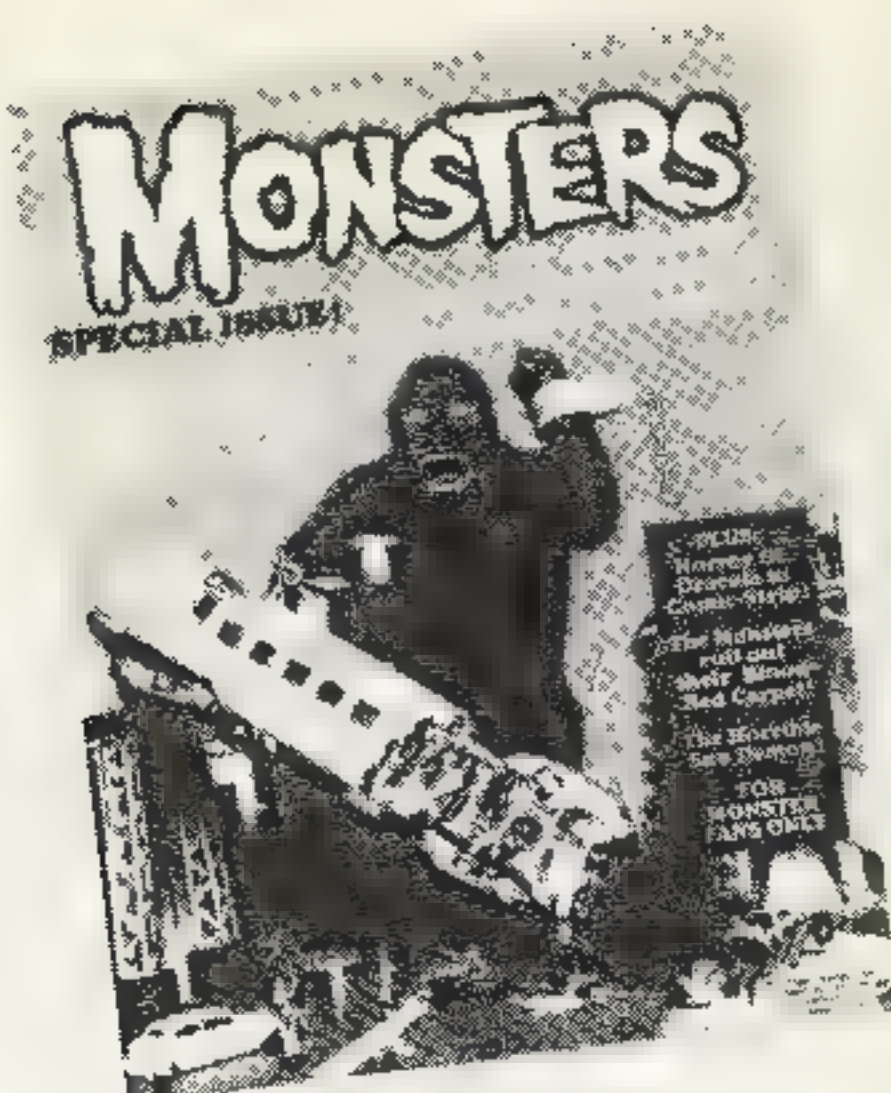
We shall not see your kind again.

Sad-fond farewell, dear Peter Lorre

From all your fans and

Editor Forry





MONSTER MODEL MAKERS

March 1965, #32, featured the winners of our Aurora-Universal-FM contest. 16-year-old Gregg Gellman and his mother were flown to Hollyweird, where I hosted them, and within the first 24 hours they had seen or met Herman Munster, Robert Bloch, Cary Grant, William Castle, Natalie Wood, Ib Melchior and Tony Curtis. . .

FACE 1001 was the revelation about Lon Chaney's greatest characterization, unknown at large till then. Clarence Bull, for more than 40 years the top photographer of the top stars, told the amazing story to Raymond Lee of how he photographed Lon Chaney as . . . Jesus Christ! And of where, when and how perhaps the only surviving print of it surfaced!

In "Headlines from Horrorsville" Marlon Brando related that the most popular picture ever to play in Tahiti (where he'd filmed *MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY*) was . . . *DRACULA*! "It's been playing there annually since 1932." We had regretfully to report that Charles Beaumont, 35; scripter of *THE 7 FACES OF DR. LAO*, coscripter of *BURN, WITCH, BURN* and author of many a *Twilight Zone* script; was seriously ill. Before long he would be dead, prematurely aged and a vegetable, of either Alzheimer's or Pick's disease—an autopsy was never performed to determine which. Vampira, the predecessor of Elvira, was quoted as saying "I give epitaphs not autographs!" In the readers' dept. there was a letter from a Michael Jackson (!) of Nashville, TN, but it couldn't have been *the* Michael Jackson of "*Thriller*" unless he's considerably older than he appears to be!

Pessimist-of-the-Month was John C. Boland of Moline, IL, who put down imagi-movies & terror-vision with these words:

PESSIMIST

In regard to motion pictures in general, I can think of no better description than the one Rod Serling used for television, "diseased organism." Probably the only decent sf movie in the last 30 years was *LORD OF THE FLIES*. (Now there's an arguable statement! As one who has seen virtually every imaginative movie ever made since 1923—and revivals of many filmed before that—I



The late Edward Van Sloan

nounce that venerable vampire fighter Edward Van Sloan, 82, had heeded the call of the master of us all and departed to Death's Domain.

IAN ("MAD LOVE" & MANY MORE) WOLFE comments on "Mr. Monster": Recently finishing one of the Steven Spielberg series "Amazing Stories" (as guest star for one: "Grandpa's Ghost"), I realized that Mr. Spielberg's recent writing of Mr. Ackerman's early influence on him harked back to when he and some others now prominent in films and Tel. were then Forry's fascinated *kids*! When Thalberg brought the "big bad Wolf-e" to Hollywood in 1934 for character parts, little did I realize that I would later be *working* for some of those pups such as Spielberg and George Lucas (I did the Philosopher in the latter's first film "THX 1138" and wish he could now restore, for the record, the long, fine speech I had that was chopped short!). Yes, Forrest J Ackerman's "Emerald Forrest" and his extensive archives have related, in one way or another, to quite a few of the 200 M. Pic and 182 Tel things—scads of character jobs—I've been undertaking! And at 89 I'm still kick'n-n-workin'—even though I may possibly totter around a bit!!!!

This issue announced a \$2500 Contest wherein readers could create instant monsters.

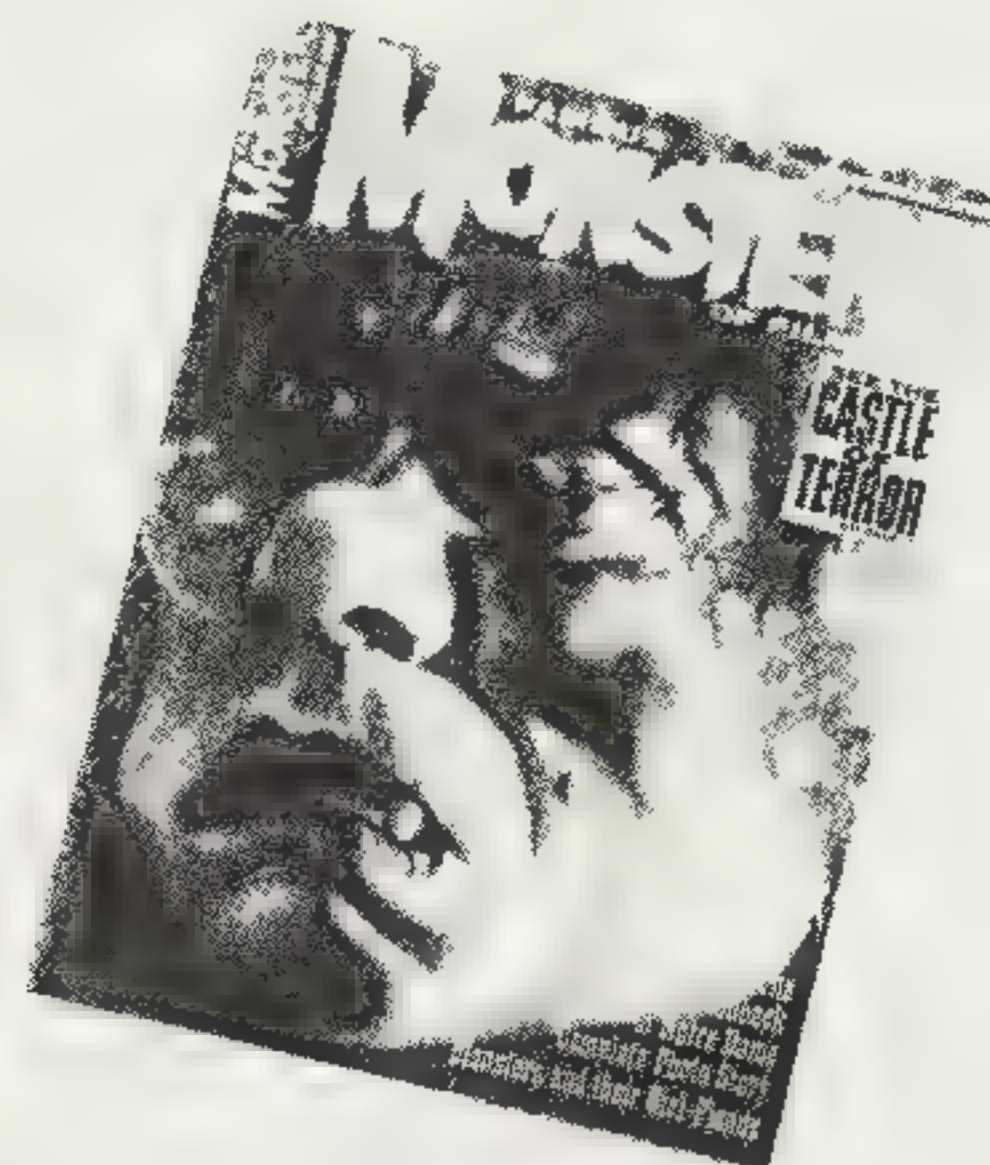
would certainly say that **LORD OF THE FLIES** belongs in Walt Lee's definitive Checklist of Fantastic Films. I saw it previewed with Ray Bradbury; he hated it, I thought it was great. But I didn't consider, then or now, that I was seeing a science fiction picture. An odd film, an offbeat one, one I would certainly recommend to fantasy fans. Come to think of it, ages ago in the old Argosy magazine they had a term for this kind of tale: "off-trail." But whether **LORD OF THE FLIES** was sci-fi or no, I take strong exception to the assertion that there were probably no other decent scientifilms in the past 3 decades, and offer the names in evidence of: **TRANS-ATLANTIC TUNNEL**, **THINGS TO COME**, **WAR OF THE WORLDS**, **DELUGE**, **THE CREEPING UNKNOWN**, **VILLAGE OF THE DAMNED**, **ENEMY FROM SPACE**, **DESTINATION MOON**, **FIRST SPACESHIP ON VENUS** and **DR. STRANGELOVE**. Also the recent modestly budgeted, unspectacular but soundly humanly interesting **UNEARTHLY STRANGER**, which I consider to be the "sleeper" of the year—FJA) Everything else is either monsters from the moon or somewhere. Space wars in which fledgling Earth manages to clobber the big bad Mysterians and other such trivia. (Altho I personally had reservations about both of them, I know most scientifilm lovers were very large for **FORBIDDEN PLANET & TIME MACHINE** also.)

Same with television. **The Outer Limits** is probably the lousiest (literally) flop sf fans have witnessed. (Not this fan.) Why the heck don't they have mass media sf handled by someone who knows a little about it (not about mass media, about sf)? The field is certainly being helped little by incompetents like Stefano and—yes—Serling. About the only good thing on TV over the last year that was even remotely sf was a very good adaptation of Mr. Bradbury's **The Jar**. Quite frankly, I think they should dump the whole business. (In that event I would have missed such Outer Limits treats—to my taste—as the one about the man who evolved thru various stages to the supermentality of the far future; the house where time stood still; the plot against the President of the United States, involving malleable faces; etc. And, on other occasions, the late Sir Cedric Hardwicke in the great "Mr. Crane"; "The Power", which Geo. Pal is now developing as a feature-length film; Geo. Orwell's "1984"; Robt. Lindner's remarkable "Jet-Propelled Couch".) If someone comes along who's willing to take the time & mental effort to produce good science fiction on film, okay! good! garlands of Moon Flowers to the man. But until then, why not just forget it—sit back and remember fondly those wonderful days when "twilight zone" was nothing more than synonymous with dusk and the wonders of **METROPOLIS** reigned supreme! Incidentally, the book "Metropolis"

was quite incredibly bad. That purple prose nearly drips off the page. Perhaps if it had been van Vogt that had written it...

JOHN C. BOLAND
Moline, Ill.

According to the Annual Statement of Circulation, total number of copies distributed at the time was 147,642. But I question the accuracy of those figures. I was in Warren's office one day when he gave out about 5 different sets of figures. If someone came in for a charitable donation, he was only printing 5 copies and selling 2, and one of those was bought by his editor and the other by Warren's mother. If someone came in wishing to know the advertising rates, *FM* was selling 750,000 copies—and that was just in the Bronx. (So how come we never featured a Bronxosaurus reading a copy?) If I asked for a raise, we were on our last legs and would be lucky if the magazine didn't go bankrupt before sundown...



WOW, WHATTA COVER!

Ron (ALIEN) Cobb knocked our eyes out with his closeup rendition of Quasimodo (Lon Chaney) as the Hunchback of Notre Dame. Rich Wannan was one of 3 readers awarded prizes by me this issue for "interest Above & Beyond the call of booty." Possibly it was because around that time he made me a terrific model of the Nautilus from Disney's **20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA** or because he cameo'd me in his 3-hour homemade sequel to **WAR OF THE WORLDS**. Steve Utley surfaced in this issue and now you see his byline on science fiction stories.

Rod Serling was reported palavering with the Powers That Be at Paramount about making a feature-length 3-in-1 *Twilight Zone* for theatrical release. It would be nearly 20 years before this vision would materialize and in the meantime Rod would have been long dead.

Ray Wander hoped to remake **MARK OF THE VAMPIRE** and was gearing up to get FJA on TV's *This Is Your Life*...when he died and his projects died aborning.



ROD—The God and guiding light behind the *Twilight Zone*. Serling, of the Sterling stories of the Xth dimension.

In Monster Mail Call there was an unhappy echo of my poem about the demise of Peter Lorre as David Rowland characterized my verse as downright foolish, like something out of a soap opera, and a sickening tribute. My response follows:

•David, I believe you. Many other readers wrote and condemned the poem. I don't know "why" I tried my hand at expressing a memoriam for Peter Lorre in verse rather than the usual prose but at the time it was what I felt like doing. It definitely didn't come off well, as many readers have made me realize, and no one could be unhappier than I, to have a respected man's life in my hands, as it were, and then bungle the opportunity to express a tribute in a fashion acceptable to the majority. "Sad-fond farewell" was an honest sentiment and I fail to understand why saying it on behalf of myself and his admirers should be interpreted as "sick" but I do recognize that I failed in what I set out to do. I'm sorry, it was an honest mistake, and what more can I say?—FJA.

CHEERS FOR CHANEY

Aug. '65, #34, and my editorial judgment was vindicated as the compliments poured in on FACE 1001.

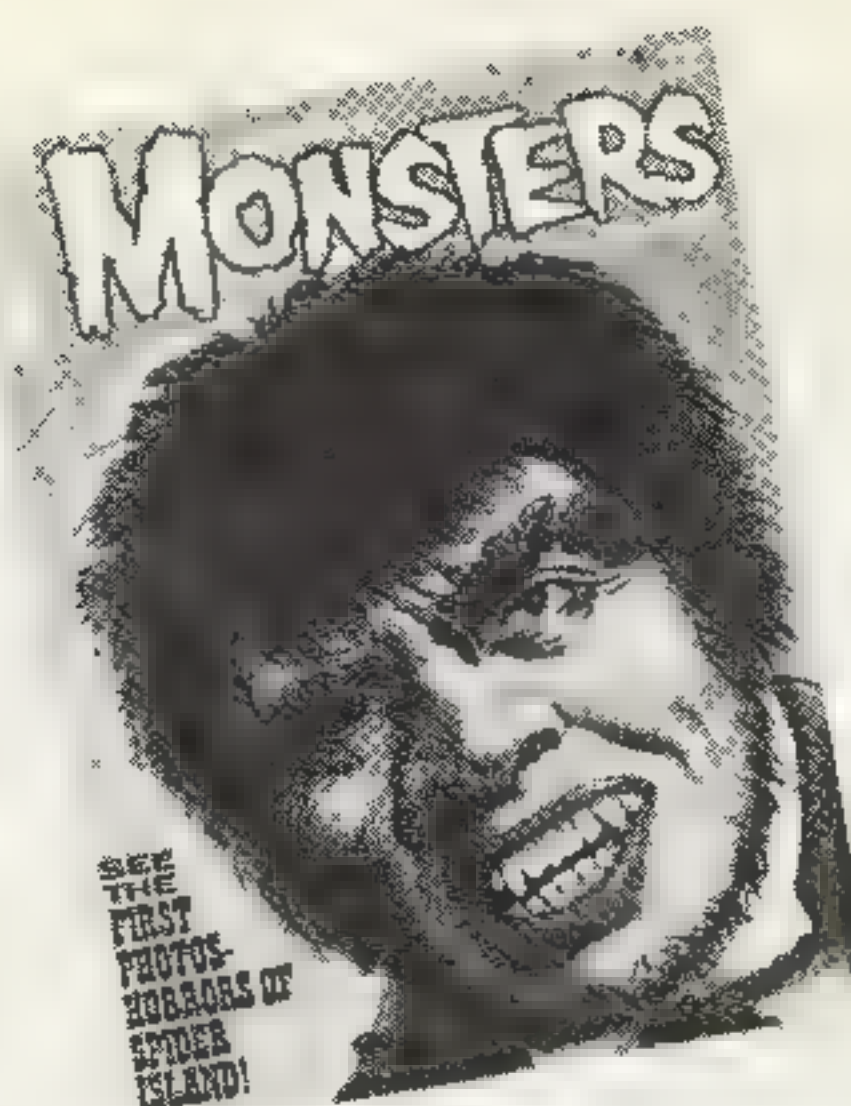
"Face #1001"—there was a lot of discussion around the editorial desk as to whether this article should be published.

Was it perhaps too "unmonsterish?"

Would it be believed?

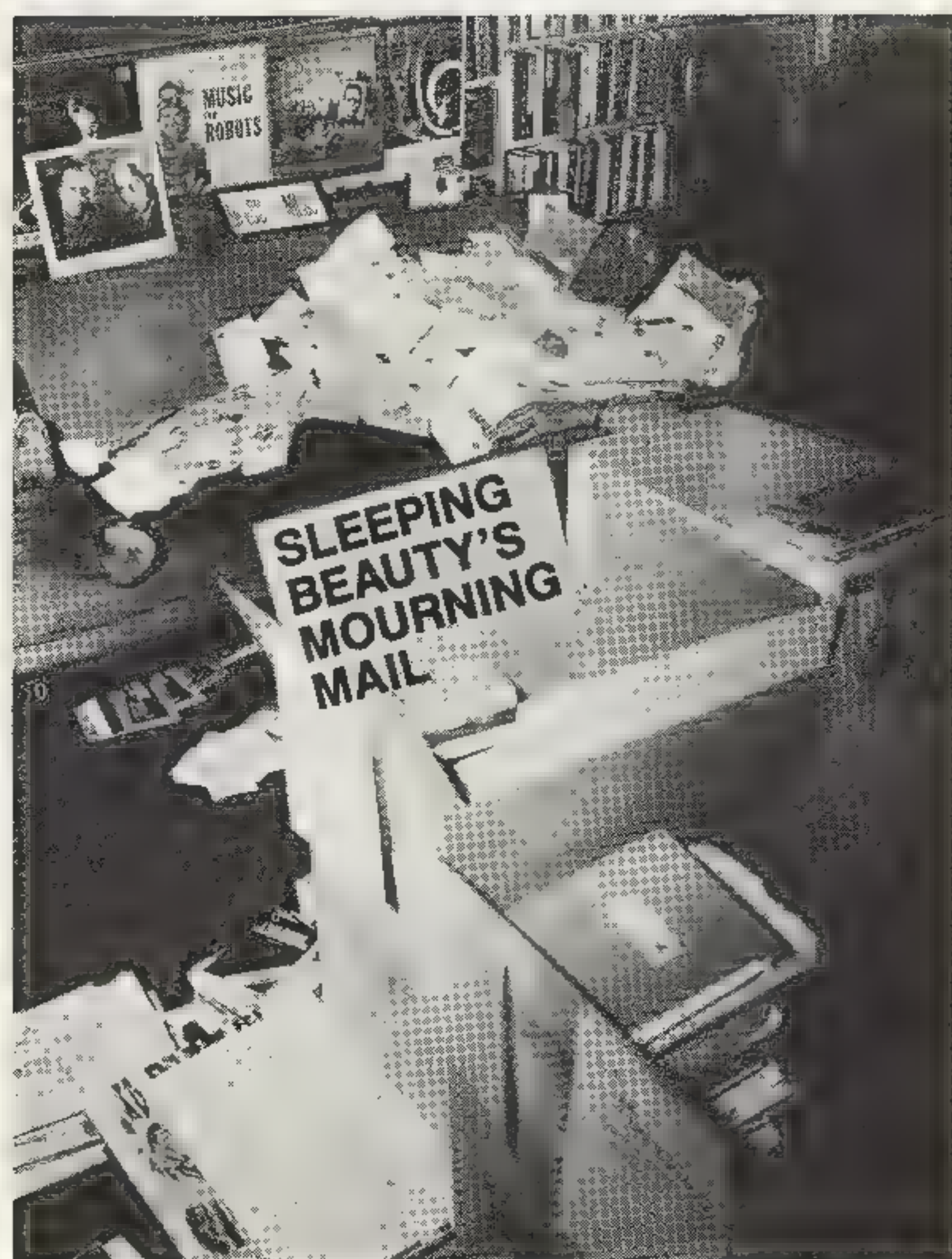
Would it be appreciated?

Finally the publisher took the bull—in this case, Clarence Bull—by the horse, and gave the green light to the publication of "FACE #1001." It was



featured in our 32d issue. In introducing it James Warren said: "I deem it quite possible that the article you are about to read may become the new all-time favorite."

The readers' reactions are in. Here are some of them—judge for yourself!



Excellent. Best article yet. Alone worth the price of the magazine.—Patrick & Daniel Drazen, Berwyn, Ill.

Grand, superb in every detail. It showed Lon Chaney as he really was, a human being, not just a monster actor. I know most people would not have thought that he would have played that role. Lon Chaney may never be remembered like Christ but as long as there are monster fans his memory will never die.—Rickie Faulk, Orange, Tex.

Excellent article. It had something in it that "got me," I can't describe it.—Unknown reader.

When I read "Face #1001" I just had to write to you. I think it was the best article you've ever put out on Lon Chaney Sr. It even changed my father's point of view. Ever since he bought me

my sub he had been regretting it. Now he likes FM almost as much as I do (which is incomparable).—Tom Sanders, Richmond, Va.

I never thought the man who portrayed men such as *THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA* and *THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME* could look like Jesus Christ while in his monster make-up. "Face #1001" was terrific.—Roger McClannen, Lafayette, Ind.

An important discovery. Should be reprinted in newspapers across the country.—Jon "Lon" Wolter, Long Beach, Calif.

Moving & inspiring. A heart-warming Christmas tale.—Terry Hesse, Toledo, O.

What a marvelous article. Photographs wonderful. I purchased several copies of the issue because of "Face #1001."—Mrs. John Hampton, Hollywood, Calif.

A stirring tribute to the memory of the greatest name in make-up motion picture history.—Lamar D. Tabb, Dayton, O.

Greatest article for 2 years. Sad yet intriguing.—Charles Lore, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Thank you again & again for the Lon Chaney article. Any article & every article that you can get on the master of the macabre, print it. Next to Boris Karloff, also a great actor, Lon Chaney is most likely the most popular horror actor ever.—Bill Williams, Evanston, Ill.

What I enjoyed most was the story of Lon Chaney Sr.'s 1001st Face—it was a very touching & poignant story.—Marisa Melattie, Woodside, N.Y.

I want to compliment you on your wonderful feature about Lon Chaney.—Bob Lorenzen, Finker AFB, Okla.

The greatest article I have read in your magazine. Even tho it's not all-monster it really hits the spot! Let's have more like it!—Bill Pfaff, Wilmington, Del.

Indeed a good article and a pleasure to read. However, one story like this is fine, too much would spoil the effect. Stills & writing were superb.—Jeff Day, Oak Harbor, O.

Great; a sensitive & inspiring look into the life of Chaney Sr.—Alan Greene, Weiser, Idaho.

Clarence Bull's "Face #1001" was spectacular. Publisher Warren may well be right when he says this may take "Mr. Monster's" place as an all-time favorite. The accompanying fotos were also xlnr.—Marc A. Russell, Beverly Hills, Calif.

The \$1000 Amateur Monster Movie Makers Contest Winners were announced and look who one of the Honorable Mentions was: Paul Davids for his version of my script, *Siegfried Saves Metropolis*. Dave is now a professional prize-winning filmmaker and his pet project is bringing to the screen a Hawaiian fantasy, *FIRES OF PELE*. 13-year-old Barry Brown sent us a compilation of 35 fantasy film players who left the stage of life in 1964, in addition to Lorre and Van Sloan including Sir



FJA steels himself to ask for autograph of Queen of Evil, Barbara Steele.

Cedric Hardwicke and Morris Ankrum. About 10 years later Barry's name was added to the list, dead by his own hand. I launched a campaign to try to establish Fritz Leiber (yes, the author) as another Rains, Rathbone, Hull, and he was to be screen-tested for the role of *THE WIZARD OF MARS* but only made it to the screen in *EQUINOX* (aside from a bit part years before in Greta Garbo's *CAMILLE*)—alas, horrordom's loss.

In Headlines from *Horrorsville* there was this amusing anecdote about Barbara Steele. A gasoline attendant looked at her puzzled, said, "I could swear I've seen you before." Removing her sun glasses, Barbara replied, "In your neighborhood movie house, no doubt?" "Could be," he mumbled, scratching his head. "Where do you usually sit?"

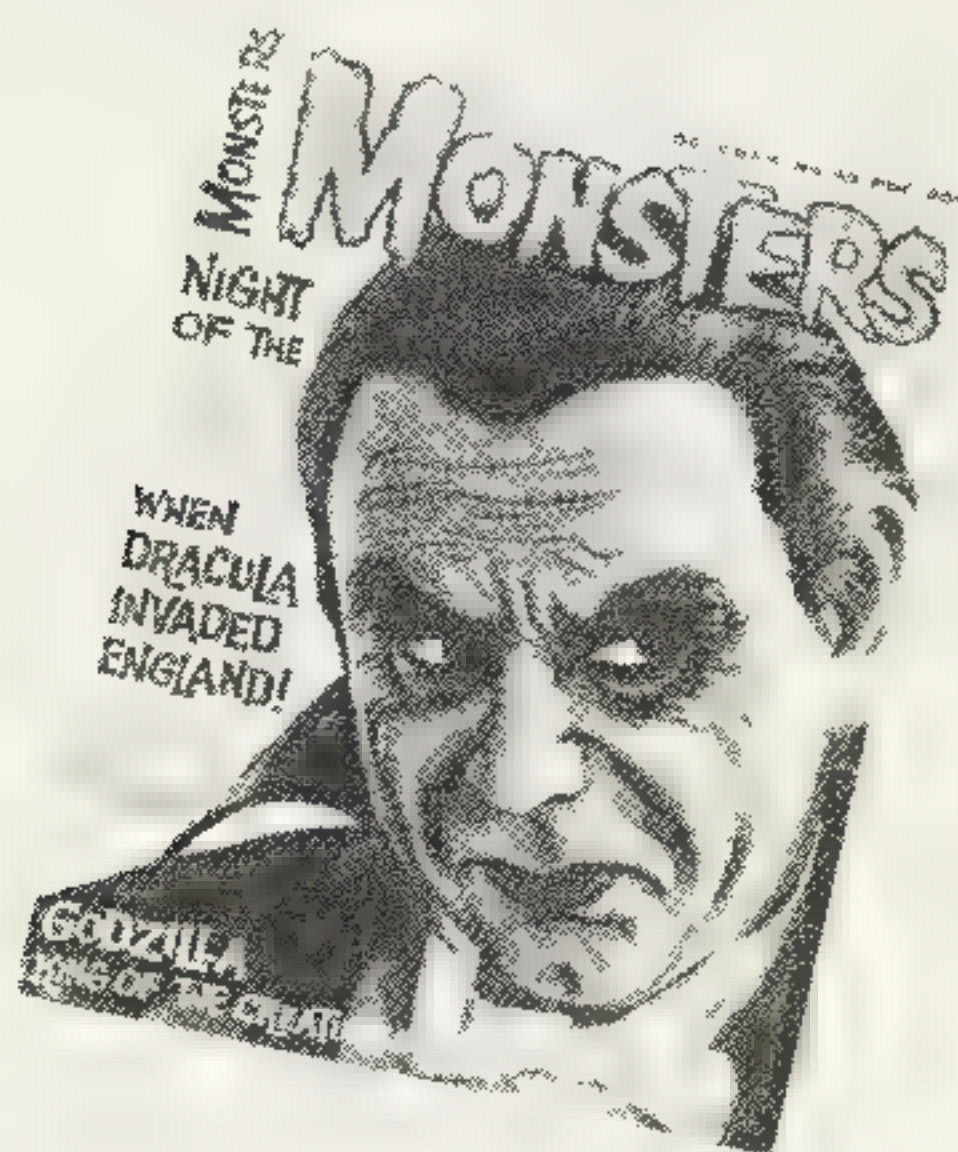
William "The Gimmick Master" Castle began a regular column, "A Message from the Castle of Terror."



Blind Hermit Daugherty fiddles while FrankenForry burns.

Whenever I get a Forry book, I always think of the blind hermit of *The Bride of Frankenstein* who said something like "At last! In my loneliness, the Good Lord has sent unto me a friend!"—Al Shamie, now a 35-year-old filmonster fan who had a drawing of Karloff Frankenstein in FM #26 when he was a teenager.

BEFORE MADONNA THERE WAS MADONA



In the Oct. '65 number, #35, we pictured Madonna Marchant, First Prize Winner for her SIEGFRIED SAVES METROPOLIS entry in the Amateur Monster Movie Makers Contest. Madonna before long married the famous fantasy artist Richard Corben and for years has served as his model.

Did you know Charlton Heston's first film was a fantastic one? PEER GYNT, a tale of gnomes, elves, trolls, goblins and the Great Boyg. In this issue we revealed that a 21-year-old David (THEY SAVED HITLER'S BRAIN) Bradley had produced, directed & photographed said film, introducing a 17-year-old Heston.

This issue featured the legendary article "Monsters are Good for My Children," written by Mrs. Terri Pinckard, mother of four, in the hopes it would influence every anti-monster movie parent in America. Today, as for over 2 decades, Mrs. Pinckard is the cohostess of the world-famous Pinckard Science Fiction Writers Salon, to whom have come such celebrities as Arthur C. Clarke, Ray Bradbury, Donald & Elsie Wollheim, the Poul Andersons, Colin (LIFEFORCE) Wilson, Fritz Leiber, A.E. van Vogt, Robert Bloch, Georges Gallet (Monsieur Science Fiction of France), Harlan Ellison, two astronauts, Ib (THE TIME TRAVELERS) Melchior and a score more.

COMMENTS FROM "CASTLE COBUNSTEIN"

We got in late for HANDS OF ORLAC and missed David Peel (Dracula as an airplane pilot). We did note Donald (BLOOD OF THE VAMPIRE) Wolfitt briefly as a surgeon.

Perhaps a forthcoming issue could give us a little information on horror regular Noble Johnson (THE MUMMY, MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE, GHOST BREAKERS, KING KONG, etc.). (We would be delighted to do an article on Noble Johnson, whom we agree well deserves same, but are frank to confess that we don't know anything about the man—even if he is alive or dead. We would be most happy to hear from any reader or readers who can supply biographical & filmographical information about him.)

I'd like to see a filmbook done on the most frightening Hunchback of all, Charles Laughton. This was a real Gothic horror. I still chill when I remember Maureen O'Hara running up one side of a fence and Laughton paralleling her, scuttling along on the other side, ready to meet her at the end. Hardwicke's Frodo was superb & restrained, Edmund O'Brien's Gringoire pleasant but not foppish, and Tom Mitchell's Clopin dynamic. Tom & Charles died one day apart in the same hospital, one floor away from each other. The lights grow dimmer on the set and no grip can repair the loss: Don't you feel like gathering up Karloff, Price, Chaney, Caradine, Johnson, Cushing, Lee, et al and keeping them in some antiseptic, shatterproof hideaway that will preserve them, intact, forever, like a priceless treasure (which, of course, they are)? (Amen to that.)

In A COMEDY OF TERRORS, King Boris displayed a slapstick, bumbling comedy sense that would have made him another Stan Laurel, had this been his bent. But Basil Rathbone walked away with the whole show—why doesn't someone do more with this great man? He was completely wasted in AIP's TALES OF TERROR "Valdemar" segment. A

menace perhaps, but a comedian? YES! "What place is this?" still evokes laughter at its very mention in our home. How about an article on Bazz? (Coming up or perhaps already published by the time you read this.)

Tell ol' Steve Jochsberger that Lugosi's name in THE BLACK CAT was Dr. Vitus (pronounced vee-toosh) Verdegast, not Vetos.

Saw Bob Clarke in THE HIDEOUS SUN DEMON on TV recently. It was horrible, alright. We see Bob regularly in TV commercials, also Ann (MAN THEY COULD NOT HANG) Doran, Preston (DR. X) Foster...and hear the voice of George (SOUL OF A MONSTER) Macready for catsup! Virginia Christine, the fine Ananka of THE MUMMY'S GHOST, can be seen in coffee commercials. Adam Keefe is doing a Lugosi impression in a throat lozenge TV ad and even a cereal had a monstrous butler named Pinky in their spots. Monsters are better than ever!

The Oct. '64 issue of Better Home Movies had an article about teenagers making a sci-fi movie, showing a prominent picture of an issue of FM they were using for inspiration. Two kids programs we see regularly in Cincinnati use Lugosi-type villains—one called Belly Lagoon. Even Stan Freberg's candy bar ad has a hand puppet called Copy Cat who wears a standup collar cape and talks with Lugosi accents.

Jose Ferrer is planning a "Mr. Moto" series. Shades of Peter Lorre! Joe is 5'10", which makes him 7" taller than Peter.

Chris Lee has now done roles once done by Karloff, Lugosi,

Lorre, Chaney Jr. and also played the role originally done by Paul Cavanaugh in MAN IN HALF-MOON STREET, with Anton Diffring doing the Nils Asther role in Hammer's excellent remake of the movie (called THE MAN WHO COULD CHEAT DEATH, which to my mind far outstripped the original).

Recently I had the opportunity to watch an early Karloff movie, the remake of Chaney Sr's first big hit, THE MIRACLE MAN. Boris was a greasy grifter and Irving (DRACULA'S DAUGHTER) Pichel and Virginia (INVISIBLE WOMAN) Bruce had featured roles. "The Frog" was played by John Wray and he was pretty horrible.

We are getting another late late look at the late Laird Cregar's 2 masterpieces, HANGOVER SQUARE and THE LODGER. Foremost in my mind when I think of these films are the frightening stroboscopic sequence of Cregar crawling along the slatted theater catwalk in LODGER and the burning of the body on the Guy Fawkes Day bonfire in SQUARE. This was later repeated in Price's MAD MAGICIAN.

Your magazine versions of HORROR OF DRACULA & CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN were long awaited by many fans like me and were fine. I know you have a real tough job turning out your magazines so maybe I ought to keep requests at a minimum but when I get to writing I try to cram years of wishes into a few pages. The WOLFMAN filmbook, the FRANKENSTEIN, SON OF FRANKENSTEIN, a definitive HORROR OF DRACULA with

behind-the-scenes stills, CAT-MAN OF PARIS and THE BODY SNATCHERS are all favorite candidates for The Treatment.

Films in Review borrowed your phrase "sci-fi" for their movie review listing in the Oct. '64 issue to describe ROBINSON CRUSOE ON MARS. Sy Weintraub is planning a TARZAN ON VENUS tv series. A bubble gum company has a new series of Outer Limits cards in color. I mourn the passing of the latter.

Here are a couple of noodlin' notes to wrap things up.

Q: How many times did Bela Lugosi visually change into a bat as Dracula?

A: Once (in ABBOTT & COSTELLO MEET FRANKENSTEIN).

Q: Did you know that the actor who portrayed Richardson the gravedigger killed by Lon Chaney in THE WOLFMAN was also one of the grave robbers who helped resurrect him in the sequel, FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLFMAN?

BILL, DOE, KP & CHRISTOPHER LEE COBUN Erlanger, Ky.

• It is always a pleasure to share with our readers a letter from people who see so many imagi-movies & fantasci tv shows, who so obviously enjoy fiendom and are so knowledgeable about filmmonsters. We look forward to many more such information-packed letters from the fine folk who inhabit the Castle Cobunstein.



It was with great sorrow that I was informed of the death of wife Doe Cobun not too many years later.

In Bill Obbagy's column were 2 facts I'd forgotten: that Curtis Harrington had scheduled me to play the corpse in *CADAVER*, adapted from the book I agented, "Deliver Me from Eva," and to appear in an unmade sequel to *QUEEN OF BLOOD*, *THE RETURN OF VELANA*. Obbagy (the greatest Lugosi fan of his day) also reported the theft of Tobor the Great, last seen standing in front of an antique shop in Vampiria's neighborhood in Beverly Hills.



DOWN MUMMERY LANE

Dec. '65, #36, featured the transcript of my TV interview with Joe Franklin who to this day appears on the videowaves with his perennial program *DOWN MEMORY LANE*. Franklin said of me on the air:

You are to science fiction what
Dick Clark is to rock 'n' roll.

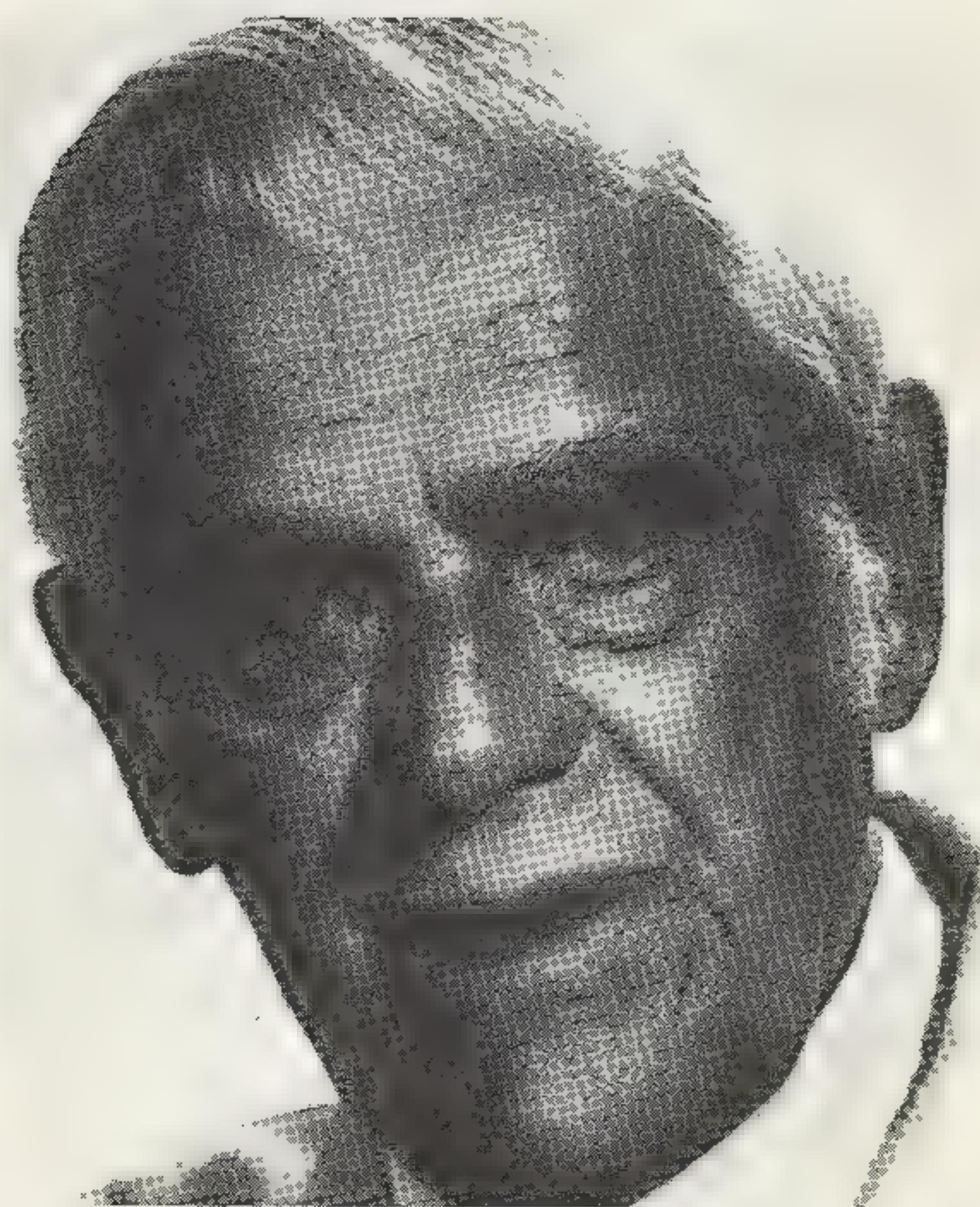
A scoop was Vincent Price as Prof. Jarrod, the "face of fire" from the *HOUSE OF WAX*.

LUGOSI LORE

#37, Feb. '66. An unusual feature, "Lugosi's Haunted House": fact or fiction? "An Hour with Karloff." The death of Frank Reicher, the skipper who sailed Denham's men to Skull Island. Headlines from *Horrorsville*: Karloff has narrated a film called *MONSTER CONVENTION*. . . Carroll (Luna) Borland played the lead role in the monsterrific comedy skit she wrote for the Count Dracula Soc'y, *MY FAIR ZOMBIE*. . . *PLANET (QUEEN) OF BLOOD* fictionized for pocketbook by Charles Nuetzel, son of FM cover artist Albert

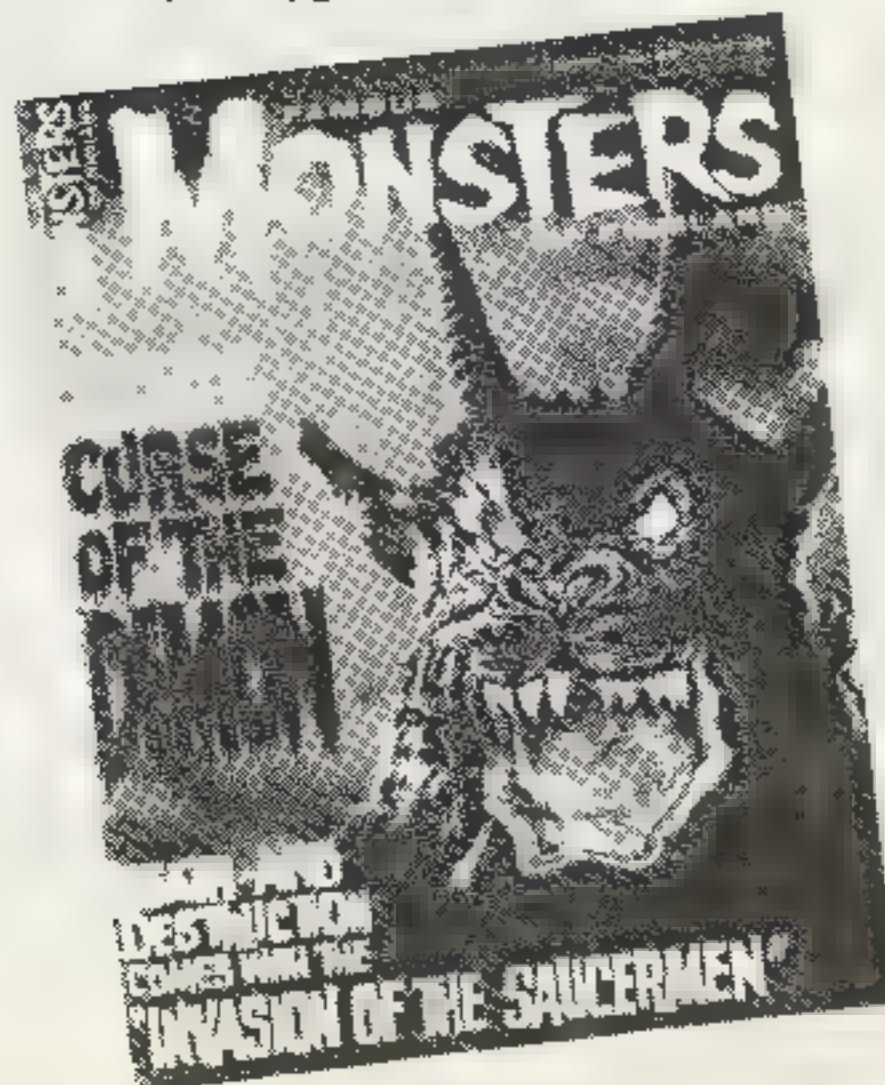


Nuetzel (dad affected double "els" in his signature). Intro to the book by FJA . . . FJA gented pocketbook "The Widderburn Horror" to costar Chaney Jr. & Carradine, be known as *NIGHT OF THE BEAST*. . . Brother Theodore stars in a short subject version of *THE TELL-TALE HEART*.



The Apr. '66, #38 issue was distinguished (almost extinguished) by caustic comments from Bruce Gordon, Fullerton, CA, to wit:

"IT STINKS!"



**AND WE THOUGHT ALL
GORDONS (BERT, ALEX,
RUTH, RICHARD, FLASH)
WERE NICE GUYS!**

FM fell flat on its face at the start. After 21 issues it picked itself up and became a positively magnificent magazine. Then, after 6 short issues, it happened, it just slid down hill and shattered into a pile of garbage. Something happened in the short time between issues 27 & 28. Something horrible. I dunno what but it sure ruined the mag. The editorials became a stale collection of old jokes. The tiny print disappeared. The articles cheapened. The paper changed. The writing sunk. I have absolutely no praise for FM now. It stinks. It is absolute junk. Horrible.

BRUCE GORDON
Fullteron, Calif.

- The badder we get, the better we sell. Proving people will collect anything. Consider: there are even garbage collectors!

Hopefully the issue was redeemed by such features as "White Zombie," "Curse of the Demon," "The End of the Ymir" (conclusion of the novelization of 20 MILLION MILES TO EARTH) and "The Daleks Invade England." Incidentally, the cover (the Ymir rampaging in Rome) was by the noted sci-fi artist Gray Morrow, later to be very popular with the readers of the Perry Rhodan magabooks I edited.



FURANKENSHUTAIN!

The Japanese Frankenstein was featured on the cover of #39, June '66, and inside Carroll Borland broke a 30-years' silence for me to reveal "What Makes Luna Tick."

I was flipping thru the issue to see what else there was of note and had just turned to the coverage I did on FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE SPACE MONSTER when I got a call from radio station WLAN in Lancaster, PA, and found myself going out over the air. When the interviewer asked me what was the worst monster movie of all time, there the info was spread out before me on the typewriter. Quote:

First there was FIRE MAIDENS OF OUTER SPACE

Then CAT-WOMEN OF THE MOON.

ROBOT MONSTER set new records.

FRANKENSTEIN'S DAUGHTER

broke them.

PLAN 9 FROM OUTER SPACE topped them all.

And now—once in a generation—a monster film destined to take its place beside THE CRAWLING TERROR, TEENAGER MONSTER, THE ASTOUNDING SHE MONSTER & MISSILE TO THE MOON...

The picture they said couldn't be made...

The picture that will surely take its place on the famous "50"...

The picture that may even win the coveted Eegah Award...

FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE SPACE MONSTER!

It was also known as MARS ATTACKS PUERTO RICO, and Don Willis, in his valuable volume "Horror and Science Fiction Films" (Scarecrow Press), says of it, "A rock number over a rocket launching is some historic first." Only James Karen survived this fanta-fiasco and went on to act in CAPRICORN ONE, POLTERGEIST, TV's BIONIC WOMAN, etc.; the other players vanished from the face of filmdom.

Something catches my attention in the You Axed For It dept. Sometimes, if I wanted to run a particularly good picture but nobody had requested it, I would "fake it" by attributing the request to people I felt would like to see the still if they had thought of it. I see a great 2-page spread on an underseas shot of the marinoids in the 1929 version of THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND and I smile to see such names attached to it as Georges Gallet (Monsieur Science Fiction of France), Pierre Versins (the greatest collector of French sf), Lloyd Hughes (juvenile lead of the film), Larry & Paul Brooks (the greatest collectors on Disney's 20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA), Warfield Loews (I saw the film for the first time at Loew's Warfield theater in San Francisco!) and... M. Olchewicz. Who he? Well, over half a century ago I read in some list of pseudonyms that M. Olchewicz was either Jules Verne's real name

or a pen name of his. So much for my confession of moral turpitude.

A nice scoop: 13 Faces of Frankenstein as drawn by Willis O'Brien himself. It was one of his last dreams that Frankenstein should be paired with King Kong in an animated confrontation, Mary Shelley's monster obviously having in some fashion become as gigantic as Kong.

In Headlines from Horrorsville we learned that Boris Karloff credited the fact that in an auto accident in Hollywood he suffered only relatively minor bruises because he was strapped in with a safety belt. "One of the best reasons we've ever heard for wearing a safety belt while driving," I opined. "Anything that could help prolong the life of King Boris we're heartily in favor of!" He was with us another 3 years, till 2 February 1969. Lon Chaney Jr. was trying to raise funds to star himself in CURSE OF THE GILA.

Ethan Azeltine (no address given) contributed what he characterized as "A Fantastically Boring Fan Letter" but I did not agree. Nor, I think, will you. Here it is:

After reading FM #36, I have a feeling some readers are going to write in about it and perhaps put a stake in you.

I had never seen THE ALLIGATOR PEOPLE and I found the article interesting. Reading THE MUMMY'S GHOST filmbook I was pleased to see that it was not disappointing! It was an FM filmbook, which says a lot for it. The only thing I found missing was a few details about the making of the picture—the actors and other small things (What, are you calling the actors "small"? One of them may have been incredibly mummified but none of them was incredibly shrunk!) Nevertheless, it was as entertaining as if you were seeing the film. Pix great! I have never seen many pix from this show and they were tops.

"To Kill A Mockingbat" was a type of article I would like to see more of when the editor appears on TV or even radio. The majority of readers never see him or even hear him and when he prints the interviews at least the fans can find out what happened.

HOUSE OF WAX pic was another phenomenal great which only FM consistently brings to the monster fans. In the movie it only gave a glimpse of Price's face and

I have been hoping you would find a picture of it consumed by fire. I have never seen a bad You Axed For It and this one was no exception. This is one of the regular features I look forward to each issue; always an interesting, revealing or horrifying foto. THE LOST WORLD Missing Link feature was another scoop that would have remained lost and the fotos hidden but for FM.

This was the good part which unfortunately took up only half your issue. Now for the features you might be staked out for: ST. GEO. & THE 7 CURSES seemed familiar—where have I seen this before? Likewise RETURN OF THE FLY. Some of the angrily written letters to you over trivial matters lead me to suspect they will stalk you out this time. The reason I think these articles were republished was that probably while the editor was in Europe collecting new features, either an article didn't arrive in time for press or because he was away from Hollywood they found they were short of copy and, having no way to contact FJA, had to substitute hastily at the press deadline. This is one reason I am not inclosing wolfbane in this letter: I think this could not be helped and was not the result of a lazy staff.

To those people who say that science fiction & horror stories & movies are trash I would like to reveal a fact. Last year when I was in 9th grade they had 2 science fiction & one horror story in our literature book. Stories written by great writers: Bradbury, Clarke & Poe. This year we have a horror story by Poe, "The Cask of Amontillado", and 2 s.f. stories written again by the greats, Bradbury & Clarke. If these stories are put in school literature books they can't be trash, can they? Every time I hear someone make an ignorant statement like "science fiction is trash" (while probably watching "Peyton Place" on TV) my blood boils to Fahrenheit 451 and I am strongly tempted to go to one of the Weapon Shops of Isher. I would like to utilize one of Waldo's mechanisms for obvious purposes.

I would like to state 2 things against reader Haise's views. So what if words like "dialogue" are shortened to "dialog" and "though" to "tho"? Big Federal case. My other bone is when he said MW would drag FM down to ruin—I think he is sadly mistaken. However, I do not think he is one of those smart alecks that editors are plagued with; I believe he is a sincere & serious horror fan. (So do we.)

ETHAN AZELTINE

Causticritic Doug Haise took a Haise-ing from Steve Meserve of Asheville, NC:

ANTI-FOG, ANTI-SMOG, ANTI-HAISE

Doug Haise nearly made me burst right out of my crypt! That letter of his was undoubtedly the most assinine & downright ridiculous correspondence ever printed in either MW or FM. He has no idea what he is asking, or rather ordering you to do when he says to do away with still shots of the old masters.

Give up the well-known fotos of Chaney, Lugosi & the others and you won't lose half of your readers; you will lose all but the scattered few like Doug Haise. It's not worth it for anyone concerned. You lose your business and we lose the best "film magazine" to ever hit the "noosestands" of this country. As for scrapping MW—don't! We wanted FM 12 times a year so you gave us MW which is nothing but FM with a different name and slightly changed format.

I just can't believe that any true filmonsters fan could or would tire of seeing the classic portraits printed in your 2 magazines. I, for one, have a framed portrait of Bela Lugosi, cut from the pages of FM, sitting on my desk. I see it every day—the first thing every morning and almost the last at night; yet I never tire of it. I have seen Lugosi's DRACULA upwards of 15 times and I think I could see it 115 more times before I would even begin to tire of it. The day you quit publishing pictures of Lugosi in your mags is the day I stop buy-

ing them. (Then that day will never come.)

Mr. Haise is a disgrace to monster fandom when he says he would rather "see a still with more gore than THE FLESH EATERS than a 'classic' portrait of Karloff or Chaney." This is exactly the kind of attitude which causes men like Rep. Dolley to feel that his bill (explained on p. 48 MW #6) is necessary. If this bill goes thru, the monster-hating adults will have the toehold they need in the law. These people want to ban all horror movies, not just gory ones like BLOOD FEAST OF A THOUSAND MANIACS. This could lead to the ban of the good films by Christopher Lee & Peter Cushing as well as the re-releases of the classics.

Heads up, Doug Haise! You may not have to obey N. Carolina legislation but I do. If your kind won't cool off in your "bloodlust" we N. Carolinians will be the first to miss the new horror movies. Just remember, some day such a bill may reach YOU.

STEVE MESERVE
Asheville, NC

Great letters this issue. Here are 2 more:

GOOD MEATY LETTER, KIND READERS LIKE

Regarding your request in #37 for more information about the late Frank Reicher, I can add that he appeared in THE INVISIBLE RAY (Univ.-36), THE MYSTERY OF MARIE ROGET (Univ.-42), THE STRANGE MR. GREGORY (Mono.-46). he played Karl in Uni's NIGHT KEY with Karloff ('37); the hospital superintendant in Lippert's 1951 SUPERMAN AND THE MOLE MEN (perhaps his last role). He also played Dr. Rinehart in First National's 1934 RETURN OF THE TERROR and the auctioneer in SECRET OF THE CHATEAU (Univ.-34). His role in NIGHT MONSTER was Dr. Timmons. Altho he appeared in THE SECRET LIFE OF WALTER MITTY (RKO-47) he was killed in the beginning of the picture and

shared no scenes with Karloff.

You are correct in your recent statement that Ernest Thesiger never retired. He is credited with several film appearances within a year of his death.

I wish you would spend more time on the little known but oft-seen horror actors like Patrick Magee, Nigel Green, Leonard Sachs, Anne Blake, John Stuart, Marianne Stone, Francis DeWolff, Barbara Shelley, Philip Leaver, Kieron Moore, Chas. Lloyd Pack, Ewen Solon, Michael Ripper, Geo. Woodbridge, Michael Gough, Miles Malleon, Victor Brooks, all currently appearing in British films. All have made at least 5 horror films; some like Ripper & Malleon have made as many as 10. Other actors with at least 5 horror films behind them include Lloyd Corrigan, Herbert Marshall, Nigel De Brulier, E.E. Clive, Wm. Schallert, Harry Lauter, Morris Ankrum (who holds the record for most monster films by a non-monster actor at an incredible 14 pictures), Richard Carlson, John Agar, Richard Denning, Russ Bender, Robt. Shayne, Alan Napier, Dick Miller, Jonathan Haze, Tom Conway, Thos. B. Henry, John Hoyt & dozens more. (With all the work you have laid out for us we fear we shall have to create a separate magazine called **UNFAMOUS HORROR FILM ACTORS**. Basically, however, we have nothing against your request for devoting more attention to some of the lesser personalities.)

I recently (or resentfully) saw 2000 MANIACS from David F. Friedman & Herschell Gordon Lewis (BLOOD FEAST). Generally horror films don't bother me but I began to get sick during the incredibly sadistic blood-soaked mess. People should be warned about films like this, tho technically it was an improvement over BLOOD FEAST. Both taste & plot were non-existent. The most realistic element of the film is the blood, and at times that is a little too realistic.

I own a complete set of FM and I enjoy the work you are doing

altho I feel that the writing should be raised from the subteen level to college level. (An old argument and a dream that will never be realized until there are as many college level readers as there are grade school. You're 18, and remember our recent reader who asked, "Don't you think 16 is a ridiculous age to be interested in monsters?" Our answer was "no." But while many young men & women upward of 16 continue to go to monster, horror & sci-fi movies, unfortunately the majority of the older ones do not continue to support ANY monster magazine, regardless of higher literary level.) I am a college student with a drama major and it seems likely that I shall become an actor. If I become a success in the field I will return to my love of fantasy films and devote my attention to improving the status of the "monster picture." (We are genuinely glad to hear that and wish you every success.)

DAN ERWINE
El Cajon, Calif.

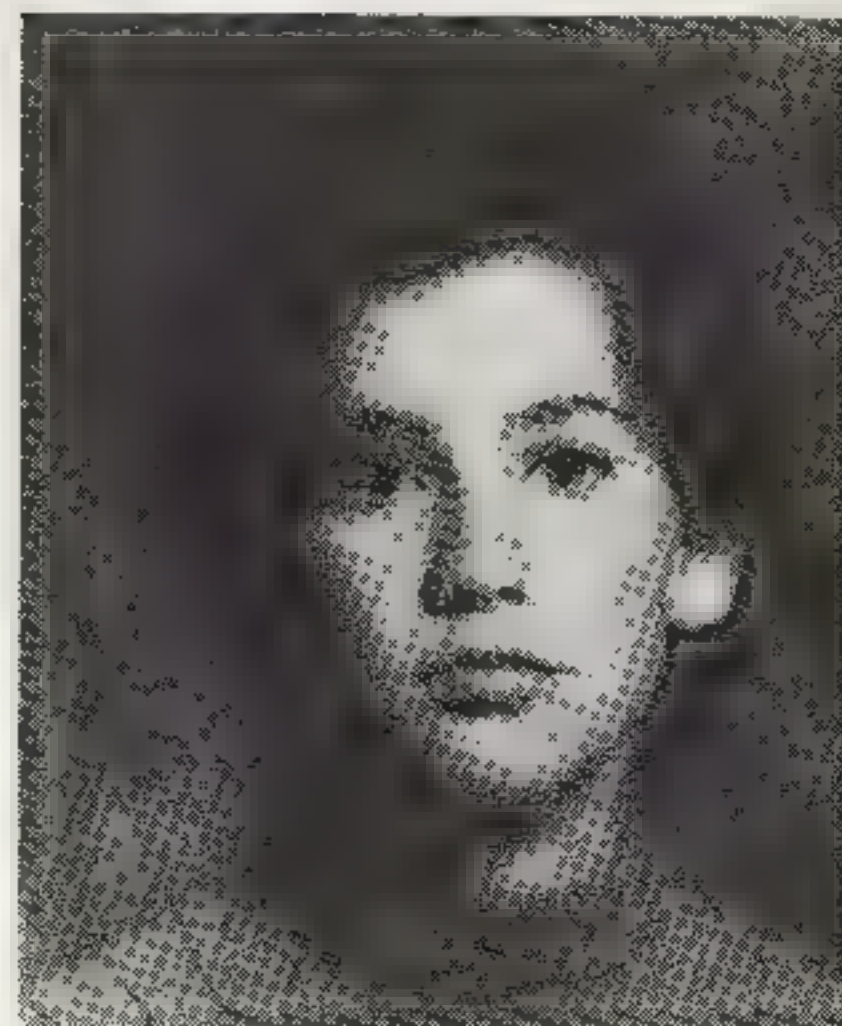
BAD ACK-TOR

In regard to the editor's comments on my letter in **MONSTER WORLD #7**, by making a mockery of my obvious error of the word "juvenile" he has proven himself immature. If I were to pick an error out in one of the publications (and there are, on the average, 3 per issue) and proceeded to "play-it-up" as was done with mine, it would, I am sure, insult FJA's intelligence. Is it impossible to criticize him without him blowing up... even when it is constructive? When I refer to the magazines as being juvenile I am speaking of the contents of the articles (i.e., puns). I have all the respect in the world for Mr. Warren. He is one of the finest men I have ever met. It is impossible for Mr. Ackerman to have respect for all his readers, I know I wouldn't, when you realize that most of them are immature 12-year-olds—judging from some of the letters not very intelligent at

that. There must be articles like "The Munsters," **SHE-CREATURE**, etc. to appeal to such an audience. No complaint. It is hard enough to make a living nowadays. You must admit, at least Mr. Warren does, that there has been a noticeable fall in the magazine's quality, at least in a literary sense.

I certainly don't respect the

WANTED: MORE READERS LIKE...



ADAM MILLER



MARK TROY

Ackmonster as I used to. More respect for his readers is definitely in order.

STEVE B. KAPLAN
Freehold, N.J.

• After reading this letter I nominate myself as a Guest Villain in a segment of **BAT-MAN**: I'll play Ratman! I'm glad, Steve, you like Jim Warren—I think next to his

Mother, Dad & Best Girlfriend, I like him better than anybody else—but what I never seem to be able to put across to you & any number of readers like you is that the **PUBLISHER** dictates the policy of the magazine and I, as editor, only follow orders. Mr. Warren wants a funny punny juvenile pair of filmonster magazines because his experience has convinced him that that is what the majority of his readers want to buy. I, personally, would infinitely prefer to write on a high literary level for readers with college degrees but **SPACEMEN** magazine was our experiment in an imagi-movie publication of higher quality and it was a miserable financial flop. On the other hand, when, tongue in cheek and seeking to entertain a segment of the movie-going population from children who can barely read to young men who are about to pass out of the monster phase and into other interests;—when I write the next issue of **FM**, which will be #40, and immediately thereafter edit issue #10 of **MW**, that will make **FIFTY** filmonster magazines that I will have produced in the past 8 years and Mr. Warren scarcely needs emphasize that this is a publishing success unapproached by a million miles by anyone else in the world.

Speaking of miles reminds me of the 8700 I drove several years ago, voluntarily over a period of 5 weeks, to meet as many readers as possible. And I wonder how many people have heard me say since, when asked what "the little monsters" were like: "Bright-eyed, bushy-tailed, all busy drawing up a storm, making models, even their own motion pictures; decorating dens; editing amateur magazines; compiling lists. More imaginative, more intelligent, I'm convinced, than the non-monster fans of America." What more respect can you expect a 49-year-old man to pay his teen & subteen readers?—Forry.

RARE TREAT!

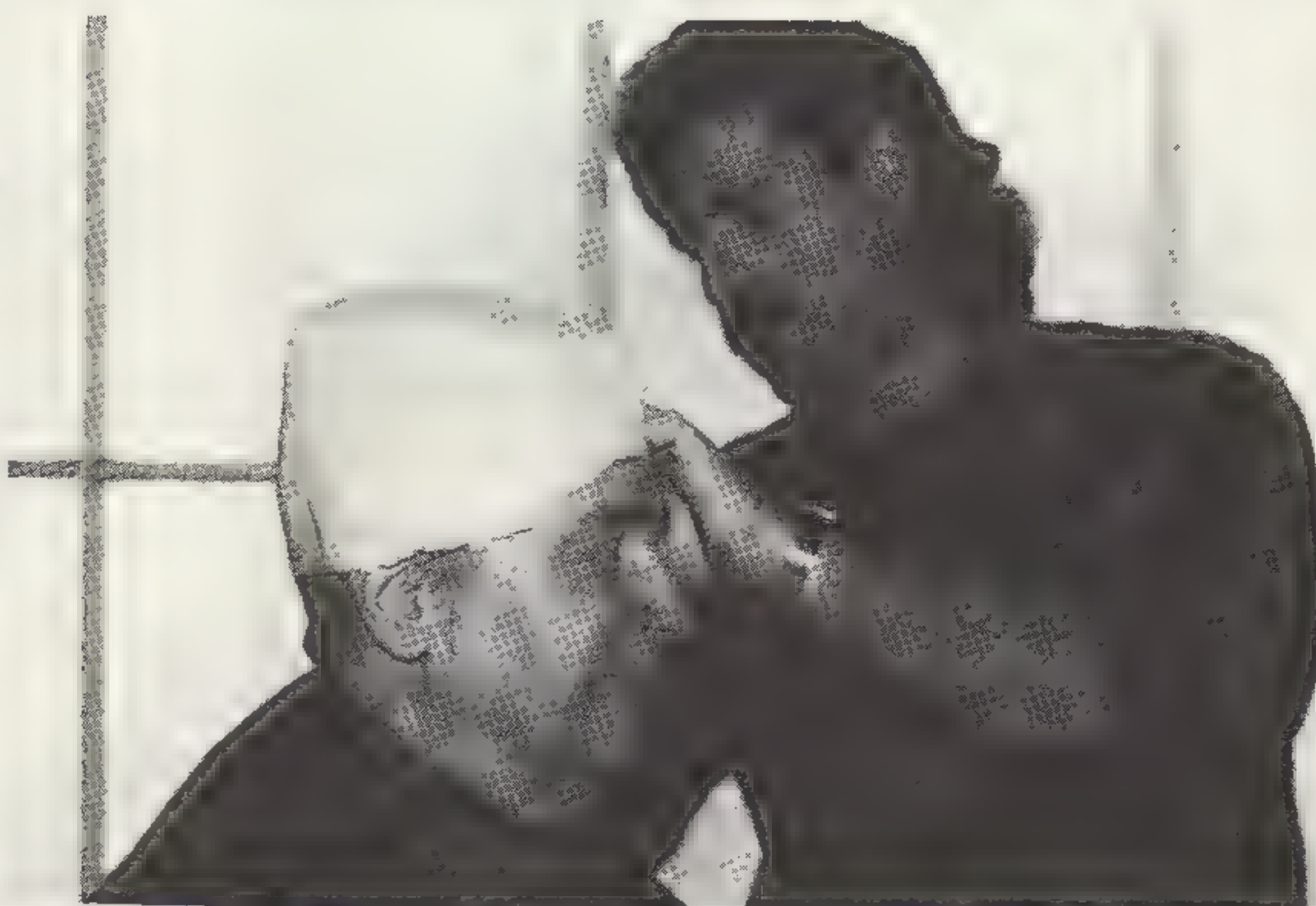
The Creation of Frankenforry and our cover.

We thought that you would like to see just how FJA was transformed into Frank, so for those of you who just may have AXED FOR IT...



The first application of makeup, the latex headpiece, was started at 10:30 AM.

Photos by R. Michelucci



Gradually, FJA was transformed by make-up artist Howard Berger with the assistance of none other than one of the industry's top special effects men, Tom Savini.





Meanwhile, actress Bobbie Bresee was readying herself with makeup and wardrobe.



Under the direction of Bob Michelucci, photographer Bill Appleton checked the lighting and steadied the camera.

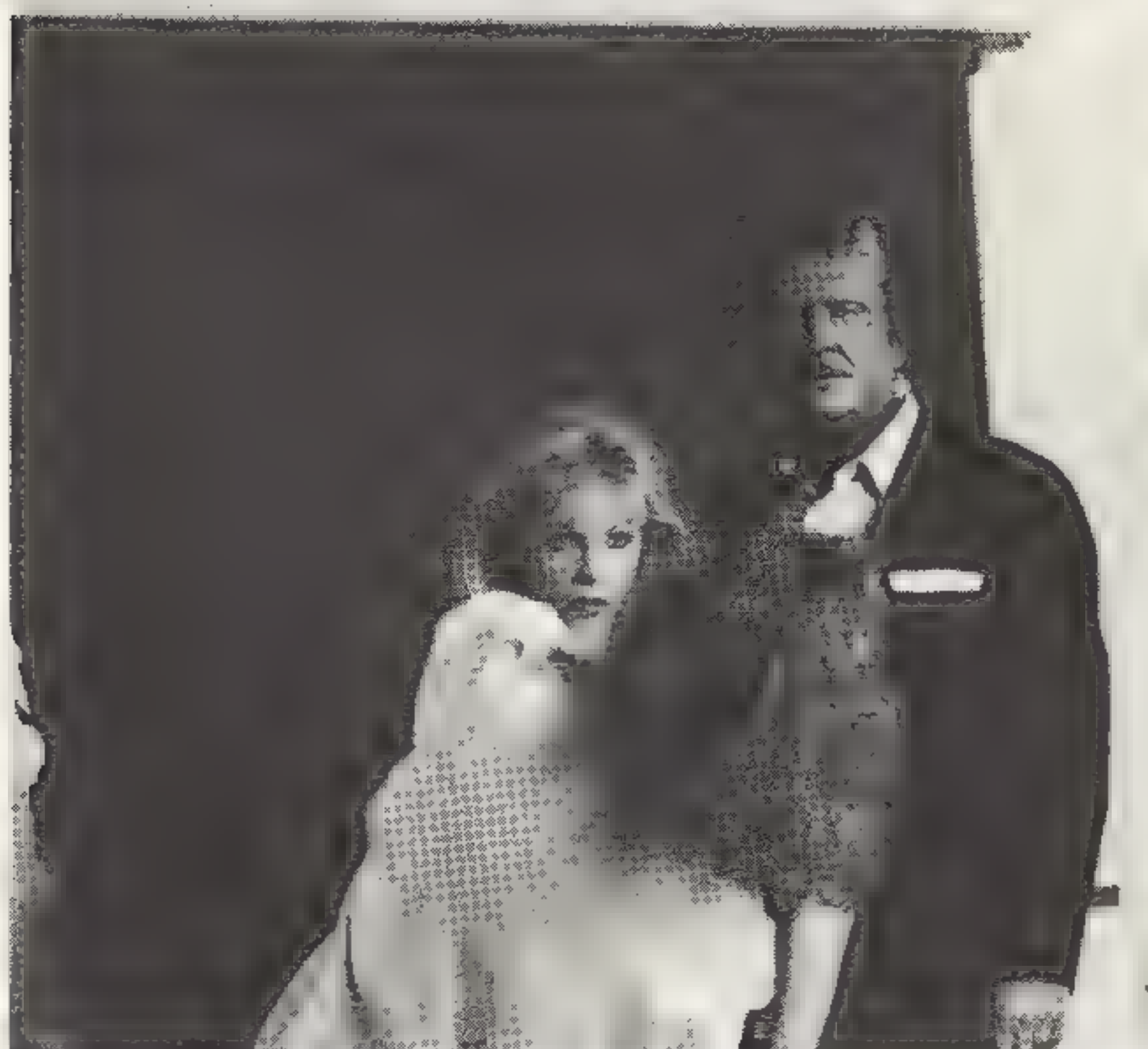


Just about three hours later, the monster was alive.





Oops! Let's check that makeup.



Ready? Say Cheese...



And fix that hair too!



And the result—our cover photograph.



“TYRANNO POWER SURE KNOWS HOW TO MAKE A BRONTO SORE!”

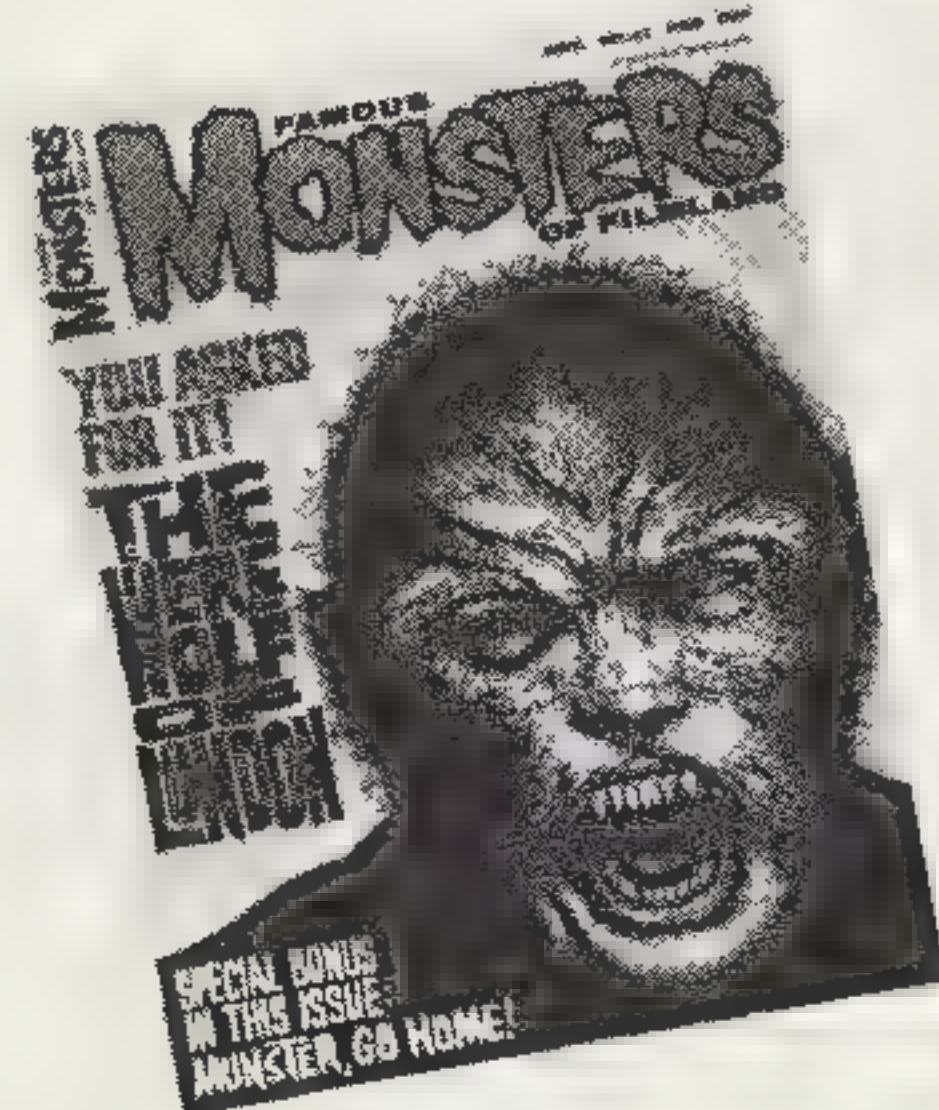
Eek! Did I write that? Yes, as a headline for a 2-page spread on the then-new film, DINO-SAURUS. And I hope it didn't make Tyrone Power sore at us—or was this movie star dead by then? In Headlines from Horrorsville my campaign to establish Fritz Leiber as a new star sinister was having its effect: George Pal said, “I'd like to promote that man!”—and had Pal fulfilled his dream to remake METROPOLIS, Leiber might have played either John Masterman or Rotwang. DEAD MEN IN SPACE was announced as a possibility for Florence Marly's next screen appearance but the picture was never made. Nor, as far as I know, was THE LIBRARY OF DR.. MALDONADO, in which Brother Theodore was to have a part, due to the pressure of FM readers. Lillian Lugosi, mother of Bela's only son, became the Bride of Quatermass when she married Brian Donlevy.

THE SHE-CREATURE made her first appearance in this issue. Year's later one of the questions I was most frequently asked was, “How did the She-Creature die?” Well, I'm looking at the conclusion of the story in issue #40, Aug. '66, and it says: “As the stupefied police look on, an almost-invisible form walks slowly thru the flames and into the sea as a multitude of bullets are fired at it. It fades away, the mysterious tracks disappearing with it.” So don't call me, I'll call you.

In Monster Mail Call frequent writer Ethan Azeltine said, “I don't know how you collected so many great articles for one issue but you somehow did. I bet you 1000 tana leaves you don't get one, not one letter of complaint about issue 39.” I responded, “Paging Im-ho-tep & Kharis: we have 1000 tana leaves for sale—cheap. After all, they didn't cost us anything. . . optimistic Ethan lost them on a bet. Tho technically he might be right: we didn't get one complaining letter, right off we got 2. Following is one.” Jeff McCarter: “FM #39 was terrible. More than anything I'd like to say it was good but I can't. It just stinks! It is by far the worst

piece of material you have put out yet! If you can't put out better material than this don't strain yourself to do so—don't put out anything.” To which I responded: “Why editors get gray. What delighted reader #1, blighted reader #2. If we'd taken Jeff's advice we'd never have bothered to put together the current issue.”

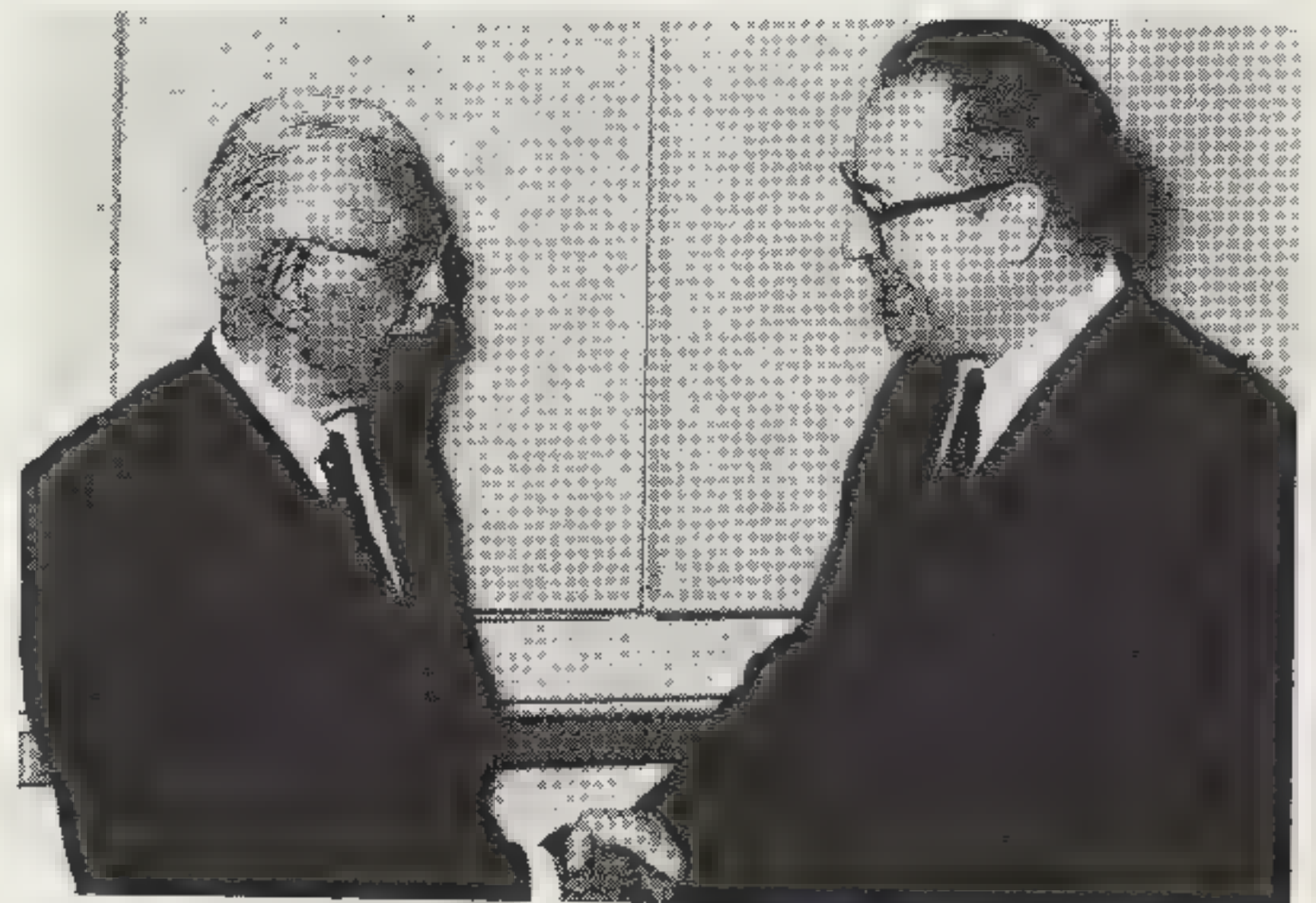
Backtracking a moment to issue #32 in March '65, I see I overlooked a name I am now astonished to find in FM 21 years ago: Joanna Russ! Now an important author in the science fiction field.



KARLOFF...CHANNEY JR. ...LUGOSI

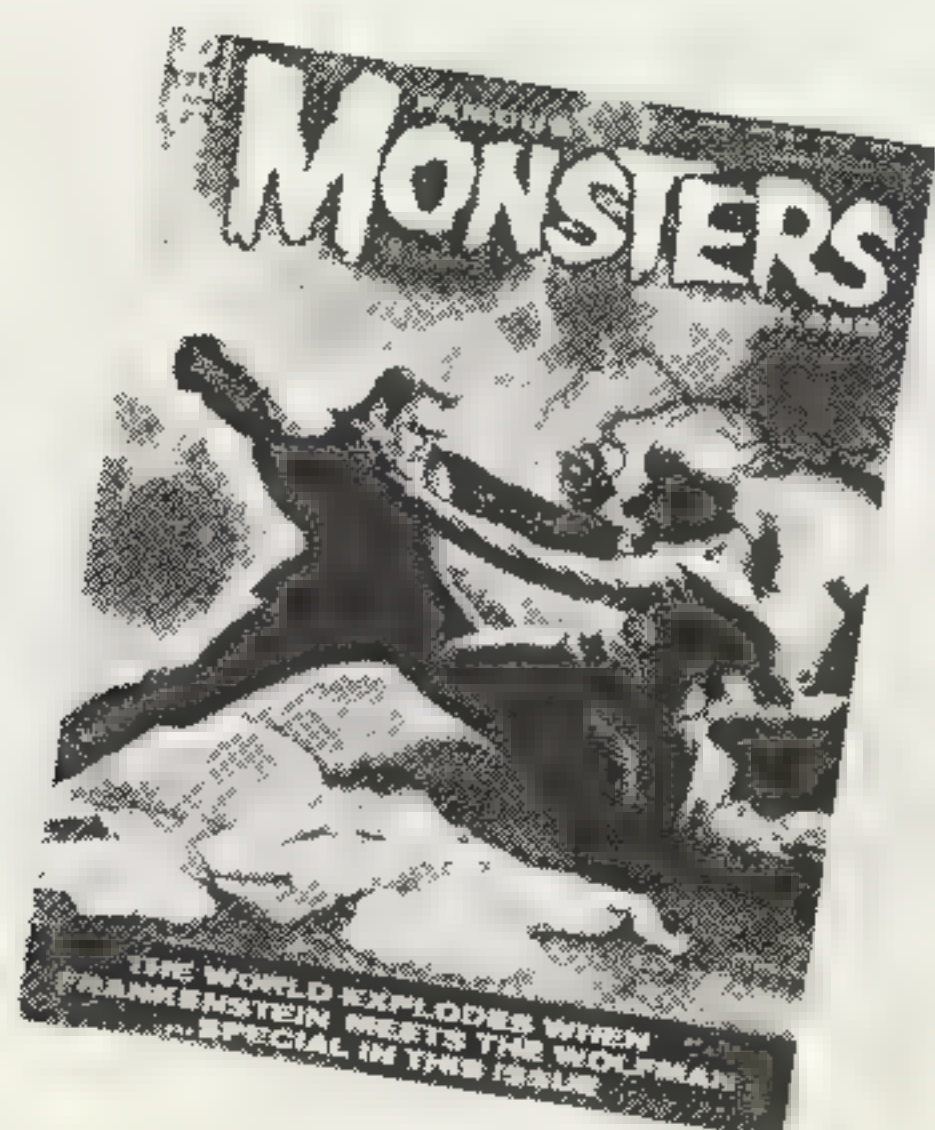
Nov. '66, #41, found Boris Karloff hoping “to keep on working to the very end. I intend to die with makeup on, in front of the cameras, working at my trade as an actor.” He almost made it but contracted pneumonia after making his final 4 films and died in a hospital in his native land, England. Lon Chaney Jr. did a foreword, “Confessions of a Make-Believe Werewolf,” for James Reynolds' book “Gallery of Ghosts” (hard-cover and selling for \$3.95!—how's that for fantastic?) Columnist Bill Obbagy stated, “It's something that ought to be read by every serious Chaney historian.” Bill also reminded us that Aug. 16 marked the 10th anniversary of Lugosi's passing to Prince Sirki's domain.

I did a major Filmbook on WereWolf of Lon-



ON THE SET of Karloff's final film, THE INCREDIBLE INVASION.

don (that's the way it appeared on the screen, with a second capital "W" in the middle of the word) and in tidbits of information afterwards revealed: Henry Hull was born 3 Oct. 1890, Warner Oland (the other lycanthrope in the film) 3 Oct. 1880. Character actress Spring Byington, who had a comedic part in the picture, became a friend of mine in the mid-60s, and I learned she was an ardent reader of science fiction. "My s.f. diet keeps my imagination corpuscles healthy and active," she told me and I reported.



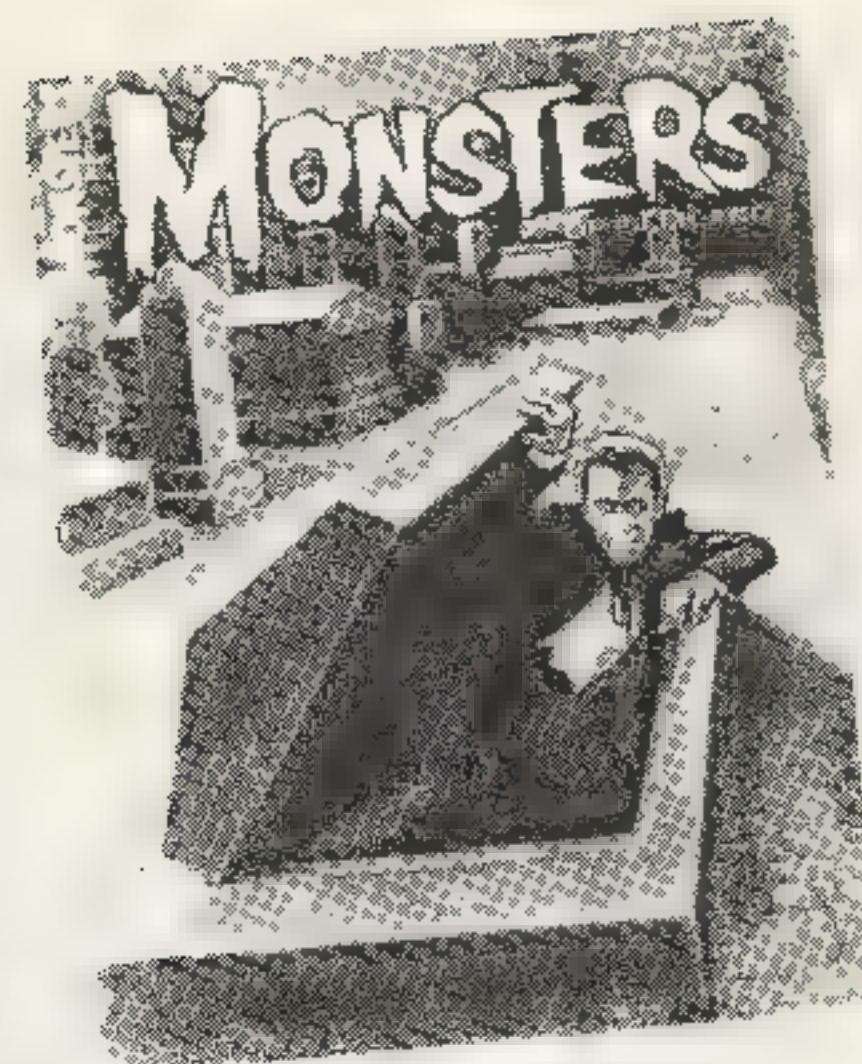
FRANKENSTEIN WOLFS THE MEAT MAN

If you groaned at that pun, the onus is upon the 83-year-young originator of it himself, Curt Siodmak*, who now goes "Beyond Donovan's Brain" with a sequel to his thrice-filmed classic. The issue was #42, Jan. '67, and inside we learned that:

- Lon Chaney Jr. had become a grandfather. . . for the 10th time!

- Vincent Price, who had "quit horror films," was now returning to monsterdom.

- And, budgeted at \$1 million (Big Bucks in those days) was GRAVESIDE STORY, which was to have costarred Price & Karloff, with Bette Davis being sought for a top role in the picture. Based on Richard Matheson's tale "Being," this could have been a winner—but, alas, it remained in the Realm of Unwrought Things.



LONG CHANEY EVENING

Feature of the 43rd issue, Mar. '67, was a glowing account of the night Count Alucard (Lon Chaney Jr.) was honored by the Count Dracula Society. First Robert Bloch received an Ann Radcliffe Award for his Hitchcock television hour THE SIGN OF SATAN, adapted from his weird tale "Return to the Sabbath" and starring Christopher Lee. In presenting the award I kidded Bloch by saying:

"Who can ever forget the masterpieces he has given us such as:

"UNCLE TOM'S CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI. . .

"BATMAN & ROBINHOOD. . .

"And DR. GHOULFINGER.

"Yes," continued your editor, "that's Robert Bloch for you. He has the unique honor of being the only man here this evening who knew Ann Radcliffe personally." (In case you aren't aware, Mrs. Radcliffe was born 200 years ago.)

In making his acceptance speech, Mr. Bloch made such observations as:

"Wasn't it horrible in the papers recently about that insane murderer who killed people so that he could cut out their insides and restring his tennis racquets? I say that took a lot of guts."

"When I wrote 'Psycho' I never dreamed people would go crazy over it."

And:

"I believe there'll always be a Dracula Society because it's the one club that has a stake in the future."

Don Post, Carroll "Luna" Borland, Verne (makeup artist) Langdon and others were present that memorable evening, and Chaney received a standing ovation when he arrived. My introduction of him follows:



"35 years ago," I began my intro, "we lost the Phantom of the Opera, the Hunchback of Notre Dame, the ghoulish figure of LONDON AFTER MIDNIGHT, THE MIRACLE MAN—the 'Man of A Thousand Faces.' It was Face #1001 for Lon Chaney Sr.—his death mask.

"But shortly thereafter we began to see another face that strongly resembled his—his son's. Lon was first known as Creighton Tull Chaney, then Lon Chaney Jr.; now for many years, he tells me, with a large family of children & grandchildren of his own, he is simply Lon Chaney.

"Of course his claim to fame does not depend exclusively on his appearance in monster films. He has had some distinguished roles in regular pictures—particularly the unforgettable Lenny, a towering achievement in OF MICE & MEN.

"The first time he appeared in a fantastic role you couldn't exactly call it Gothic because it was in ONE MILLION B.C. and that was a little bit before the Gothic era was invented. Lon did a remarkable thing for that movie but unfortunately it didn't reach the screen: he created a great caveman make-up of his own. But because of Guild regulations it couldn't be used. Fortunately 2 fotos of this

make-up were preserved and have been published so that we were able to see how good he was at it.

"In 1941, via an overdose of electricity, he became the MAN MADE MONSTER. And that same year he first appeared in his greatest monster role: THE WOLF MAN. I had occasion to find out just how well known & popular that portrayal was when I went out on the road for awhile with the people from the Don Post Studios when they created a 3-times-a-day live show for monster fans: I found out how even the smallest children knew the Wolfman and that his name in human form was Larry Talbot, and how he got killed, and so on.

"In 1942, Lon stepped into some very large boots indeed: those of Boris Karloff, which he had finally vacated after playing his immortal Frankenstein 3 times.

"Then Lon was really on his way with FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLFMAN, THE SON OF DRACULA and THE MUMMY'S GHOST.

"In 1944 he made a film adapted from a great modern Gothic novel, 'Conjure Wife,' and the movie was called WEIRD WOMAN.

"1945 was a hard year for Lon to stay alive as he:

"Played THE FROZEN

GHOST...

"Suffered THE MUMMY'S CURSE...

"And turned into the Wolfman in both THE HOUSE OF DRACULA & THE HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN.

"Lon has contributed to the Gothic-type film in pictures ranging all the way from THE BLACK CASTLE to THE BLACK SLEEP. In the latter he appeared with Bela Lugosi; it was Lugosi's last film.

"Recently, after putting on film practically everything Edgar Allan Poe ever wrote, American International Studios looked about for similar works and discovered HPLovecraft. When they filmed his HAUNTED PALACE they insured its success by including Lon Chaney in the cast.

"They called his father The Man of A Thousand Faces. Lon might be called The Man of a Thousand Deaths—in fact he even played in a picture *called* I DIED A THOUSAND DEATHS. But, taking a cue from the title of another of his films, I prefer to call him, ladies & gentlemen: THE INDESTRUCTIBLE MAN!"

And to a thunderous applause, Lon Chaney left his table and made his way up onto the stage and into the mouth of the great red devil from which all acceptance

speeches were delivered.

TREAT OF TREATS

What followed was totally unexpected.

And never to be forgotten.

Following the pattern set by those before him, Lon first made some humorous remarks.

"In movies, I have been paid for 4 things," he said.

"For being ugly. That I can't help.

"For scaring people." At that he threw up his hands, made a horrible face and growled.

"For acting dumb. And if I go on talking much longer, I'll just prove it."

The 4th thing, I regret to say, I cannot for the life of me remember at the moment. Undoubtedly some reader present will remember it and write in to Fang Mail so it can be included in a future issue.

But Lon proved he was no dummy by pointing out something

which everyone else had overlooked: when the original introductions of all the special guests had been made, it had been requested that the applause not be given individually but saved till last.

Then the applause had been completely overlooked!

But Lon reminded everyone of it then & there and a long overdue round of clapping was given the other celebrities.

Then—the unexpected.

"You people have fed me and given me a good time," Lon said. "I feel I should do something for you in return."

Pause.

We scarcely could see how he could turn into the Wolfman in front of our eyes. But he did something equally dramatic, if not more so: without benefit of any special preparation, he turned himself into the well-meaning but bumbling, dim-witted Lenny of MICE & MEN fame!

He came alive as a great actor before our very eyes!

"George—" he began, and in an

amazing sustained monolog of increasing intensity & power he spellbound the audience with an on-the-spot Academy performance. When he reached the climax of the scene and bowed his head in his arms, his shoulders wracked with sobs, the audience rose to its feet as a man to give him a standing ovation for the second time in one evening.

It was a classic moment, we were proud & thrilled to be there, and are happy to share the thrill with you who could not physically be present.

Afterwards Lon graciously gave all the autographs everyone wanted, answered questions and signed fotos by the score. He expressed astonishment at one showing him as a boy of about 14 with his dad.

One bright young fan stepped up to FM's editor and said, "You said ONE MILLION B.C. was Lon's first fantastic role, in 1939. How about the Atlantis serial THE UNDERSEA KINGDOM in 1936?" You are all invited to this boy's funeral.

One of the happiest days of my life was when Forrest J Ackerman discovered me and started my career in horror. Without his launch, I'd still be working at the Playboy Club as a "dumb bunny!"

That's when I discovered "*Famous Monsters*". Forry's influence in the world of science fiction has been a beacon for all to follow. He keeps the legends of Dracula, Frankenstein, The Phantom, The Werewolf and The Mummy alive for all of us to cherish.

Bobbie Bresee

BOBBIE BRESEE is the rapidly rising creepix cult queen seen in MAUSOLEUM, GHOU LIES, PRISON SHIP, BEACH BLANKET, BLOOD BATH (with FJA) and Guest of Honor of the 1985 Imagfic Fantasy Film Festival in Madrid, Spain.



Now (1986) let me bring back into print a forgotten fact, something erased from my memory till I re-read it in the course of re-living the evening: Lon revealed he had once worked as a stunt man under the name of...*Colvin!*

In "Headlines from Horrorville" Stanley Kubrick was quoted as saying "I'm sure there's intelligent life on other planets. To prove they're intelligent, they haven't visited Earth!"

HOUSE OF DRACULA was the 18-page featured Filmbook.

Publisher's statement *re* total paid circulation (including 3000 subscriptions) for the preceding 12 months: 132,180.



OF DEATH & DALEKS

In #44, May '67, we regretfully had to announce the demise of Delos W. Lovelace, author of the novelization of "King Kong." Prince Sirki took him at 70 to Death's Domain.

Peter Cushing as Dr. Who was spotlighted in a feature about the Daleks.

After an absence of 2 issues, the readers' dept. was back. I was never in favor of it being omitted. A poignant letter from Peter Warren:

"PLEASE WRITE"—PETE

I am asking you if you could find me a pen friend of the age of 11 years. I have been a fan of FM for a long time. My name is Peter Warren. But if you find me a penpal, tell him I'm blind in one eye and my mother is German. Then I hope he will still want me as a penpal.

Address
22 Albion Way
Lewisham SE 13
London, England

• What's wrong with having a German mother? Marlene Dietrich is one of the most famous best-liked German

mothers (in fact grandmothers!) in the world. Thea von Harbou, who wrote THE WOMAN IN THE MOON, was German, and Brigitte Helm, who starred in ALRAUNE, was German. Why, even my German teacher was German! As for only having sight in one eye, consider that Sammy Davis Jr. is in the same boat as you, and he's built his boat into a veritable Queen Mary. So you keep your eye on a high, high star, young Peter, and with the guidance of your mother row your boat to victory. We know you'll receive many letters from monster fans who'd like to have a penpal like you. In fact, if we only had time, we'd be glad to correspond with you ourself. Honest. Nexttime the Editor is in London he'll give you a phone call. That's a promise.



WAXING ENTHUSIASTIC

#45, July '67, featured a 12-page Fearbook on HOUSE OF WAX (3D). In Monster Mail Call we featured a foto of Christopher Lee Cobun (Dracula Jr.) and Walter Ernsting, cocreator of the world's longest-running space opera, the weekly Perry Rhodan series of which Wendayne the Ackerwoman was series editor and chief translator in America. (Ernsting also received one of the science fiction field's most rewarding honors, a Big Heart Award.)

A lot of funny little mini-missives in Monster Mail Call this time:

"Cover of KONG & the pteranodons" (#44) was sharp as a pterodactyl's tooth."—Morton Weiss, NYC.

"I thought that elephants were supposed to be strong & brave," complained Mark Odell of Los Altos, CA, faulting Ray Harryhausen for letting the Ymir best the noble beast in 20 MILLION MILES

TO EARTH. I replied: "Elephants of the world, arise! Pack your trunks with elephant guns, you mighty pachyderms, and make that rotten Harryhausen animate you stronger & braver the next time he pits you against a Venusian lizard or any other kind of creature. Remember, Ray, an elephant never forgets, so for your own protection take a jumbo-size bag of peanuts with you the next time you got to a circus or a zoo. (PS: We were only kidding about you being rotten, Ray; we think you're GREAT. It's the SCRIPTWRITER who was rotten, to make the elephant seem weak & cowardly, and lose.) By the way, reader today, do you know what you get when you cross an elephant with a fly? *A zipper that never forgets!* (Hope you can.)

"Wm. Castle is NOT a terror! I met this great producer of shockers in Hollywood and he autographed my copy of FM. He is a very jolly fellow."—Henry J. Sorenson, Minneapolis.

"Is Marcel Delgado still alive?"—Mike Stamm, Hollidaysburg, PA. We just phoned him (I replied) and he said yes. (Delgado was the man who built King Kong and the 49 dinosaurs in *THE LOST WORLD*.)

"'Mixed Monsters' is always a lesson itself. It just shows you that everyone makes mistakes. As I always say sometimes, 'After all none of us are human.'"—Wayne Heson, Carbon Hill, AL.

"I am thoroughly disgusted with your intelligence."—Tom Tradup, Syracuse, NY. To which I replied: So am I. I should have more common-sense than to keep running letters that run me down for something I'm not responsible for.

"First of all, I don't care whether or not you print this letter, I just hope you read it."—Dave Ludwig, Villa Park, IL. Alright, I read it.

"I think you should get a raise. You're the best Editor a monster magazine ever had."—Laney Loftin (no address). Response from publisher: At your recommendation we have given our editor a raise. His office is no longer located in the basement with the mushrooms, we have moved him to the ground floor. The floor was personally ground by Godzilla.

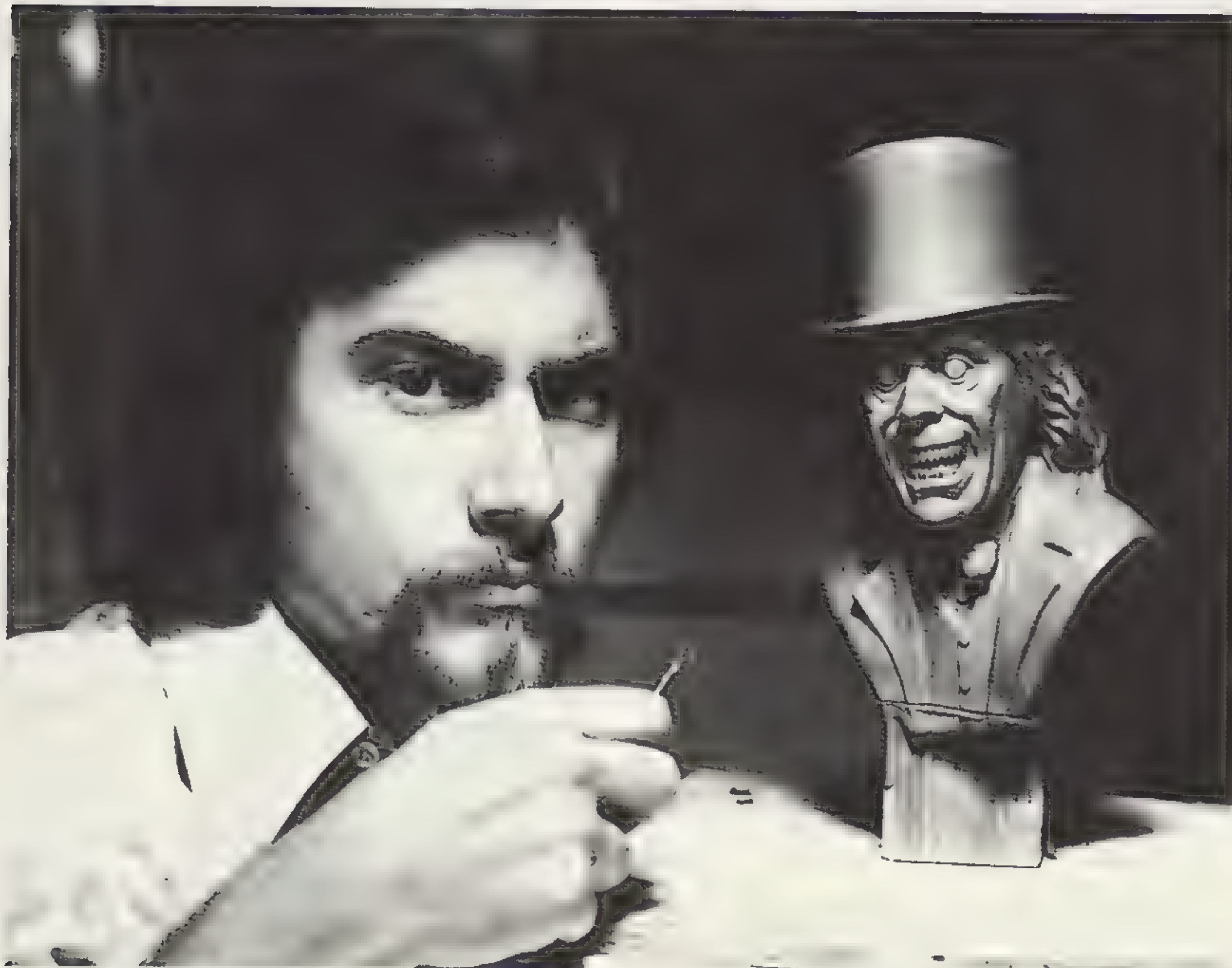
"Whether you realize it or not, *FAMOUS MONSTERS* is the founder of a new science—Monsterology!"—Susan Dick, Minden, WV.

"Don't you think it's time BORIS KARLOFF was awarded a special Academy Award honoring his many years of thoroughly professional service?"—Jay P. Sheridan, Bogota, NJ. Response: No—we think it's OVERTIME!

LAUGH, CLONE, LAUGH. Young Paul Clemens, later to star in *THE BEAST WITHIN*, makes up Forry as Vincent Price character Dr. Phibes.



DR. ACKULA'S LUMINOUS ALUMNI

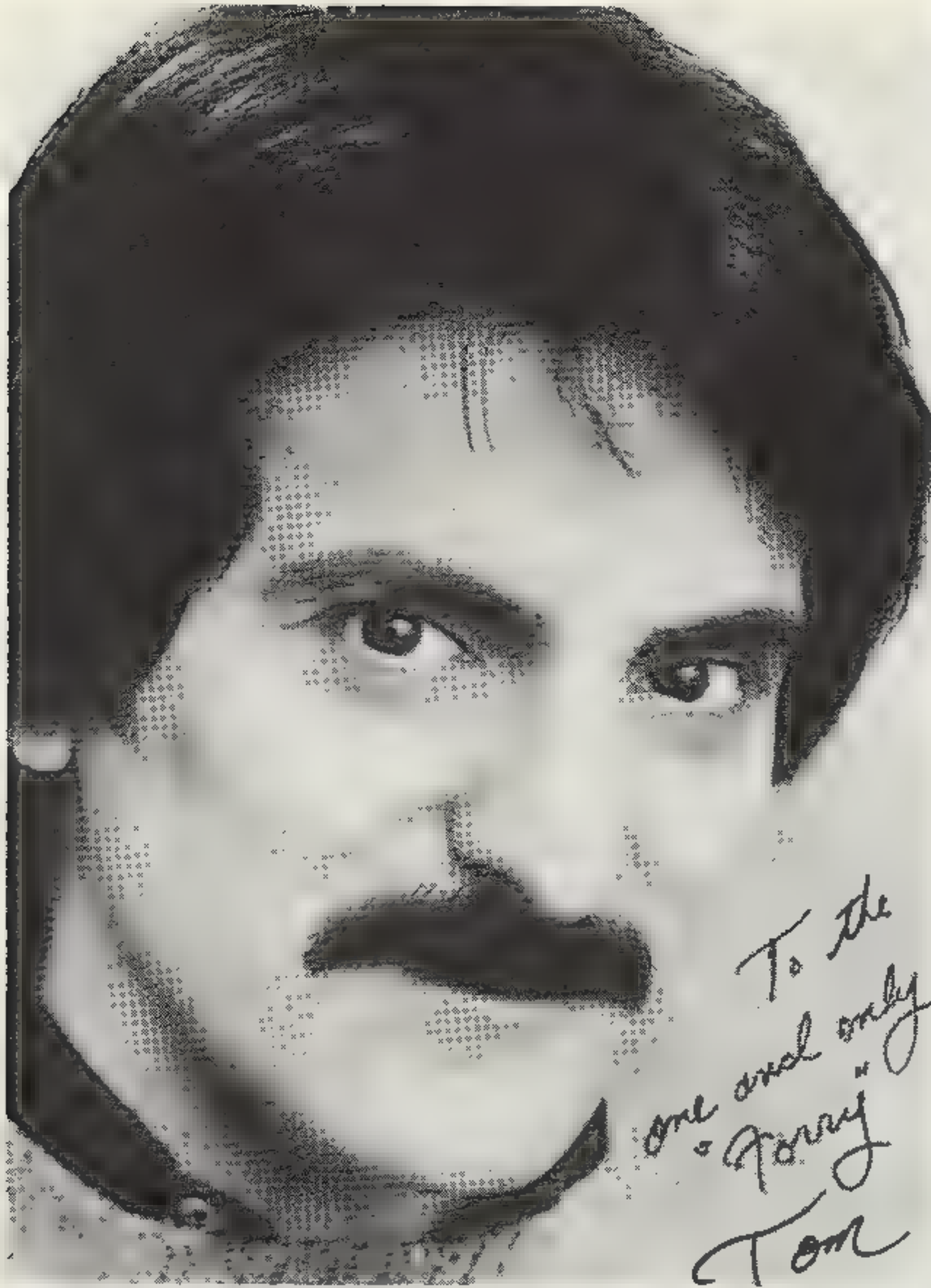


Master Makeup Magician Rick Baker with Lon, DON AFTER MIDNIGHT

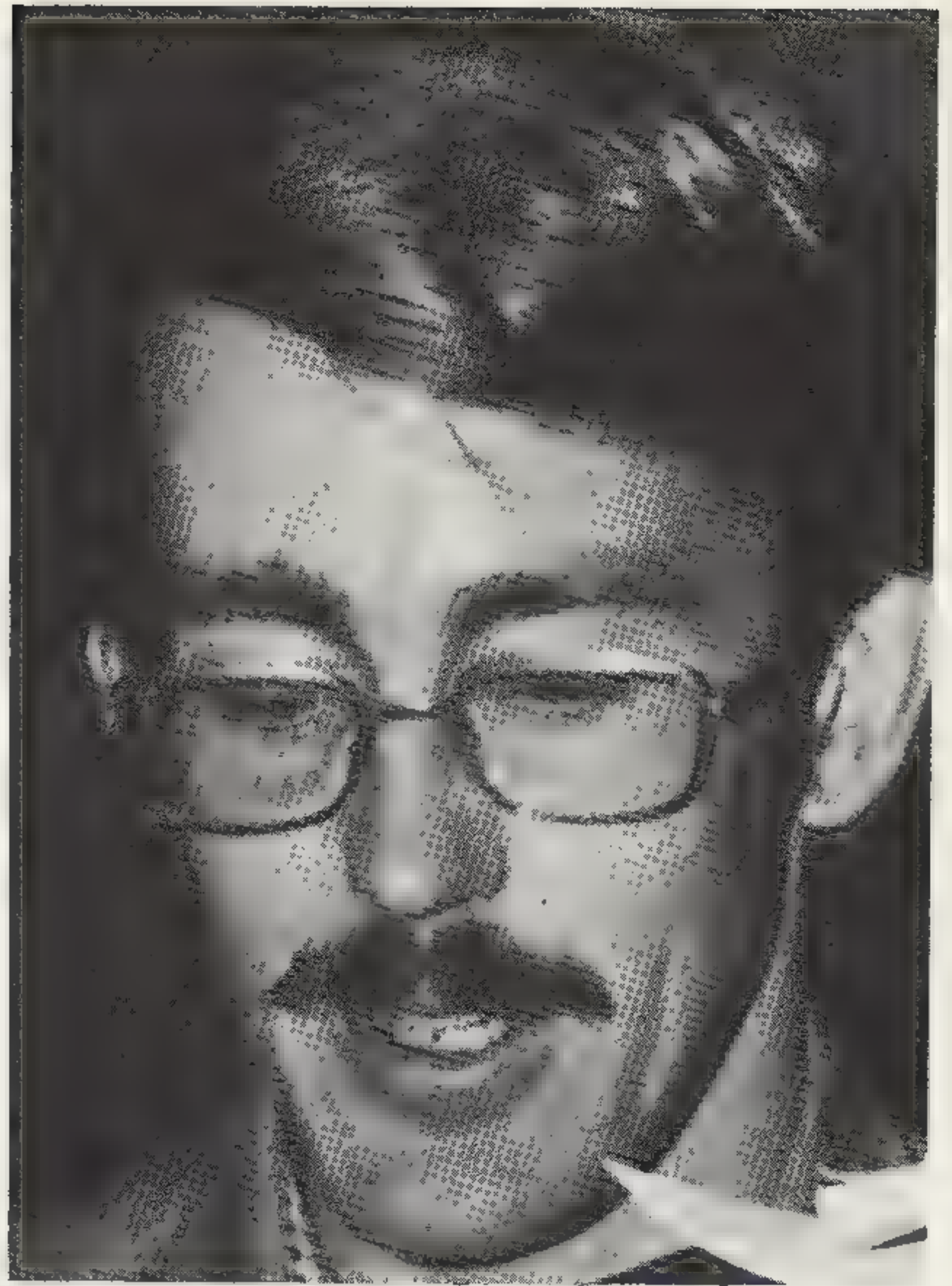


May the force be with FM
from here to Eternity
George Lucas

Forceful FM reader George Lucas



Special Makeup Effects Wiz Tom Savini



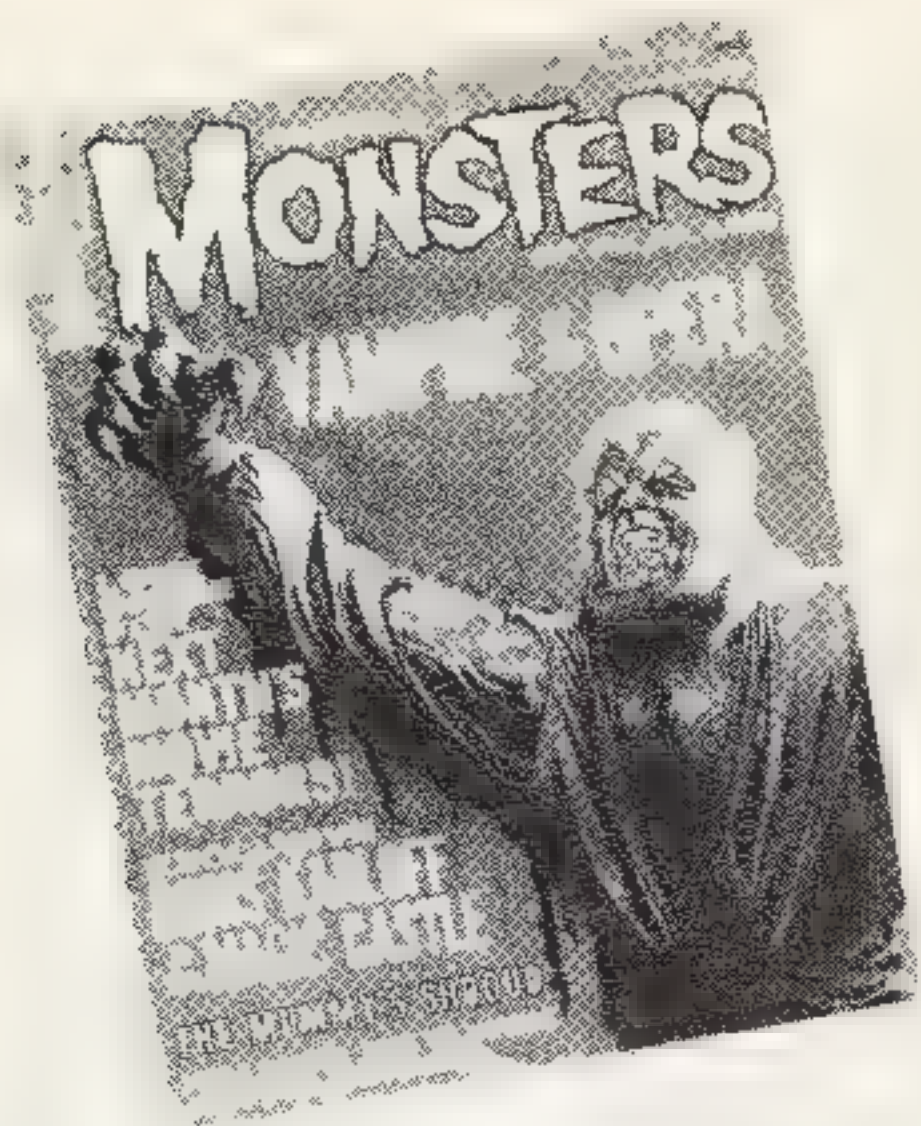
Jim Danforth



Steven (ET) Spielberg



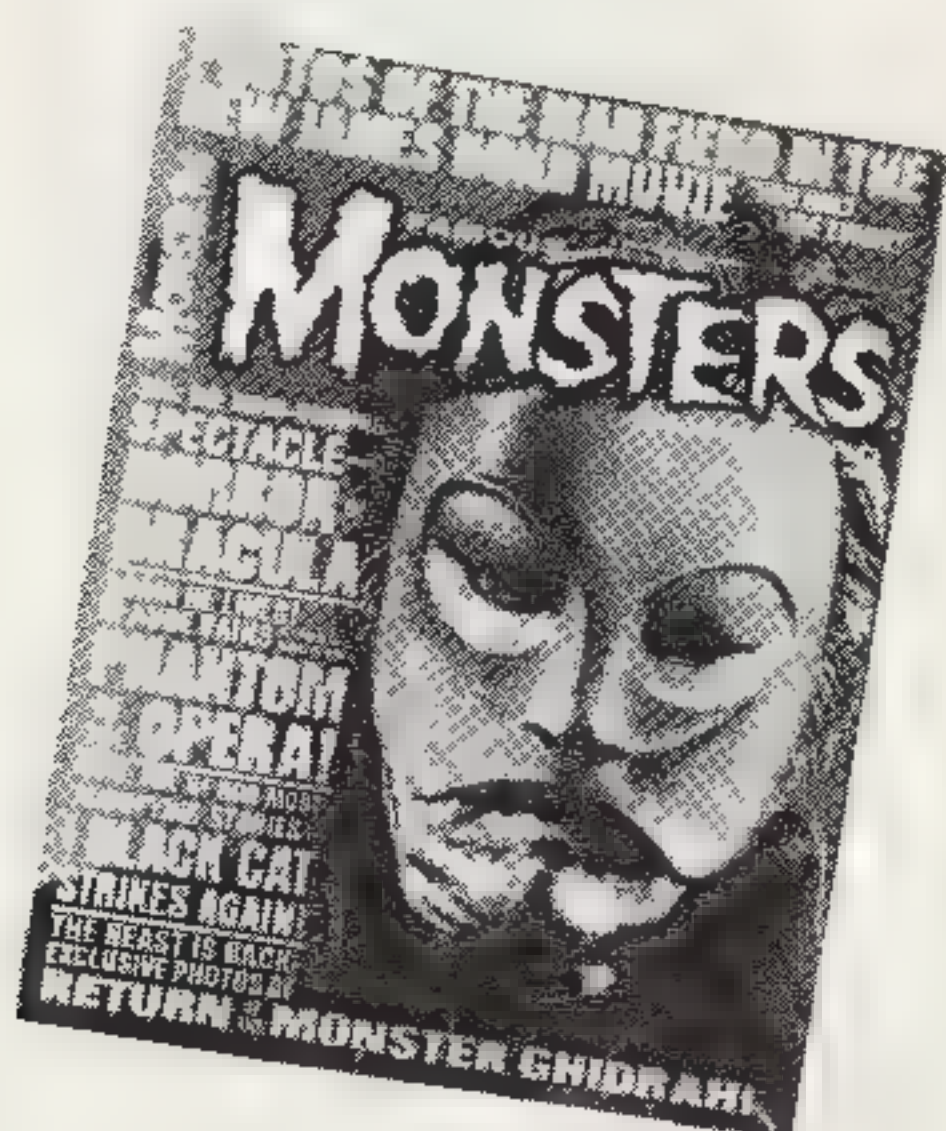
John Landis



KARLOFFORNIA'S MAGICASTLE

#46, Sept. '67, featured a Paul Linden coverage of Boris the Benign in Hollyweird's Magic Castle.

In Monster Mail Call, a foto of young Beverly Anne Truex, who a short time later became the Bride of the Monster-Lover Bill "Keep Watching the Skies!" Warren. Foto of future spfx artist Jon Berg. Letter from sf author Steve Utley.



WHEN CLAUDE REIGNED

#47, Nov. '67, great cover by Basil Gogos of Claude Rains as the Phantom of the Opera. I had sadly to report he died on May 30 in his 77th year. And "Eight for Eternity" was even darker news, revealing we had lost Basil Rathbone, Charles Beaumont, Tom Conway, Nelson Eddy, Mischa Auer, Barbara Payton, Spencer Tracy and Walt Disney.

"Vampires are a kind of being.

Who suck the blood of persons sleeping."

—Short poem by Michelle Keenan, who was warned: Beware the Ire of a Vamp!

Photo of Yugoslavian actress Svetlana Makarovich. If anyone knows her whereabouts today, please contact FJA.

"I would like to know where Bela Lugosi is buried and how old he was when he died."—James Doguardi, New Brighton, PA. Lugosi died 2 months before his 74th birthday and is buried in Holy Cross, In-

glewood, CA.

"I love your mag, only my father gets mad because I spin webs all around the room."—Jerry Michaud, Alameda, CA. I recommended: Out of sight, out of mind. Try spinning your webs on the ceiling, then they will be out of sight and your father will be out of his mind.

"When was Frankenstein released?"—James Brewer, Findlay, OH. "As far as we know he was forbidden to Mary and put in a Prison Shelley for generation after generation until such a time as he would stop scaring people." Or Dec. 1931, whichever answer you prefer.

"I noticed the Ackermmonster mentioned on the cover of an issue of Cavalier but I'm not yet of age



to thumb thru this type of magazine so I thought I'd call it to the attention of older fans interested in reading about *FM*'s editor."—Tom Prehoda (no address given). "Thanx, Tom. The article appeared in the June '67 issue. The magazine is meant for grownups but there's nothing in the interview itself that is unfit for anyone of any age."



GHOST WRITER

THE GHOST OF FRANKENSTEIN was the biggie in the 48th issue, Feb. '68, a major Filmbook by the brothers Brunas, John & Michael, 26 thrilling stillustrated pages.

In Fang Mail appeared a photo of Norbert F. Novotny of Brazil. Eventually he would move to Hollywood and into my home and heart—until he broke it. Why such a trail of betrayals in my life? He disappointed my wife as well.

Bill Bond was a pseudonym for Bill Warren (I think Bond is his middle name) who said: "Your Obituary for Spencer Tracy was very good but didn't go back far enough. Before his movie roles, in New York in 1922 he appeared as a robot wearing a mask in a nonspeaking part in *RUR* (ROSSUM'S UNIVERSAL ROBOTS)." Incidental intelligence, 1986: Somewhere along the line I learned that "rossum" (correctly spelled "roszum," I believe) is Czech for "brain." So the title is kind of a double entendre for "Brain's Universal Workers."

"What did the first issue of *FM* look like?" asked Mike Alexander of Zebulon, GA. "The first issue of *FM* looked like a winner—as time proved it to be. Against a blood-red background appeared a young lady escorted by the publisher in a tuxedo—and Frankenstein mask." The same cover you see on this book, recreated by Bobbie Bresee & me and makeup artists Howard Berger & Tom Savini, photography by Bill Appleton.

IF I WERE WOLF

One of my favorite covers, Ron Cobb's portrait of Henry Hull as the Werewolf that's the way it appeared on the screen, rather than the usual Werewolf of London. May '68, #49. Fifteen page



feature on Lugosi's *Dracula*, including a 2-page short story version of the vampire classic, "The Undead." "Curiosity Killed the Bat" episode in These Were Their Lives series, by Ronald Budovec in collaboration with me writing as Weaver Wright. No Fang Mail this time, dammit!



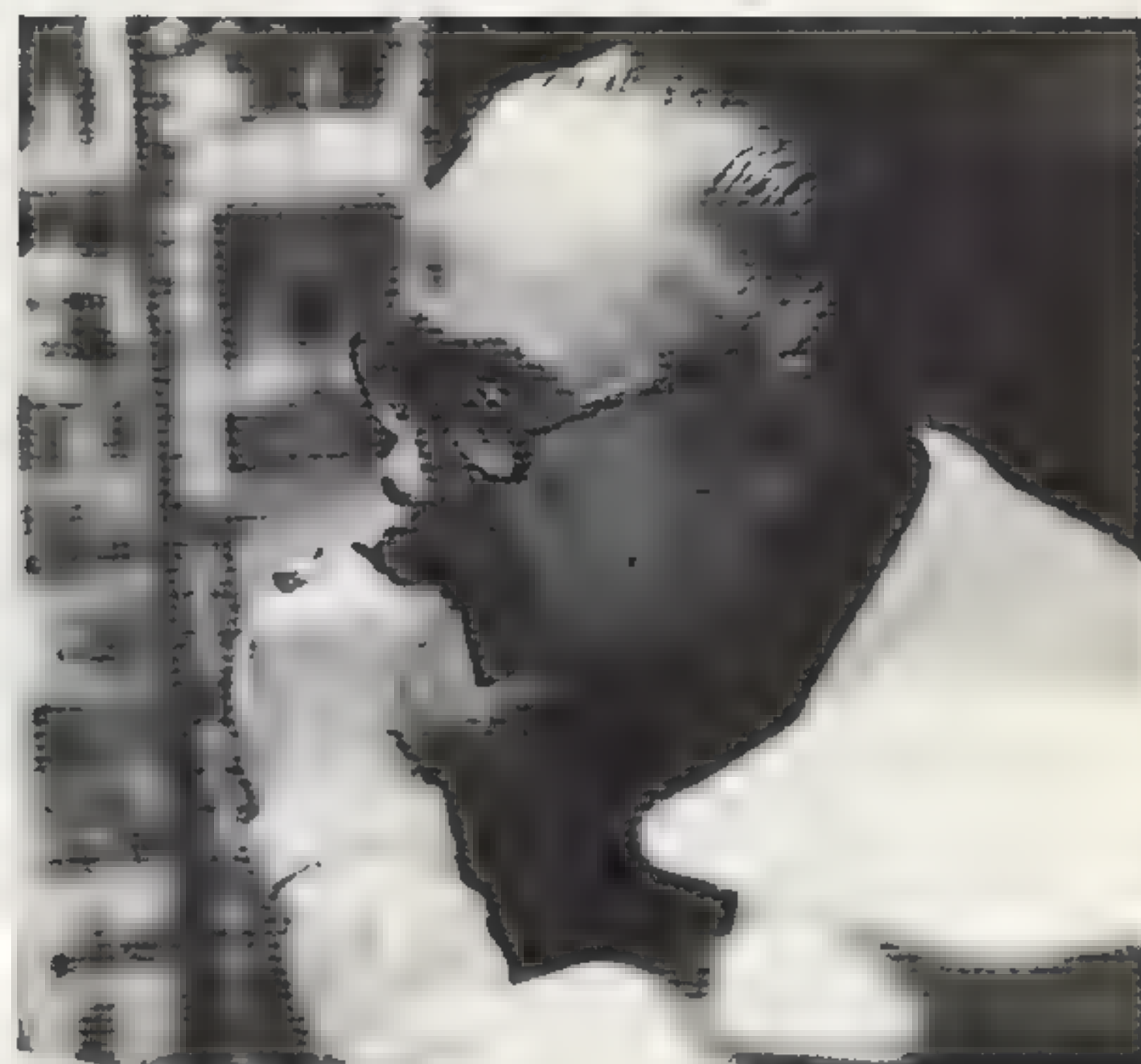
50th ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

Now clearly the July 1968 number was *not* the 50th Anniversary issue—that could only have happened in 2008—but go argue with a publisher whose standard reply was, "You may be right but I'm boss." It was the 10th Anniversary (more or less; the first issue went on sale in Feb. '58) and a celebration of the 50th *issue*. Very disappointing for a special number, actually. Nothing special about it. Striking cover of Gorgo by Gogos—he was always great—but I would have featured Karloff, Kong, Lugosi or Chaney, or possibly all of them. No editorial to summarize the successes of the first decade and predict the things to come. The contents were: "Harpy Days are Here Again!" (News of Future Fright & Fantasy Flicks)...*Tarantula*, 6-page minibook about not really one of the all-time greats...4 pages on a Bela B-pic, THE DEVIL BAT...a Mystery Photo of a Frankenstein figure...a Verne Langdon feature about Ben (THE FLY) Nye, makeup man...7-page Filmbook on GORG... "Dens of Demons" (omitted from the Table of Contents)...HORROR OF DRACULA in comicstrip format...4 pages of You Axed For It. Not a really distinguished issue, nothing to commemorate survival for 2 lustrums.

OUR 50th ISSUE is gratefully dedicated to those shadows of the past whose careers have meant so much to the world of imagi-movies: Lionel Atwill, Lionel Barrymore, Charles Beaumont, Tod Browning, LON CHANEY SR., Colin Clive, WALT DISNEY, Dwight Frye, Rondo Hatton, Rudolf Klein-Rogge, Charles Laughton, VAL LEWTON, PETER LORRE, HP Lovecraft, BELA LUGOSI, Ned Mann, William Cameron Menzies, WILLIS O'BRIEN, Warner Oland, EDGAR ALLAN POE, CLAUDE RAINS, Basil Rathbone, George Reeves, Max Schreck, MARY SHELLEY, BRAM STOKER, Ernest Thesiger, Edward Van Sloan, CONRAD VEIDT, JULES VERNE, Paul Wegener, H.G. WELLS, James Whale and George Zucco. AND APPRECIATIVELY DEDICATED to those still living who have contributed so much to the lure & lore of fantastic films & television: William Alland, Irwin Allen, Mario Bava, ROBERT BLOCH, Carroll Borland, RAY BRADBURY, John Carradine, LON CHANEY JR., Carlos Clarens, Herman Cohen, Chris Collier, MERIAN C. COOPER, ROGER CORMAN, BUSTER CRABBE, PETER CUSHING, Jim Danforth, Gray Daniels, MARCEL DELGADO, Anton Diffring, KARL FREUND, Alex Gordon, Bert Gordon, Richard Gordon, Michael Gough, HAMMER FILMS, Curtis Harrington, RAY HARRYHAUSEN, Brigitte Helm, Henry Hull, Noble Johnson, Tor Johnson, BORIS KARLOFF, Elsa Lanchester, CHRISTOPHER LEE, Walter W. Lee Jr., Herbert Lom, Fredric March, Florence Marly, Ib J. Melchior, James H. Nicholson, our Overseas Correspondents, GEORGE PAL, JACK PIERCE, Don Post Studios, VINCENT PRICE, Michael Rennie, GENE RODDENBERRY, Jimmy Sangster, ROD SERLING, CURT SIODMAK, Glenn Strange, Kenneth Strickfaden, Vampira, JOHNNY WEISSMULLER, Adam West, WESTMORE BROS., Fay Wray and Zacherley. And YOU the READER and those several personalities in the field of fanta-films which I am certain to have overlooked because the Editor is, after all, Only Inhuman.

Since appearing as the world's first filmmonster magazine in Feb. 1958, we have produced 50 issues of FM, half a dozen Yearbooks, 3 pocket-books, 10 issues of MONSTER WORLD, 9 of SPACEMEN, 3 of FAMOUS FILMS, 10 of SCREEN THRILLS and one of SUPER HEROES...and survived to record the failure of other editors & publishers whose principal ambition was to put us out of business. Are you old enough to remember Fantastic Monsters, Monster Mania, World Famous Creatures, Monster Parade, Mad Monsters, Horror Monsters, Shriek, Monsters Unlimited, Modern Monsters, etc.? Monsterism is not exactly at the peak of its popularity at the presentime, and it

reflects in the publishing field, but we plan to "Carry on," like all good monsters, and aim at that 100th issue. Dedicated fans saved STAR TREK by writing ONE MILLION letters; if EACH & EVERY ONE OF YOU would buy at least TWO of this issue (lay one away as a financial investment for a rainy day) it would make a world of difference in the future of FM. Do YOU care as much about FAMOUS MONSTERS as STAR TREK? Then buy that second copy NOW and give us an early Halloween present. Trek or treat!—FJA



So that covers the first 50 issues of the one-shot known as "Forry's Folly," the shot heard 'round the world that echoes everywhere to this day.

What lies ahead in volume 2?

The single saddest loss of the 60s, the death of gravest import: Black Sunday 2 February 1969 when Prince Sirki ushered royalty into the arcadia of afterlife: the day Lugosi, Chaney, Browning, Whale, Lorre, Rains, Rathbone, et al welcomed the King: the day Mary Shelley, who had waited more than a century to meet him, curtsied and placed a kiss upon the cheek of the man who had so perfectly portrayed her Frankenstein monster: Boris Karloff.

From #51 thru #100, more interesting editorials, great I Dare You letters, the death of Dr. Cyclops, DRACULA HAS RISEN FROM THE GRAVE, THE (original) THING, MARK OF THE VAMPIRE, MAD LOVE, THE OLD DARK HOUSE, LONDON AFTER MIDNIGHT, THE (original) MYSTERIOUS ISLAND, THE HOUSE OF DARK SHADOWS, the Special Lugosi Issue, the 100th Great Issue (really great, this time), fascinating fanmail and much, much more!

Plan now to acquire all four fear-filled, fun-filled, info-packed fabulous volumes, revealing with insight and hindsight the autobiographical, an-Ack-dotal forry-sighted History With Warts of world famous **FAMOUS MONSTERS**.

A Wart to the Wise is Sufficient!

A GHOULLERY OF GOTHIC GREATS

I HAVE NOT attempted to gather together *all* of the individual movie stars & supporting players who have essayed horror roles on the silver (or technicolor) screen but here is a lively representation of characters who have given you the creeps. In selecting fotos of these fright masters (and two mistresses) I have attempted, where choice permitted, to pick pix that are atypical of the actors & actresses, not the usual run-of-the-still poses.



YOUNG LON CHANEY JR. when he was still known as Creighton. Handsome devil, what? Alas, poor Larry Talbot!



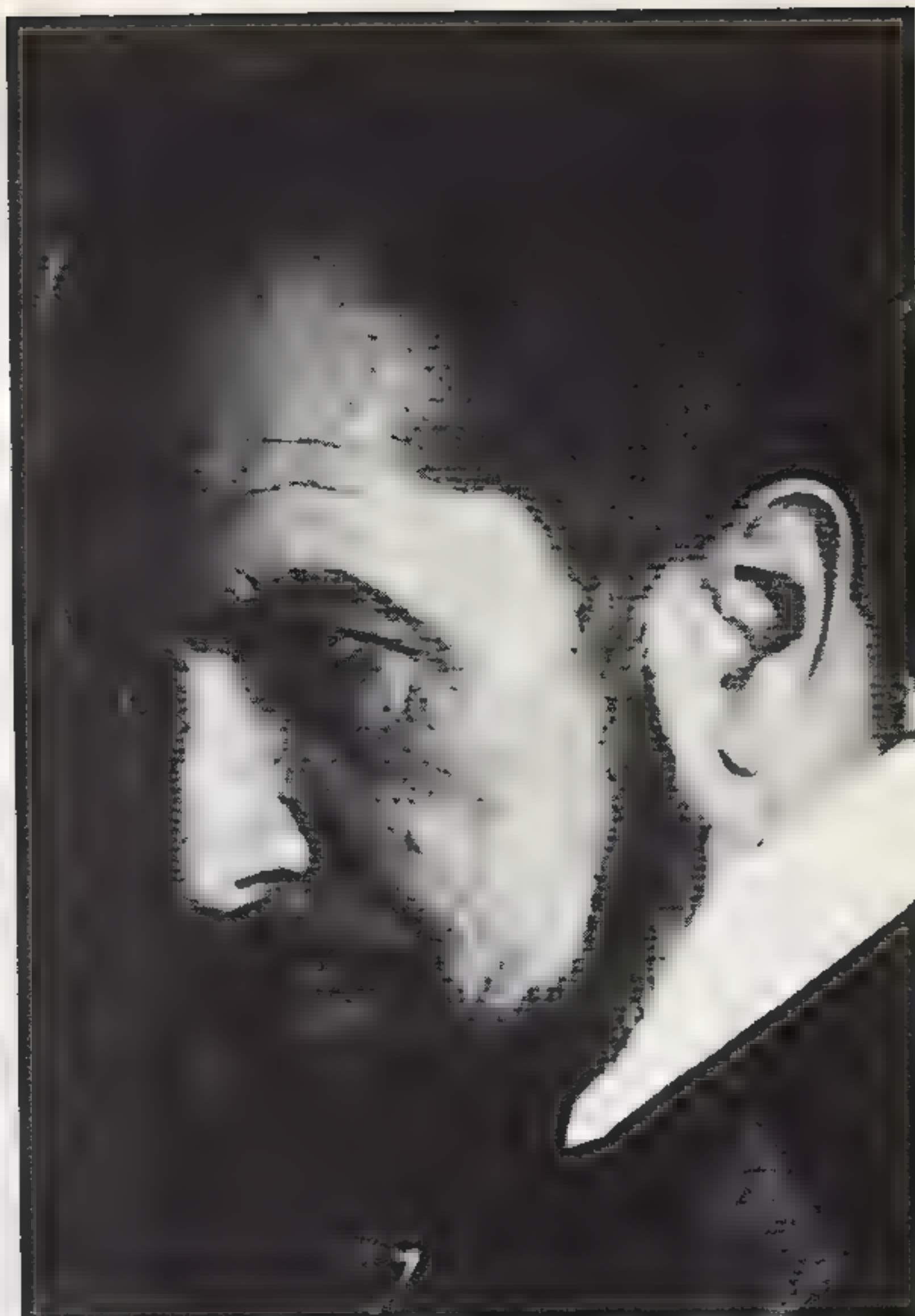
BEHIND THE CREPE, Sherlock Holmes himself—Basil Rathbone!



THE OLE FLY-CATCHER, Dwight "Renfield" Frye. (His mother was a Frye-catcher, that's how she caught his dad.) (Bad!)



JACK PIERCE, the pioneer makeup artist, transforms Boris Karloff.



ROBUR THE CONQUEROR. Dr. Phibes. Master chef. Famous art collector. All combined in one man: Vincent Price.



A MAN OF PARTS, Bonaparte! Recognize the Invisible Man? It's Claude Rains!



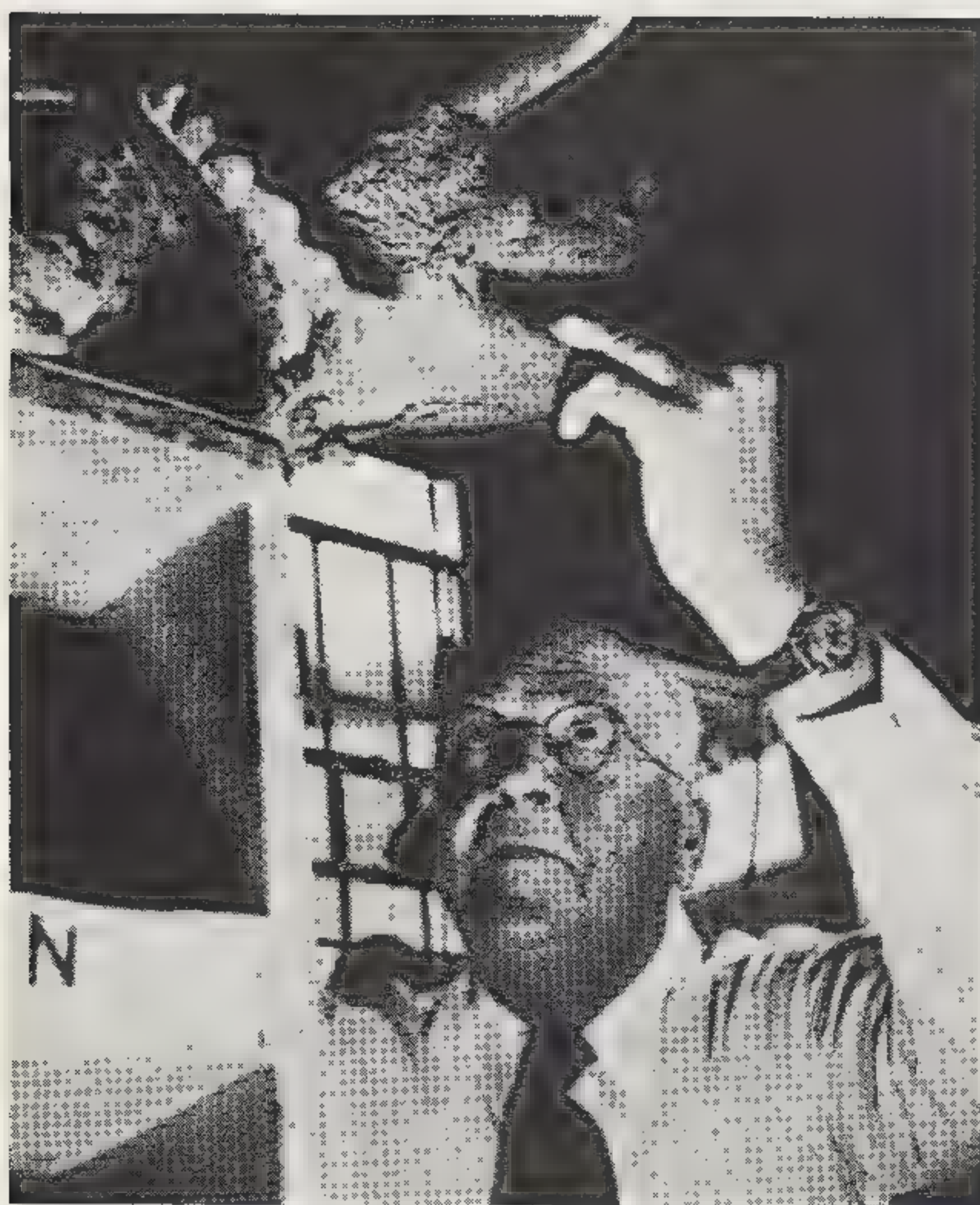
THE MAN Who Made A Monster: Colin Clive.



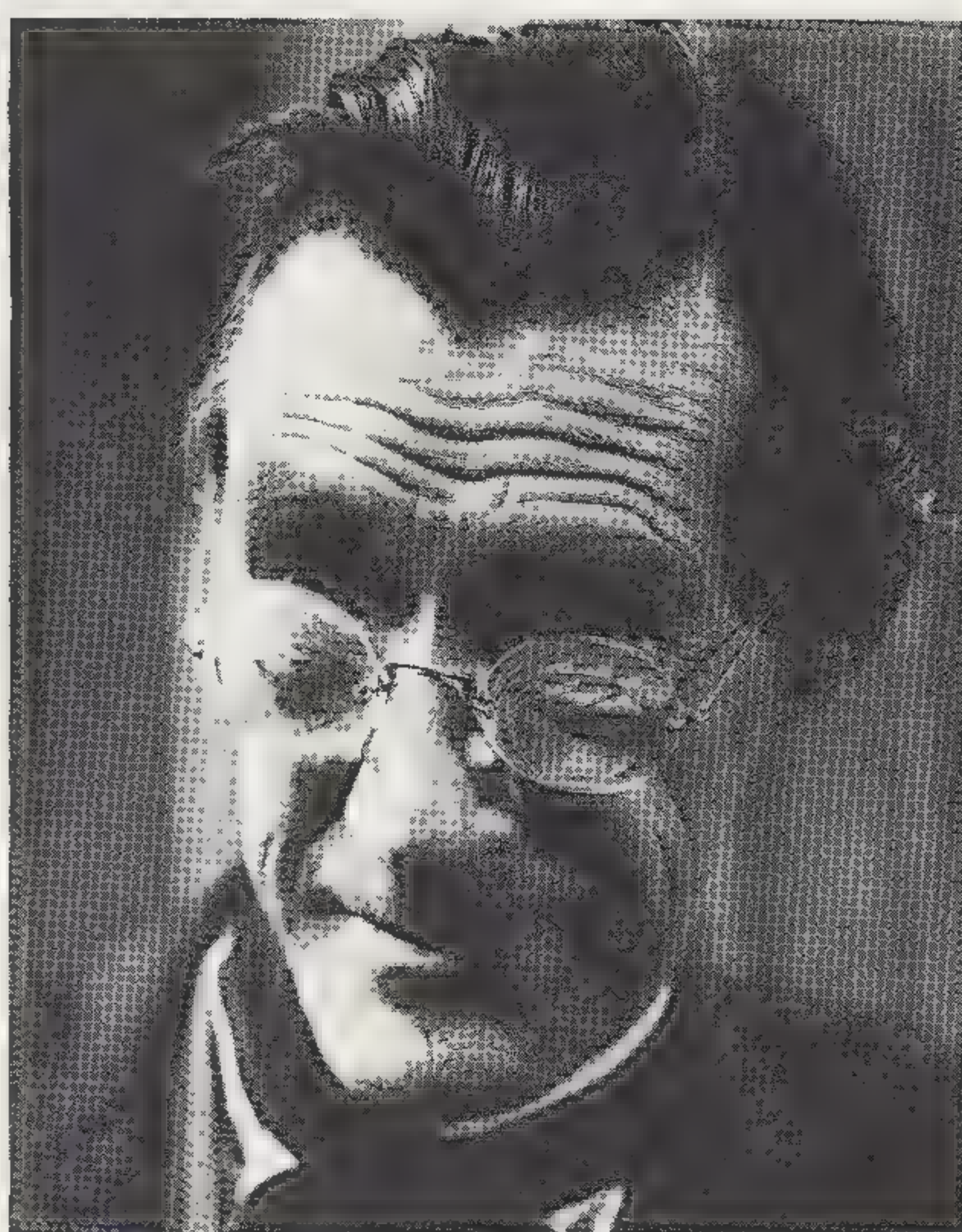
GIMMICK MAESTRO William Castle receives awards for weirdness.



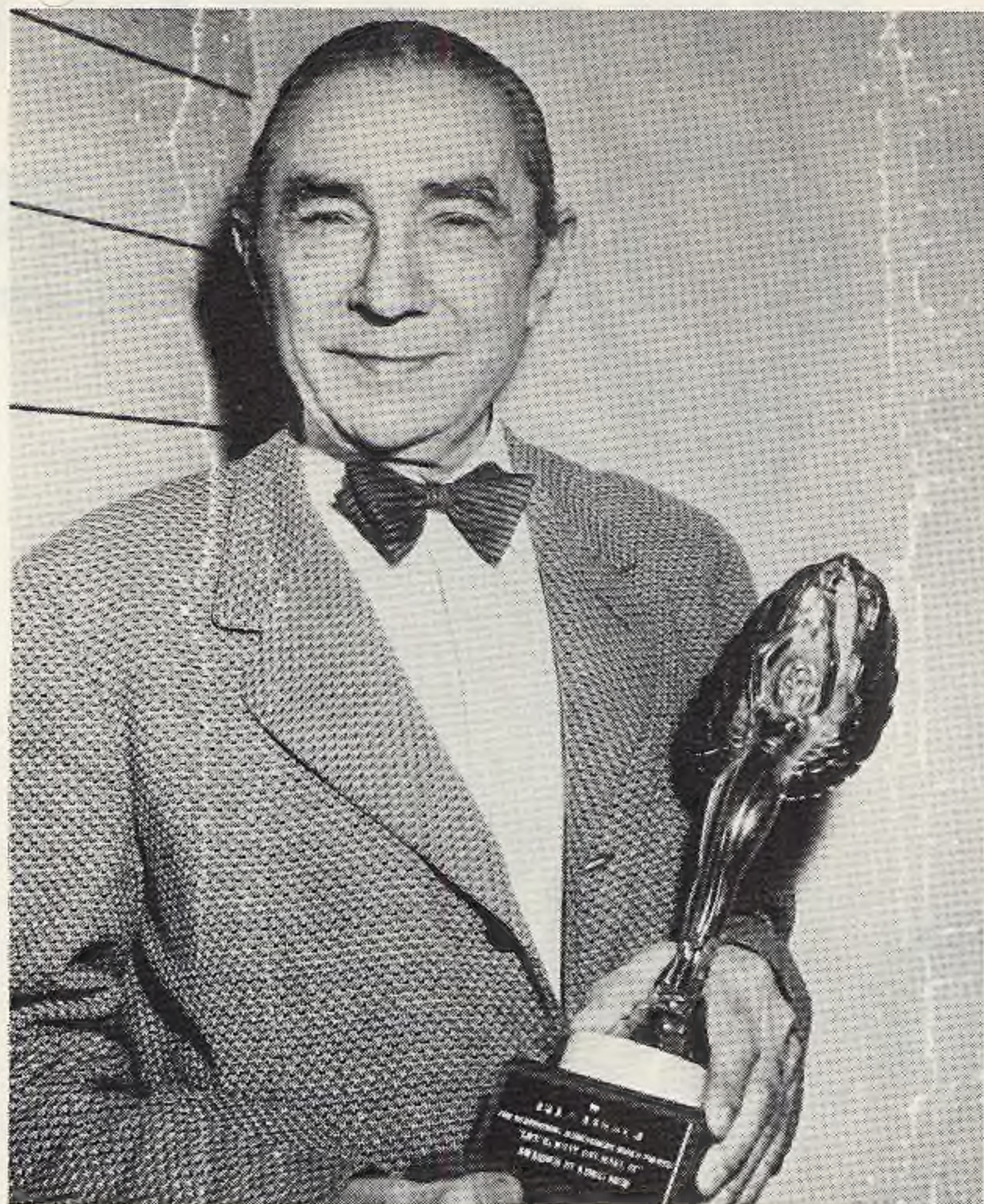
THIS DASHING, devil-may-care heartbreaker of SWORD OF SHERWOOD FOREST: Would you believe Peter Cushing? I asked him if he'd like me to pick this picture of him and he replied, "Sherwood, Forrest!" (Groan.)



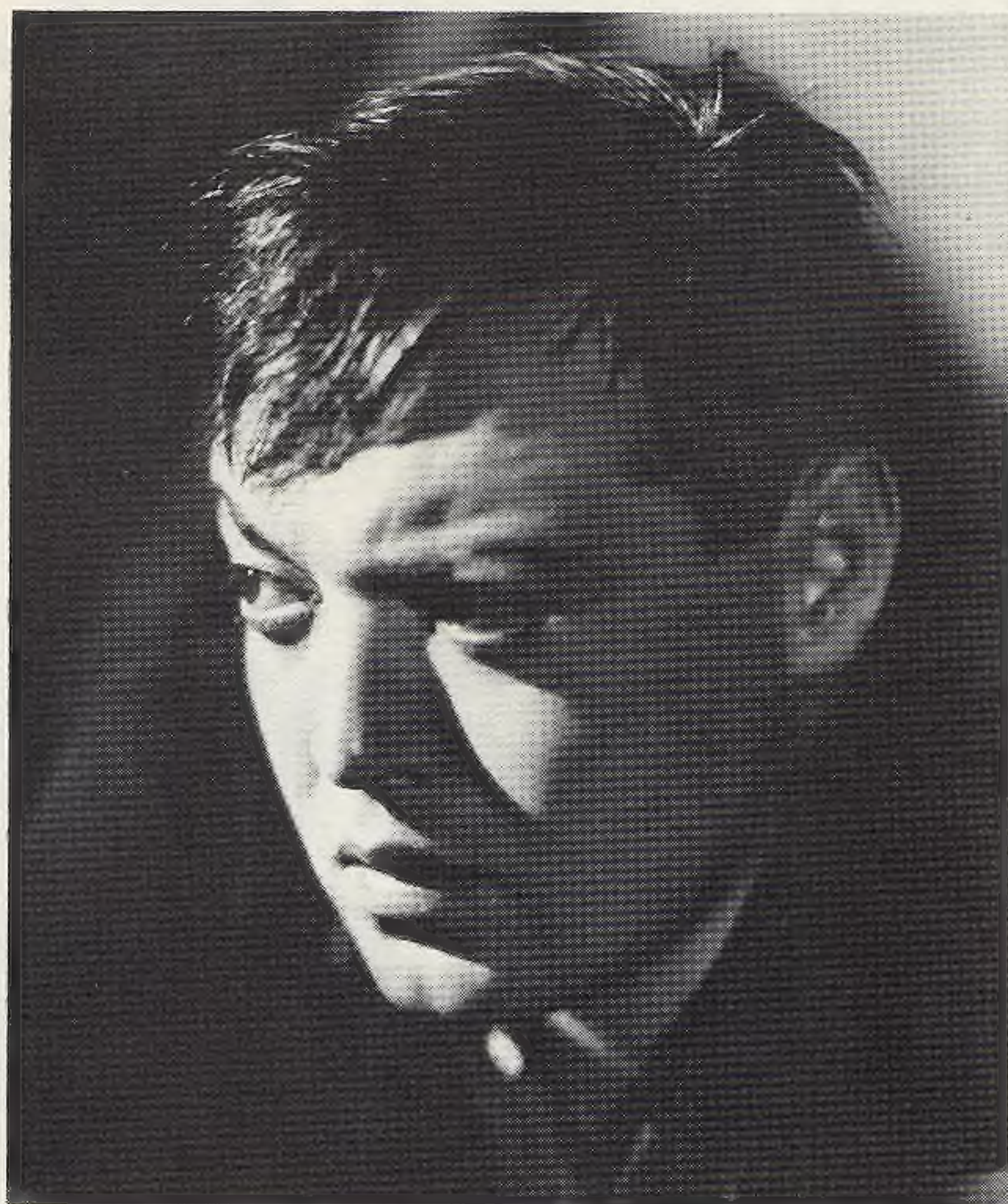
"O'BIE". The great Willis O'Brien, animator of the 49 dinosaurs in **THE LOST WORLD** and the prehistoric monsters of **KING KONG**.



FEATURED in over 400 films, he's only played in a couple of horror pix. Sez he! John Carradine.



A BEAMING BELA LUGOSI accepts a Human Accomplishment Award: "Life Is What You Make It."



"THE LORD HIGH Minister of All That is Sinister" was his early appellation. This picture of Peter Lorre was given to me by the late Celia Lovsky-Lorre, his first wife & last love.



HOLLYWOOD VAMP, 1935 and about 25 years later: Carroll Borland.



WADE A MINUTE! This is the Bride of Frankenstein? Yep, Elsa Lanchester.

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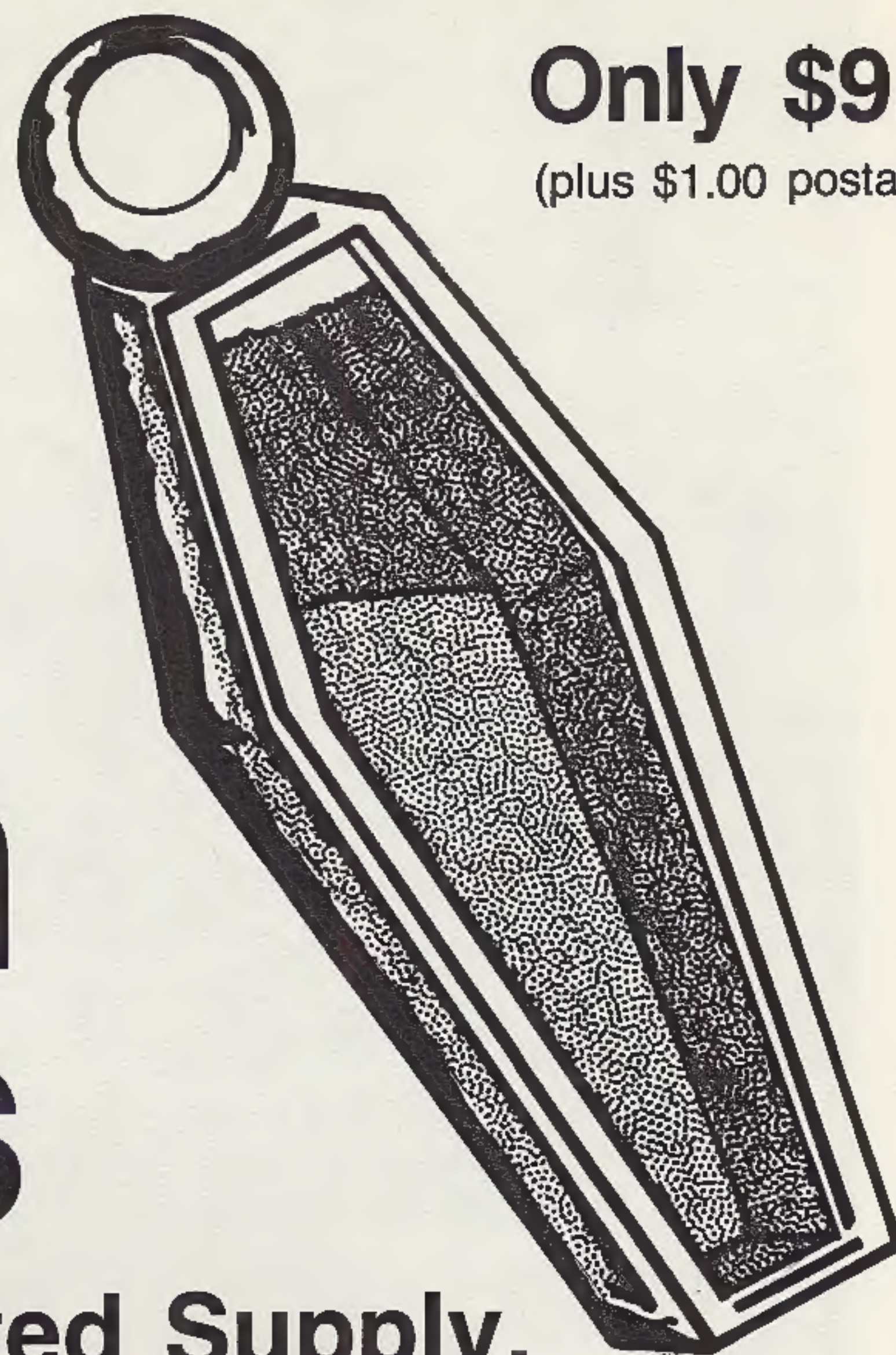
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FORREST J ACKERMAN, FAMOUS MONSTER OF FILMLAND, chronicles the first fifty issues of the world's most famous and fabulous monster film magazine, collected for three decades.

This book, designed in the style of the early FMs but written on a level for those of us who were youngsters in the 50s and 60s (less puns, that is) is delightfully filled with information concerning the nifty fifty issues. Included are over one hundred and fifty photos, many having been squeezed out of those early issues because there just wasn't enough space to go around. We've also included a grand-new **GRAVEYARD EXAMINER, YOU AXED FOR IT**, Alumni section of fans who have turned pro, a fond look back at **CAPTAIN COMPANY**, cover reproductions, a new view of the Ackermuseum, and much, much more.

Beautiful actress Bobbie Bresee graces the cover along with FrankenForry himself in a pose we're sure all Famous Monster fans will recognize from FM's legendary first issue.

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